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RODERICK HUDSON.

XII.

SWITZERLAND.

ROWLAND had a very friendly memory of a little mountain inn, accessible with moderate trouble from Lucerne, where he had once spent a blissful ten days. He had at that time been trudging, knapsack on back, over half Switzerland, and not being, on his legs, a particularly light weight, it was no shame to him to confess that he was mortally tired. The inn of which I speak presented striking analogies with a cow-stable; but in spite of this circumstance it was crowded with hungry tourists. It stood in a high, shallow valley, with flower-strewn Alpine meadows sloping down to it from the base of certain rugged rocks whose outlines were grotesque against the evening sky. Rowland had seen grander places in Switzerland that pleased him less; and whenever afterwards he wished to think of Alpine opportunities at their best, he recalled this grassy concave among the mountain-tops, and the August days he spent there, resting deliciously, at his length, in the lee of a sun-warmed bowlder, with the light cool air stirring about his temples, the wafted odors of the pines in his nostrils, the tinkle of the cattle-bells in his ears, the vast progression of the

mountain shadows before his eyes, and a volume of Wordsworth in his pocket. His face, on the Swiss hill-sides, had been scorched to within a shade of the color nowadays called magenta, and his bed was a pallet in a loft, which he shared with a German botanist of colossal stature—every inch of him quaking at an open window. These had been drawbacks to felicity, but Rowland hardly cared where or how he was lodged, for he spent the livelong day under the sky, on the crest of a slope that looked at the Jungfrau. He remembered all this on leaving Florence with his friends, and he reflected that, as the mid-season was over, accommodations would be more ample and charges more modest. He communicated with his old friend the landlord, and while September was yet young his companions established themselves, under his guidance, in the grassy valley.

He had crossed the Saint Gothard Pass with them, in the same carriage. During the journey from Florence, and especially during this portion of it, the cloud that hung over the little party had been almost dissipated, and they had looked at each other, in the close contiguity of the train and the posting-carriage, without either accusing or consoling glances. It was impossible not to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Ap-

ennines and the Italian Alps, and there was a tacit agreement among the travelers to abstain from sombre allusions. The effect of this delicate compact seemed excellent; it insured them a week's intellectual sunshine. Roderick sat and gazed out of the window with a fascinated stare, and with a perfect docility of attitude. He concerned himself not a particle about the itinerary, or about any of the wayside arrangements; he took no trouble, and he gave none. He assented to everything that was proposed, talked very little, and led for a week a perfectly contemplative life. His mother rarely removed her eyes from him; and if, a while before, this would have extremely irritated him, he now seemed perfectly unconscious of her observation and profoundly indifferent to anything that might befall him. They spent a couple of days on the Lake of Como, at a hotel with white porticoes smothered in oleander and myrtle, and terrace-steps leading down to little boats with striped awnings. They agreed it was the earthly paradise, and they passed the mornings strolling through the perfumed alleys of classic villas, and the evenings floating in the moonlight in a circle of outlined mountains, to the music of silver-trickling oars. One day, in the afternoon, the two young men took a long stroll together. They followed the winding footway that led toward Como, close to the lake-side, past the gates of villas and the walls of vineyards, through little hamlets propped on a dozen arches and bathing their feet and their pendent tatters in the gray-green ripple, past frescoed walls and crumbling campaniles and grassy village piazzas and the mouth of soft ravines that wound upward through belts of swinging vine and vaporous olive and splendid chestnut, to high ledges where white chapels gleamed amid the paler boskage, and bare cliff-surfaces, with their sun-cracked lips, drank in the azure light. It all was confoundingly picturesque; it was the Italy that we know from the steel engravings in old keepsakes and annuals, from the vignettes on music-sheets and the drop-curtains at theatres; an Italy that we

can never confess to ourselves — in spite of our own changes and of Italy's — that we have ceased to believe in. Rowland and Roderick turned aside from the little paved footway that clambered and dipped and wound and doubled beside the lake, and stretched themselves idly beneath a fig-tree, on a grassy promontory. Rowland had never known anything so divinely soothing as the dreamy softness of that early autumn afternoon. The iridescent mountains shut him in; the little waves beneath him fretted the white pebbles at the laziest intervals; the festooned vines above him swayed just visibly in the all but motionless air.

Roderick lay observing it all, with his arms thrown back and his hands under his head. "This suits me," he said; "I could be happy here and forget everything. Why not stay here forever?" He kept his position for a long time and seemed lost in his thoughts. Rowland spoke to him, but he made vague answers; at last he closed his eyes. It seemed to Rowland, also, a place to stay in forever; a place for perfect oblivion of the disagreeable. Suddenly Roderick turned over on his face, and buried it in his arms. There had been something passionate in his movement; but Rowland was nevertheless surprised, when he at last jerked himself back into a sitting posture, to perceive the trace of tears in his eyes. Roderick turned to his friend, stretching his two hands out toward the lake and mountains, and shaking them with an eloquent gesture, as if his heart was too full for utterance.

"Pity me, sir; pity me!" he presently cried. "Look at this lovely world, and think what it must be to be dead to it!"

"Dead?" said Rowland.

"Dead, dead; dead and buried! Buried in an open grave, where you lie staring up at the sailing clouds, smelling the waving flowers, and hearing all nature live and grow above you! That's the way I feel!"

"I am glad to hear it," said Rowland.

"Death of that sort is very near to resurrection."

"It's too horrible," Roderick went

on; "it has all come over me here tremendously! If I were not ashamed, I could shed a bushel of tears. For one hour of what I *have* been, I would give up anything I may be!"

"Never mind what you have been; be something better!"

"I shall never be anything again: it's no use talking! But I don't know what secret spring has been touched since I have lain here. Something in my heart seemed suddenly to open and let in a flood of beauty and desire. I know what I have lost, and I think it horrible! Mind you, I know it, I feel it! Remember that hereafter. Don't say that he was stupefied and senseless; that his perception was dulled and his aspiration dead. Say that he trembled in every nerve with a sense of the beauty and sweetness of life; that he rebelled and protested and shrieked; that he was buried alive, with his eyes open and his heart beating to madness; that he clung to every blade of grass and every way-side thorn as he passed; that it was the most horrible spectacle you ever witnessed; that it was an outrage, a murder, a massacre!"

"Good heavens, man, are you insane?" Rowland cried.

"I never have been saner. I don't want to be bad company, and in this beautiful spot, at this delightful hour, it seems an outrage to break the charm. But I am bidding farewell to Italy, to beauty, to honor, to life! I only want to assure you that I know what I lose. I know it in every pulse of my heart! Here, where these things are all loveliest, I take leave of them. Farewell, farewell!"

During their passage of the Saint Gothard, Roderick absented himself much of the time from the carriage, and rambled far in advance along the huge zig-zags of the road. He displayed an extraordinary activity; his light weight and slender figure made him an excellent pedestrian, and his friends frequently saw him skirting the edge of plunging chasms, loosening the stones on long, steep slopes, or lifting himself against the sky from the top of rocky pinnacles. Mary Garland walked a great deal, but

she remained near the carriage to be with Mrs. Hudson. Rowland remained near it to be with Miss Garland. He trudged by her side up that magnificent ascent from Italy, and found himself regretting that the Alps were so low, and that their trudging was not to last a week. She was exhilarated; she liked to walk; in the way of mountains, until within the last few weeks, she had seen nothing greater than Mount Holyoke, and she found that the Alps amply justified their reputation. Rowland knew that she loved nature, but he was struck afresh with the vivacity of her observation of it, and with her knowledge of plants and stones. At that season the wild flowers had mostly departed, but a few of them lingered, and Miss Garland never failed to espy them in their outlying corners. They interested her greatly; she was charmed when they were old friends, and charmed even more when they were new. She displayed a very light foot in going in quest of them, and had soon covered the front seat of the carriage with a tangle of strange vegetation. Rowland of course was alert in her service, and he gathered for her several botanical specimens which at first appeared inaccessible. One of these, indeed, had at first seemed easier of capture than his attempt attested, and he had paused a moment at the base of the little peak on which it grew, measuring the risk of farther pursuit. Suddenly, as he stood there, he remembered Roderick's defiance of danger and of Miss Light at the Coliseum, and he was seized with a strong desire to test the courage of his companion. She had just scrambled up a grassy slope near him, and had seen that the flower was out of reach. As he prepared to approach it, she called to him eagerly to stop; the thing was impossible! Poor Rowland, whose passion had been terribly starved, enjoyed immensely the thought of having her care, for three minutes, what became of him. He was the least brutal of men, but for a moment he was perfectly indifferent to her suffering.

"I can get the flower," he called to her. "Will you trust me?"

"I don't want it; I had rather not have it!" she cried.

"Will you trust me?" he repeated, looking at her.

She looked at him and then at the flower; he wondered whether she would shriek and swoon, as Miss Light had done. "I wish it were something better!" she said, simply; and then stood watching him while he began to clamber. Rowland was not shaped for an acrobat, and his enterprise was difficult; but he kept his wits about him, made the most of narrow foot-holds and coigns of vantage, and at last secured his prize. He managed to stick it into his button-hole, and then he contrived to descend. There was more than one chance for an ugly fall, but he evaded them all. It was doubtless not gracefully done, but it was done, and that was all he had proposed to himself. He was red in the face when he offered Miss Garland the flower, and she was visibly pale. She had watched him without moving. All this had passed without the knowledge of Mrs. Hudson, who was dozing beneath the hood of the carriage. Mary Garland's eyes did not perhaps display that ardent admiration which was formerly conferred by the queen of beauty at a tournament; but they expressed something in which Rowland found his reward.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, gravely.

He hesitated. He felt that it was physically possible to say, "Because I love you!" but that it was not morally possible. He lowered his pitch and answered, simply, "Because I wanted to do something for you."

"Suppose you had fallen," said Miss Garland.

"I believed I would not fall. And you believed it, I think."

"I believed nothing; I simply trusted you, as you asked me."

"*Quod erat demonstrandum!*" cried Rowland. "I think you know Latin."

When our four friends were established in what I have called their grassy valley, there was a good deal of scrambling over slopes both grassy and stony, a good deal of flower-plucking on narrow ledges, a

great many long walks, and, thanks to the lucid mountain air, not a little exhilaration. Mrs. Hudson was obliged to intermit her suspicions of the deleterious atmosphere of the Old World, and to acknowledge the edifying purity of the breezes of Engelthal. She was certainly more placid than she had been in Italy; having always lived in the country, she had missed in Rome and Florence that social solitude mitigated by bushes and rocks which is so dear to the true New England temperament. The little unpainted inn at Engelthal, with its plank partitions, its milk-pans standing in the sun, its "help" in the form of angular young women of the country-side, reminded her of places of summer sojourn in her native land; and the beautiful historic chambers of the Villa Pandolfini passed from her memory without a regret, and without having in the least modified her ideal of domiciliary grace. Roderick had changed his sky, but he had not changed his mind; his humor was still that of which he had given Rowland a glimpse in that tragic explosion on the Lake of Como. He kept his despair to himself, and he went doggedly about the ordinary business of life; but it was easy to see that his spirit was mortally heavy, and that he lived and moved and talked simply from the force of habit. In that sad half-hour among the Italian olives there had been such a fierce sincerity in his tone that Rowland began to abdicate the critical attitude: he began to feel that it was essentially vain to appeal to the poor fellow's will; there was no will left; its place was an impotent void. This view of the case, indeed, was occasionally contravened by certain indications on Roderick's part of the power of resistance to disagreeable obligations: one might still have said, if one had been disposed to be didactic at any hazard, that there was a method in his madness, that his moral energy had its sleeping and its waking hours, and that, in a cause that pleased it, it was capable of rising with the dawn. But on the other hand, pleasure, in this case, was quite at one with effort; evidently the greatest bliss in

life, for Roderick, would have been to have a plastic idea. And then, it was impossible not to feel tenderly to a despair which had so ceased to be aggressive — not to forgive a great deal of apathy to a temper which had so unlearned its irritability. Roderick said frankly that Switzerland made him less miserable than Italy, and the Alps seemed less to mock at his enforced leisure than the Apennines. He indulged in long rambles, generally alone, and was very fond of climbing into dizzy places where no sound could overtake him, and there, flinging himself on the never-trodden moss, of pulling his hat over his eyes and lounging away the hours in perfect immobility. Rowland sometimes walked with him; though Roderick never invited him, he seemed duly grateful for his society. Rowland now made it a rule to treat him like a perfectly sane man, to assume that all things were well with him, and never to allude to the prosperity he had forfeited or to the work he was not doing. He would have still said, had you questioned him, that Roderick's condition was a mood — certainly a puzzling one. It might last yet for many a weary hour; but it was a long lane that had no turning. Roderick's blues would not last forever. Rowland's interest in Miss Garland's relations with her cousin was still profoundly attentive, and, perplexed as he was on all sides, he found nothing transparent here. After their arrival at Engelthal Roderick appeared to seek the young girl's society more than he had done hitherto, and this revival of ardor could not fail to set his friend a-wondering. They sat together and strolled together, and Miss Garland often read aloud to him. One day, on their coming to dinner, after he had been lying half the morning at her feet, in the shadow of a rock, Rowland asked him what she had been reading.

"I don't know," Roderick said, "I don't heed the sense." Miss Garland heard this, and Rowland looked at her. She looked at Roderick sharply and with a little blush. "I listen to Mary," Roderick continued, "for the sake of her voice. It's distractingly sweet!"

At this Miss Garland's blush deepened, and she looked away.

Rowland, in Florence, as we know, had suffered his imagination to wander in the direction of certain conjectures which the reader may deem unflattering to Miss Garland's constancy. He had asked himself whether her faith in Roderick had not faltered, and that demand of hers which had brought about his own departure for Switzerland had seemed almost equivalent to a confession that she needed his help to believe. Rowland was essentially a modest man, and he did not risk the supposition that Miss Garland had contrasted him with Roderick to his own advantage; but he had a certain consciousness of duty resolutely done which allowed itself to fancy, at moments, that it might be not illogically rewarded by the bestowal of such stray grains of enthusiasm as had crumbled away from her estimate of his companion. If some day she had declared, in a sudden burst of passion, that she was outwearied and sickened, and that she gave up her recreant lover, Rowland's expectation would have gone half-way to meet her. And certainly, if her passion had taken this course, no generous critic would utterly condemn her. She had been neglected, ignored, forsaken, treated with a contempt which no girl of a fine temper could endure. There were girls, indeed, whose fineness, like that of Burd Helen in the ballad, lay in clinging to the man of their love through thick and thin and in bowing their head to all hard usage. This attitude had often an exquisite beauty of its own, but Rowland deemed that he had solid reason to believe it never could be Mary Garland's. She was not a passive creature; she was not soft and meek and grateful for chance bounties. With all her reserve of manner she was proud and eager; she asked much and she wanted what she asked; she believed in fine things and she never could long persuade herself that fine things missed were as beautiful as fine things achieved. Once Rowland passed an angry day. He had dreamed — it was the most insubstantial of dreams — that she had

given him the right to believe that she looked to him to transmute her discontent. And yet here she was throwing herself back into Roderick's arms at his lightest overture, and playing with his own half fearful, half shameful hopes! Rowland declared to himself that his position was essentially detestable, and that all the philosophy he could bring to bear upon it would make it neither honorable nor comfortable. He would go away and make an end of it. He did not go away; he simply took a long walk, stayed away from the inn all day, and on his return found Miss Garland sitting out in the moonlight with Roderick.

Rowland, communing with himself during the restless ramble in question, had determined that he would at least cease to observe, to heed, or to care for what Miss Garland and Roderick might do or might not do together. Nevertheless, some three days afterward, the opportunity presenting itself, he deliberately broached the subject with Roderick. He knew this was inconsistent and faint-hearted; it was indulgence to the fingers that itched to handle forbidden fruit: but he said to himself that it was really more logical to be inconsistent than the reverse; for they had formerly discussed these mysteries very candidly. Was it not perfectly reasonable that he should wish to know the sequel of the situation which Roderick had then delineated? Roderick had made him promises, and it was to be expected that he should ascertain how the promises had been kept. Rowland could not say to himself that if the promises had been extorted for Mary Garland's sake, his present attention to them was equally disinterested; and so he had to admit that he was indeed faint-hearted. He may perhaps be deemed too narrow a casuist, but we have repeated more than once that he was solidly burdened with a conscience.

"I imagine," he said to Roderick, "that you are not sorry, at present, to have allowed yourself to be dissuaded from making a final rupture with Miss Garland."

Roderick eyed him with the vague and absent look which had lately become

habitual to his face, and repeated, "Dissuaded?"

"Don't you remember that in Rome you wished to break your engagement, and that I urged you to respect it, though it seemed to hang by so slender a thread? I wished you to see what would come of it. If I am not mistaken, you are reconciled to it."

"Oh, yes," said Roderick, "I remember what you said; you made it a kind of personal favor to yourself that I should remain faithful. I consented, but afterwards, when I thought of it, your attitude greatly amused me. Had it ever been seen before? — a man asking another man to gratify him by *not* suspending his attentions to a pretty girl!"

"It was as selfish as anything else," said Rowland. "One man puts his selfishness into one thing, and one into another. It would have utterly marred my comfort to see Miss Garland in low spirits."

"But you liked her — you admired her, eh? So you intimated."

"I admire her profoundly."

"It was your originality then — to do you justice you have a great deal, of a certain sort — to wish her happiness secured in just that fashion. Many a man would have liked better himself to make the woman he admired happy, and would have welcomed her low spirits as an opening for sympathy. You were awfully queer about it."

"So be it!" said Rowland. "The question is, Are you not glad I was queer? Are you not finding that your affection for Miss Garland has a permanent quality which you rather underestimated?"

"I don't pretend to say. When she arrived in Rome, I found I did n't care for her, and I honestly proposed that we should have no humbug about it. If you, on the contrary, thought there was something to be gained by having a little humbug, I was willing to try it! I don't see that the situation is really changed. Mary Garland is all that she ever was — more than all. But I don't care for her! I don't care for anything, and I don't find myself inspired to make

an exception in her favor. The only difference is that I don't care, now, whether I care for her or not. Of course, marrying such a useless lout as I am is out of the question for any woman, and I should pay Miss Garland a poor compliment to assume that she is in a hurry to celebrate our nuptials."

"Oh, you're in love!" said Rowland, not very logically. It must be confessed, at any cost, that this assertion was made for the sole purpose of hearing Roderick deny it.

But it quite failed of its aim. Roderick gave a liberal shrug of his shoulders and an irresponsible toss of his head. "Call it what you please! I am past caring for names."

Rowland had not only been illogical, he had also been slightly disingenuous. He did not believe that his companion was in love; he had argued the false to learn the true. The true was that Roderick was again, in some degree, under a charm, and that he found a healing virtue in Mary's presence, indisposed though he was to admit it. He had said, shortly before, that her voice was sweet to his ear; and this was a promising beginning. If her voice was sweet it was probable that her glance was not amiss, that her touch had a quiet magic, and that her whole personal presence had learned the art of not being irritating. So Rowland reasoned, and invested Mary Garland with a still finer loveliness.

It was true that she herself helped him little to definite conclusions, and that he remained in puzzled doubt as to whether these happy touches were still a matter of the heart or had become simply a matter of the conscience. He watched for signs that she rejoiced in Roderick's renewed acceptance of her society; but it seemed to him that she was on her guard against interpreting it too largely. It was now her turn—he fancied that he sometimes gathered from certain nameless indications of glance and tone and gesture—it was now her turn to be indifferent, to care for other things. Again and again Rowland asked himself what these things were

that Miss Garland might be supposed to care for, to the injury of ideal constancy; and again, having designated them, he divided them into two portions. One was that larger experience, in general, that had come to her with her arrival in Europe; the vague sense, borne in upon her imagination, that there were more things one might do with one's life than youth and ignorance and Northampton had dreamt of; the revision of old pledges in the light of new emotions. The other was the experience, in especial, of Rowland's—what? Here Rowland always paused, in perfect sincerity, to measure afresh his possible claim to the young girl's regard. What might he call it? It had been more than civility and yet it had been less than devotion. It had spoken of a desire to serve, but it had said nothing of a hope of reward. Nevertheless, Rowland's fancy hovered about the idea that it was recompensable, and his reflections ended in a reverie which perhaps did not define it, but at least, on each occasion, added a little to its volume. Since Miss Garland had asked him as a sort of favor to herself to come also to Switzerland, he thought it possible she might let him know whether he seemed to have effectively served her. The days passed without her doing so, and at last Rowland walked away to an isolated eminence some five miles from the inn, and murmured to the silent rocks that she was ungrateful. Listening nature seemed not to contradict him, so that on the morrow he asked the young girl, with an infinitesimal touch of irony, whether it struck her that his deflection from his Florentine plan had been attended with brilliant results.

"Why, we are delighted that you are with us!" she answered.

He was anything but satisfied with this; it seemed to imply that she had forgotten that she had solemnly asked him to come. He reminded her of her request, and recalled the place and time. "That evening on the terrace, late, after Mrs. Hudson had gone to bed, and Roderick being absent."

She perfectly remembered, but the memory seemed to trouble her. "I am

afraid your kindness has been a great charge upon you," she said. "You wanted very much to do something else."

"I wanted above all things to oblige you, and I made no sacrifice. But if I had made an immense one, it would be more than made up to me by any assurance that I have helped Roderick into a better mood."

She was silent a moment; and then, "Why do you ask me?" she said. "You are able to judge quite as well as I."

Rowland blushed; he desired to justify himself in the most veracious manner. "The truth is," he said, "that I am afraid I care only in the second place for Roderick's holding up his head. What I care for in the first place is *your* happiness."

"I don't know why that should be," she answered. "I have certainly done nothing to make you so much my friend. If you were to tell me you intended to leave us to-morrow, I am afraid that I should not venture to ask you to stay. But whether you go or stay, let us not talk of Roderick!"

"But that," said Rowland, "does n't answer my question. *Is* he better?"

"No!" she said, and turned away.

He was careful not to tell her that he intended to leave them.

One day, shortly after this, as the two young men sat at the inn-door watching the sunset, which on that evening was very striking and lurid, Rowland made an attempt to sound his companion's present sentiment touching Christina Light. "I wonder where she is," he said, "and what sort of a life she is leading her prince."

Roderick at first made no response. He was watching a figure on the summit of some distant rocks, opposite to them. The figure was apparently descending into the valley, and in relief against the crimson screen of the western sky it looked gigantic. "Christina Light?" Roderick at last repeated, as if arousing himself from a reverie. "Where she is? It's extraordinary how little I care!"

"Have you, then, completely got over it?"

To this Roderick made no direct reply; he sat brooding a while. "She's a humbug!" he presently exclaimed.

"Possibly!" said Rowland. "But I have known worse ones."

"She disappointed me!" Roderick continued, in the same tone.

"Had she, then, really given you hopes?"

"Oh, don't recall it!" Roderick cried. "Why the devil should I think of it? It was only three months ago, but it seems like ten years." His friend said nothing more, and after a while he went on of his own accord. "I believed there was a future in it all! She pleased me — pleased me; and when an artist, such as I was, is pleased, you know" — And he paused again. "You never saw her as I did; you never heard her in her great moments. But there is no use talking about that! At first she would n't regard me seriously. She chaffed me and made light of me. But at last I forced her to admit I was a great man. Think of that, sir! Christina Light called me a great man. A great man was what she was looking for, and we agreed to find our happiness for life in each other. To please me she promised not to marry till I gave her leave. I was not in a marrying way myself, but it was damnation to think of another man possessing her. To spare my sensibilities, she promised to turn off her prince, and the idea of her doing so made me as happy as to see a perfect statue shaping itself in the block. You have seen how she kept her promise! When I learned it, it was as if the statue had suddenly cracked and turned hideous. She died for me, like that!" And he snapped his fingers. "Was it wounded vanity, disappointed desire, betrayed confidence? I am sure I don't know; you certainly have some name for it."

"The poor girl did the best she could," said Rowland.

"If that was her best, so much the worse for her! I have hardly thought of her these two months, but I have not forgiven her."

"Well, you may believe that you are avenged. I can't think of her as happy."

"I don't pity her!" said Roderick. Then he relapsed into silence, and the two sat watching the colossal figure as it made its way downward along the jagged silhouette of the rocks. "Who is this mighty man," cried Roderick at last, "and what is he coming down upon us for? We are small people here, and we can't undertake to keep company with giants."

"Wait till we meet him on our own level," said Rowland, "and perhaps he will not overtop us."

"For ten minutes, at least," Roderick rejoined, "he will have been a great man!" At this moment the figure sank beneath the horizon line and became invisible in the uncertain light. Suddenly Roderick said, "I would like to see her once more — simply to look at her."

"I would not advise it," said Rowland.

"It was her beauty that did it!" Roderick went on. "It was all her beauty. In comparison, the rest was nothing. What befuddled me was to think of it as *my* property! And I had made it mine; no one else had studied it as I had, no one else understood it. What does that stick of a Casamassima know about it at this hour? I should like to see it just once more; it's the only thing in the world of which I can say so."

"I would not advise it," Rowland repeated.

"That's right, dear Rowland," said Roderick; "don't advise! That's no use now."

The dusk meanwhile had thickened, and they had not perceived a figure approaching them across the open space in front of the house. Suddenly it stepped into the circle of light projected from the door and windows, and they beheld little Sam Singleton stopping to stare at them. He was the giant whom they had seen descending along the rocks. When this was made apparent, Roderick was seized with a fit of intense hilarity. It was the first time he had

laughed in three months. Singleton, who carried a knapsack and walking-staff, received from Rowland the friendliest welcome. He was in the serenest possible humor, and if in the way of luggage his knapsack contained nothing but a comb and a second shirt, he produced from it a dozen admirable sketches. He had been trudging over half Switzerland and making everywhere the most vivid pictorial notes. They were mostly in a box at Interlaken, and in gratitude for Rowland's appreciation he presently telegraphed for his box, which, according to the excellent Swiss method, was punctually delivered by post. The nights were cold, and our friends, with three or four other chance sojourners, sat in-doors over a fire of logs. Even with Roderick sitting moodily in the outer shadow they made a sympathetic little circle as they turned over Singleton's drawings, while he perched in the chimney-corner, blushing and grinning, with his feet on the rounds of his chair. He had been pedestrianizing for six weeks, and he was glad to rest a while at Engelthal. It was an economic repose, however, for he sallied forth every morning, with his sketching tools on his back, in search of material for new studies. Roderick's hilarity, after the first evening, had subsided, and he watched the little painter's serene activity with a gravity that was almost portentous. Singleton, who was not in the secret of his personal misfortunes, still treated him with timid frankness as the rising star of American art. Roderick had said to Rowland, at first, that Singleton reminded him of some curious little insect with a remarkable mechanical instinct in its antennæ; but as the days went by it was apparent that the modest landscapist's unflagging industry grew to have an oppressive meaning for him. It pointed a moral, and Roderick used to sit and con the moral as he saw it figured in Singleton's bent back, on the hot hill-sides, protruding from beneath his white umbrella. One day he wandered up a long slope and overtook him as he sat at work. Singleton related the incident

afterwards to Rowland, who, after giving him in Rome a hint of Roderick's aberrations, had strictly kept his own counsel.

"Are you *always* like this?" said Roderick, in almost sepulchral accents.

"Like this?" repeated Singleton, blinking confusedly, with an alarmed conscience.

"You remind me of a watch that never runs down. If one listens hard one hears you always — tick-tick, tick-tick."

"Oh, I see," said Singleton, beaming ingenuously. "I'm very equable."

"You're very equable, yes. And do you find it pleasant to be equable?"

Singleton turned and grinned more brightly, while he sucked the water from his camel's-hair brush. Then, with a quickened sense of his indebtedness to a Providence that had endowed him with intrinsic facilities, "Oh, delightful!" he exclaimed.

Roderick stood looking at him a moment. "Damnation!" he said at last, solemnly, and turned his back.

One morning, shortly after this, Rowland and Roderick took a long walk. They had walked before in a dozen different directions, but they had not yet crossed a charming little wooded pass, which shut in their valley on one side and descended into the vale of Engelberg. In coming from Lucerne they had approached their inn by this path, and, feeling that they knew it, had hitherto neglected it in favor of untrodden ways. But at last the list of these was exhausted, and Rowland proposed the walk to Engelberg as a novelty. The place is half bleak and half pastoral; a huge white monastery rises abruptly from the green floor of the valley and complicates its picturesqueness with an element rare in Swiss scenery. Hard by is a group of chalets and inns, with the usual appurtenances of a prosperous Swiss resort: lean brown guides in baggy homespun lounging under carved wooden galleries, stacks of alpen stocks in every doorway, sun-scorched Englishmen without shirt-collars. Our two friends sat a while at the door of an

inn, discussing a pint of wine, and then Roderick, who was indefatigable, announced his intention of climbing to a certain rocky pinnacle which overhung the valley and, according to the testimony of one of the guides, commanded a view of the Lake of Lucerne. To go and come back was only a matter of an hour, but Rowland, with the prospect of his homeward trudge before him, confessed to a preference for lounging on his bench, or at most strolling a trifle farther and taking a look at the monastery. Roderick went off alone, and his companion, after a while, bent his steps to the monasterial church. It was remarkable, like most of the churches of Catholic Switzerland, for a hideous style of devotional ornament; but it had a certain cold and musty picturesqueness, and Rowland lingered there with some tenderness for Alpine piety. While he was near the high-altar some people came in at the west door; but he did not notice them, and was presently engaged in deciphering a curious old German epitaph on one of the mural tablets. At last he turned away, wondering whether its syntax or its theology was the more uncomfortable, and, to his infinite surprise, found himself confronted with the Prince and Princess Casamassima.

The surprise on Christina's part, for an instant, was equal, and at first she seemed disposed to turn away without letting it give place to a greeting. The prince however saluted gravely, and then Christina, in silence, put out her hand. Rowland immediately asked whether they were staying at Engelberg, but Christina only looked at him, without speaking. The prince answered his questions and related that they had been making a month's tour in Switzerland, that at Lucerne his wife had been somewhat obstinately indisposed, and that the physician had recommended a week's trial of the tonic air and goat's milk of Engelberg. The scenery, said the prince, was stupendous, but the life was terribly sad — and they had three days more! It was a blessing, he urbanely added, to see a good Roman face.

Christina's attitude, her solemn silence, and her penetrating gaze seemed to Rowland, at first, to savor of affectation; but he presently perceived that she was profoundly agitated, and that she was afraid of betraying herself. "Do let us leave this hideous edifice," she said; "there are things here that set one's teeth on edge." They moved slowly to the door, and when they stood outside, in the sunny coolness of the valley, she turned to Rowland and said, "I am extremely glad to see you." Then she glanced about her and observed, against the wall of the church, an old stone seat. She looked at Prince Casamassima a moment, and he smiled more intensely, Rowland thought, than the occasion demanded. "I wish to sit here," she said, "and speak to Mr. Mallet — alone."

"At your pleasure, dear friend," said the prince.

The tone of each was measured, to Rowland's ear; but that of Christina was dry and that of her husband was splendidly urbane. Rowland remembered that the Cavaliere Giacosa had told him that Mrs. Light's candidate was thoroughly a prince, and our friend wondered how he relished a peremptory accent. Casamassima was an Italian of the undemonstrative type, but Rowland nevertheless divined that, like other princes before him, he had made the acquaintance of the thing called compromise. "Shall I come back?" he asked, with the same smile.

"In half an hour," said Christina.

In the clear outer light Rowland's first impression of her was that she was more beautiful than ever. And yet in three months she could hardly have changed; the change was in Rowland's own vision of her, which that last interview, on the eve of her marriage, had made unprecedentedly tender.

"How came you here?" she asked.

"Are you staying in this place?"

"I am staying at Engelthal, some ten miles away; I walked over."

"Are you alone?"

"I am with Mr. Hudson."

"Is he here with you?"

"He went half an hour ago to climb a rock, for a view."

"And his mother, and that young girl, where are they?"

"They also are at Engelthal."

"What do you do there?"

"What do you do here?" said Rowland, smiling.

"I count the minutes till my week is up. I hate mountains; they depress me to death. I am sure Miss Garland likes them."

"She is very fond of them, I believe."

"You believe — don't you know? But I have given up trying to imitate Miss Garland," said Christina.

"You surely need imitate no one."

"Don't say that," she said, gravely.

"So you have walked ten miles this morning? And you are to walk back again?"

"Back again to supper."

"And Mr. Hudson, too?"

"Mr. Hudson especially. He is a great walker."

"You men are happy!" Christina cried. "I believe I should enjoy the mountains if I could do such things. It's sitting still and having them scowl down at you! Prince Casamassima never rides. He only goes on a mule. He was carried up the Faulhorn on a litter."

"On a litter?" said Rowland.

"In one of those machines — a *chaise à porteurs* — like a woman."

Rowland received this information in silence; it was equally unbecoming either to relish or to deprecate its irony.

"Is Mr. Hudson to join you again? Will he come here?" Christina asked.

"I shall soon begin to expect him."

"What shall you do when you leave Switzerland?" Christina continued.

"Shall you go back to Rome?"

"I rather doubt it. My plans are very uncertain."

"They depend upon Mr. Hudson, eh?"

"In a great measure."

"I want you to tell me about him. Is he still in that perverse state of mind that afflicted you so much?"

Rowland looked at her mistrustfully, without answering. He was indisposed,

instinctively, to tell her that Roderick was unhappy; it was possible she might offer to help him back to happiness. She immediately perceived his hesitation.

"I see no reason why we should not be frank," she said. "I should think we were excellently placed for that sort of thing. You remember that, formerly, I cared very little what I said, don't you? Well, I care absolutely not at all now. I say what I please, I do what I please! How did Mr. Hudson receive the news of my marriage?"

"Very badly," said Rowland.

"With rage and reproaches?" And as Rowland hesitated again — "With silent contempt?"

"I can tell you but little. He spoke to me on the subject, but I stopped him. I told him it was none of his business, — or of mine."

"That was an excellent answer!" said Christina, softly. "Yet it was a little your business, after those sublime protestations I treated you to. I was really very fine that morning, eh?"

"You do yourself injustice," said Rowland. "I should be at liberty now to believe you were insincere."

"What does it matter now whether I was insincere or not? I can't conceive of anything mattering less. I *was* very fine — isn't it true?"

"You know what I think of you," said Rowland. And for fear of being forced to betray his suspicion of the cause of her change, he took refuge in a commonplace. "Your mother, I hope, is well."

"My mother is in the enjoyment of superb health, and may be seen every evening at the Casino, at the Baths of Lucca, confiding to every new-comer that she has married her daughter to a pearl of a prince."

Rowland was anxious for news of Mrs. Light's companion, and the natural course was frankly to inquire about him. "And the Cavaliere Giacosa is well?" he asked.

Christina hesitated, but she betrayed no other embarrassment. "The Cavaliere has retired to his native city of Ancona, upon a pension, for the rest of

his natural life. He is a very good old man!"

"I have a great regard for him," said Rowland, gravely, at the same time that he privately wondered whether the Cavaliere's pension was paid by Prince Casamassima for services rendered in connection with his marriage. Had the Cavaliere received his commission? "And what do you do," Rowland continued, "on leaving this place?"

"We go to Italy — we go to Naples." She rose and stood silent a moment, looking down the valley. The figure of Prince Casamassima appeared in the distance, balancing his white umbrella. As her eyes rested upon it, Rowland imagined that he saw something deeper in the strange expression which had lurked in her face while he talked to her. At first he had been dazzled by her blooming beauty, to which the lapse of weeks had only added splendor; then he had seen a heavier ray in the light of her eye, a sinister intimation of sadness and bitterness. It was the outward mark of her sacrificed ideal. Her eyes grew cold as she looked at her husband, and when, after a moment, she turned them upon Rowland, they struck him as intensely tragical. He felt a singular mixture of sympathy and dread; he wished to give her a proof of friendship, and yet it seemed to him that she had now turned her face in a direction where friendship was impotent to interpose. She half read his feelings, apparently, and she gave a beautiful, sad smile. "I hope we may never meet again!" she said. And as Rowland gave her a protesting look — "You have seen me at my best. I wish to tell you solemnly, I *was* sincere! I know appearances are against me," she went on, quickly. "There is a great deal I can't tell you. Perhaps you have guessed it; I care very little. You know, at any rate, I did my best. It would n't serve; I was beaten and broken; they were stronger than I. Now it's another affair!"

"It seems to me you have a large chance for happiness yet," said Rowland, vaguely.

"Happiness? I mean to cultivate

rapture; I mean to go in for bliss ineffable! You remember I told you that I was, in part, the world's and the devil's. Now they have taken me all. It was their choice; may they never repent!"

"I shall hear of you," said Rowland.

"You will hear of me. And whenever you do hear, remember this: I *was* sincere!"

Prince Casamassima had approached, and Rowland looked at him with a good deal of simple compassion, as a part of that "world" against which Christina had launched her mysterious menace. It was obvious that he was a good fellow, and that he could not, in the nature of things, be a positively bad husband; but his distinguished inoffensiveness only deepened the infelicity of Christina's situation by depriving her defiant attitude of the sanction of relative justice. So long as she had been free to choose, she had esteemed him; but from the moment that she was forced to marry him she had detested him. Rowland read in the young man's elastic Italian mask a profound consciousness of all this; and as he found there also a record of other curious things — of pride, of temper, of bigotry, of an immense heritage of more or less aggressive traditions — he reflected that the matrimonial conjunction of his two companions might be sufficiently prolific in incident.

"You are going to Naples?" Rowland said to the prince, by way of conversation.

"We are going to Paris," Christina interposed, slowly and softly. "We are going to London. We are going to Vienna. We are going to St. Petersburg."

Prince Casamassima dropped his eyes and fretted the earth with the point of his umbrella. While he engaged Rowland's attention Christina turned away. When Rowland glanced at her again he saw a change pass over her face; she was observing something that was concealed from his own eyes by the angle of the church-wall. In a moment Roderick stepped into sight.

He stopped short, astonished; his face and figure were jaded, his garments

dusty. He looked at Christina from head to foot, and then, slowly, his cheek flushed and his eye expanded. Christina returned his gaze, and for some moments there was a singular silence. "You don't look well!" Christina said at last.

Roderick answered nothing; he only looked and looked, as if she had been a statue. "You are no less beautiful!" he presently cried.

She turned away with a smile, and stood a while gazing down the valley; Roderick stared at Prince Casamassima. Christina then put out her hand to Rowland. "Farewell," she said. "If you are near me in future, don't try to see me!" And then, after a pause, in a lower tone, "I *was* sincere!" She addressed herself again to Roderick and asked him some commonplace about his walk. But he said nothing; he only looked at her. Rowland at first had expected an outbreak of reproach, but it was evident that the danger was every moment diminishing. He was forgetting everything but her beauty, and as she stood there and let him feast upon it, Rowland was sure that she knew it. "I won't say farewell to you," she said, "we shall meet again!" And she moved gravely away. Prince Casamassima took leave courteously of Rowland; upon Roderick he bestowed a bow of exaggerated civility. Roderick appeared not to see it; he was still watching Christina, as she passed over the grass. His eyes followed her until she reached the door of her inn. Here she stopped and looked back at him.

On the homeward walk, that evening, Roderick preserved a silence which Rowland allowed to make him uneasy. Early on the morrow Roderick, saying nothing of his intentions, started off on a walk; Rowland saw him striding with light steps along the rugged path to Engelberg. He was absent all day, and he gave no account of himself on his return. He said he was deadly tired, and he went to bed early. When he had left the room Miss Garland drew near to Rowland.

"I wish to ask you a question," she

said. "What happened to Roderick, yesterday, at Engelberg?"

"You have discovered that something happened?" Rowland answered.

"I am sure of it. Was it something painful?"

"I don't know how, at the present moment, he judges it. He met the Princess Casamassima."

"Thank you!" said Miss Garland, simply, and turned away.

The conversation had been brief, but, like many small things, it furnished Rowland with food for reflection. When one is looking for symptoms one easily finds them. This was the first time Mary Garland had asked Rowland a question which it was in Roderick's power to answer, the first time she had frankly betrayed Roderick's reticence. Rowland ventured to think it marked an era.

The next morning was sultry, and the air, usually so fresh at those altitudes, was oppressively heavy. Rowland lounged on the grass a while, near Singleton, who was at work under his white umbrella within view of the house; and then, in quest of coolness, he wandered away to the rocky ridge whence you looked across at the Jungfrau. To-day, however, the white summits were invisible; their heads were muffled in sullen clouds and the valleys beneath them curtained in dun-colored mist. Rowland had a book in his pocket, and he took it out and opened it. But his page remained unturned; his own thoughts were more importunate. His interview with Christina Light had made a great impression upon him, and he was haunted with the memory of her almost blameless bitterness, and of all that was tragic and fatal in her latest transformation: these things were immensely appealing, and Rowland thought with infinite impatience of Roderick's having again encountered them. It required little imagination to apprehend that the young sculptor's condition had also appealed to Christina. His consummate indifference, his supreme defiance, would make him a magnificent trophy, and Christina had announced with sufficient distinctness that she had said good-by to scruples. It was her

fancy at present to treat the world as a garden of pleasure, and if, hitherto, she had played with Roderick's passion on its stem, there was little doubt that now she would pluck it with an unfaltering hand and drain it of its acrid sweetness. And why the deuce need Roderick have gone marching back to destruction? Rowland's meditations, even when they began in rancor, often brought him peace; but on this occasion they ushered in a quite peculiar quality of unrest. He felt conscious of a sudden collapse in his moral energy; a current that had been flowing for two years with liquid strength seemed at last to pause and contract. Rowland looked away at the stagnant vapors on the mountains; their dreariness seemed a symbol of the dreariness which his own generosity had bequeathed him. At last he had arrived at the uttermost limit of the deference a sane man might pay to other people's folly; nay, rather, he had transgressed it; he had been befooled on a gigantic scale. He turned to his book and tried to woo back patience, but it gave him cold comfort and he tossed it angrily away. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and tried to wonder, dispassionately, whether atmospheric conditions had not something to do with his ill-humor. He remained for some time in this attitude, but was finally aroused from it by a singular sense that, although he had heard nothing, some one had approached him. He looked up and saw Roderick standing before him on the turf. His mood made the spectacle unwelcome, and for a moment he felt like uttering an uncivil speech. Roderick stood looking at him with an expression of countenance which had of late become rare. There was an unfamiliar spark in his eye and a certain imperious alertness in his carriage. Confirmed habit, with Rowland, came speedily to the front. "What is it now?" he asked himself, and invited Roderick to sit down. Roderick had evidently something particular to say, and if he remained silent for a time it was not because he was ashamed of it.

"I would like you to do me a favor," he said at last. "Lend me some money."

"How much do you wish?" Rowland asked.

"Say a thousand francs."

Rowland hesitated a moment. "I don't wish to be indiscreet, but may I ask what you propose to do with a thousand francs?"

"To go to Interlaken."

"And why are you going to Interlaken?"

Roderick replied, without a shadow of wavering, "Because that woman is to be there."

Rowland burst out laughing, but Roderick remained serenely grave. "You have forgiven her, then?" said Rowland.

"Not a bit of it!"

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I. I only know that she is incomparably beautiful, and that she has waked me up amazingly. Besides, she asked me to come."

"She asked you?"

"Yesterday, in so many words."

"Ah, the jade!" cried Rowland.

"Exactly. I am willing to take her for that."

"Why in the name of common sense did you go back to her?"

"Why did I find her standing there like a goddess who had just stepped out of her cloud? Why did I look at her? Before I knew where I was, the harm was done."

Rowland, who had been sitting erect, threw himself back on the grass and lay for some time staring up at the sky. At last, raising himself, "Are you perfectly serious?" he asked.

"Deadly serious."

"Your idea is to remain at Interlaken some time?"

"Indefinitely!" said Roderick; and it seemed to his companion that the tone in which he said this made it immensely well worth hearing.

"And your mother and cousin, meanwhile, are to remain here? It will soon be getting very cold, you know."

"It does n't seem much like it to-day."

"Very true; but to-day is a day by itself."

"There is nothing to prevent their going back to Lucerne. I depend upon your taking charge of them."

At this Rowland reclined upon the grass again; and again, after reflection, he faced his friend. "How would you express," he asked, "the character of the profit that you expect to derive from your excursion?"

"I see no need of expressing it! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The case is simply this. I desire immensely to be near Christina Light, and it is such a huge refreshment to find myself again desiring something, that I propose to drift with the current. As I say, she has waked me up, and it is possible something may come of it. She makes me feel as if I were alive again. *This*," and he glanced down at the inn, "I call death!"

"That I am very grateful to hear. You really feel as if you might do something?"

"Don't ask too much. I only know that she makes my heart beat — makes me see visions."

"You feel encouraged?"

"I feel excited."

"You are really looking better."

"I am glad to hear it. Now that I have answered your questions, please to give me the money."

Rowland shook his head. "For that purpose, I can't!"

"You can't?"

"It's impossible. Your plan is rank folly. I can't help you in it."

Roderick flushed a little, and his eye expanded. "I will borrow what money I can, then, from Mary!" This was not viciously said; it had simply the ring of passionate resolution.

Instantly it brought Rowland to terms. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and tossed it upon the grass. "The little brass one opens my dressing-case," he said. "You will find money in it."

Roderick let the keys lie; something seemed to have struck him; he looked askance at his friend. "You are awfully gallant!"

"You certainly are not. Your proposal is an outrage."

"Very likely. It's a proof the more of my desire."

"If you have so much steam on, then, use it for something else. You say you are awake again. I am delighted; only be so in the best sense. Isn't it very plain? If you have the energy to desire, you have also the energy to reason and to judge. If you can care to go, you can also care to stay, and staying being the more profitable course, the inspiration, on that side, for a man who has his self-confidence to win back again, should be greater."

Roderick, plainly, did not relish this simple logic, and his eye grew angry as he listened to its echo. "Oh, the devil!" he cried.

Rowland went on. "Do you believe that hanging about Christina Light will do you any good? Do you believe it won't? In either case you should keep away from her. If it won't, it's your duty; and if it will, you can get on without it."

"Do me good?" cried Roderick. "What do I want of 'good'—what should I do with 'good'? I want what she gives me, call it by what name you will. I want to ask no questions, but to take what comes and let it fill the impossible hours! But I didn't come to discuss the matter."

"I have not the least desire to discuss it," said Rowland. "I simply protest."

Roderick meditated a moment. "I have never yet thought twice of accepting a favor of you," he said at last; "but this one sticks in my throat."

"It is not a favor; I lend you the money only under compulsion."

"Well, then, I will take it only under compulsion!" Roderick exclaimed. And he sprang up abruptly and marched away.

His words were ambiguous; Rowland lay on the grass, wondering what they meant. Half an hour had not elapsed before Roderick reappeared, heated with rapid walking, and wiping his forehead. He flung himself down and looked at his friend with an eye which expressed something purer than bravado and yet baser than conviction.

"I have done my best!" he said.

"My mother is out of money; she is expecting next week some circular notes from London. She had only ten francs in her pocket. Mary Garland gave me every sou she possessed in the world. It makes exactly thirty-four francs. That's not enough."

"You asked Miss Garland?" cried Rowland.

"I asked her."

"And told her your purpose?"

"I named no names. But she knew!"

"What did she say?"

"Not a syllable. She simply emptied her purse."

Rowland turned over and buried his face in his arms. He felt a movement of irrepressible elation, and he barely stifled a cry of joy. Now, surely, Roderick had shattered the last link in the chain that bound Mary to him, and after this she would be free! . . . When he turned about again Roderick was still sitting there, and he had not touched the keys which lay on the grass.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," said Roderick, "but I have an insurmountable aversion to taking your money."

"The matter, I suppose, is that you have a grain of wisdom left."

"No, it's not that. It's a kind of brute instinct. I find it extremely provoking!" He sat there for some time with his head in his hands and his eyes on the ground. His lips were compressed, and he was evidently, in fact, in a state of profound irritation. "You have succeeded in making this thing excessively unpleasant!" he exclaimed.

"I am sorry," said Rowland, "but I can't see it in any other way."

"That I believe, and I resent the range of your vision pretending to be the limit of my action. You can't feel for me nor judge for me, and there are certain things you know nothing about. I have suffered, sir!" Roderick went on with increasing emphasis. "I have suffered damnable torments. Have I been such a placid, contented, comfortable man this last six months, that when I find a chance to forget my misery I should

take such pains not to profit by it? You ask too much, for a man who himself has no occasion to play the hero. I don't say that invidiously; it's your disposition, and you can't help it. But decidedly, there are certain things you know nothing about."

Rowland listened to this outbreak with open eyes, and Roderick, if he had been less intent upon his own eloquence, would probably have perceived that he turned pale. "These things — what are they?" Rowland asked.

"They are women, principally, and what relates to women. Women for you, by what I can make out, mean nothing. You have no imagination — no sensibility!"

"That's a serious charge," said Rowland, gravely.

"I don't make it without proof!"

"And what is your proof?"

Roderick hesitated a moment. "The way you treated Christina Light. I call that grossly obtuse."

"Obtuse?" Rowland repeated, frowning.

"Thick-skinned, beneath your good fortune."

"My good fortune?"

"There it is — it's all news to you! You had pleased her. I don't say she was dying of love for you, but she took a fancy to you."

"We will let this pass!" said Rowland, after a silence.

"Oh, I don't insist. I have only her own word for it."

"She told you this?"

"You noticed, at least, I suppose, that she was not afraid to speak. I never repeated it, not because I was jealous, but because I was curious to see how long your ignorance would last if left to itself."

"I frankly confess it would have lasted forever. And yet I don't consider that my insensibility is proved."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Roderick, "or I shall begin to suspect — what I must do you the justice to say that I never have suspected — that you are a trifle conceited. Upon my word, when I think of all this, your protest, as you

call it, against my following Christina Light seems to me thoroughly offensive. There is something monstrous in a man's pretending to lay down the law to a sort of emotion with which he is quite unacquainted — in his asking a fellow to give up a lovely woman for conscience' sake, when *he* has never had the impulse to strike a blow for one for passion's!"

"Oh, oh!" cried Rowland.

"All that's very easy to say," Roderick went on; "but you must remember that there are such things as nerves, and senses, and imagination, and a restless demon within that may sleep sometimes for a day, or for six months, but that sooner or later wakes up and thumps at your ribs till you listen to him! If you can't understand it, take it on trust, and let a poor imaginative devil live his life as he can!"

Roderick's words seemed at first to Rowland like something heard in a dream; it was impossible they had been actually spoken, so supreme an expression were they of the insolence of egotism. Reality was never so consistent as that! But Roderick sat there balancing his beautiful head, and the echoes of his strident accent still lingered along the half-muffled mountain-side. Rowland suddenly felt that the cup of his chagrin was full to overflowing, and his long-gathered bitterness surged into the simple, wholesome passion of anger for wasted kindness. But he spoke without violence, and Roderick was probably at first far from measuring the force that lay beneath his words.

"You are incredibly ungrateful," he said. "You are talking arrogant nonsense. What do you know about my sensibilities and my imagination? How do you know whether I have loved or suffered? If I have held my tongue and not troubled you with my complaints, you find it the most natural thing in the world to put an ignoble construction on my silence. I have loved quite as well as you; indeed, I think I may say rather better. I have been constant. I have been willing to give more than I received. I have not forsaken one mistress because I thought another more

beautiful, nor given up the other and believed all manner of evil about her because 'I had not my way with her. I have been a good friend to Christina Light, and it seems to me my friendship does her quite as much honor as your love!'"

"Your love — your suffering — your silence — your friendship!" cried Roderick. "I declare I don't understand!"

"I dare say not. You are not used to understanding such things — you are not used to hearing me talk of my feelings. You are altogether too much taken up with your own. Be as much so as you please; I have always respected your right. Only when I have kept myself in durance on purpose to leave you an open field, don't, by way of thanking me, come and call me an idiot."

"Oh, you claim then that you have made sacrifices?"

"Several! You have never suspected it?"

"If I had, do you suppose I would have allowed it?" cried Roderick.

"They were the sacrifices of friendship and they were easily made; only I don't enjoy having them thrown back in my teeth."

This was, under the circumstances, a sufficiently generous speech; but Roderick was not in the humor to take it generously. "Come, be more definite," he said. "Let me know where it is the shoe has pinched."

Rowland frowned; if Roderick would not take generosity, he should have full justice. "It's a perpetual sacrifice," he said, "to live with a perfect egotist."

"I am an egotist?" cried Roderick.

"Did it never occur to you?"

"An egotist to whom you have made perpetual sacrifices?" He repeated the words in a singular tone; a tone that denoted neither exactly indignation nor incredulity, but (strange as it may seem) a sudden violent curiosity for news about himself.

"You are selfish," said Rowland; "you think only of yourself and believe only in yourself. You regard other people only as they play into your own hands. You have always been very frank

about it, and the thing seemed so mixed up with the temper of your genius and the very structure of your mind, that often one was willing to take the evil with the good and to be thankful that, considering your great talent, you were no worse. But if one believed in you, as I have done, one paid a tax on it."

Roderick leaned his elbows on his knees, clasped his hands together, and crossed them, shadewise, over his eyes. In this attitude, for a moment, he sat looking coldly at his friend. "So I have made you very uncomfortable?" he went on.

"Extremely so."

"I have been eager, grasping, obstinate, vain, ungrateful, indifferent, cruel?"

"I have accused you, mentally, of all these things, with the exception of vanity."

"You have often hated me?"

"Never. I should have parted company with you before coming to that."

"But you have wanted to part company, to bid me go my way and be hanged?"

"Repeatedly. Then I have had patience and forgiven you."

"Forgiven me, eh? Suffering all the while?"

"Yes, you may call it suffering."

"Why did you never tell me all this before?"

"Because my affection was always stronger than my resentment; because I preferred to err on the side of kindness; because I had, myself, in a measure, launched you in the world and thrown you into temptations; and because nothing short of your unwarrantable aggression just now could have made me say these painful things."

Roderick picked up a blade of long grass and began to bite it; Rowland was puzzled by his expression and manner. They seemed strangely cynical; there was something revolting in his deepening calmness.

"I must have been hideous," Roderick presently resumed.

"I'm not talking for your entertainment," said Rowland.

"Of course not. For my edification!" As Roderick said these words there was not a ray of warmth in his brilliant eye.

"I have spoken for my own relief," Rowland went on, "and so that you need never again go so utterly astray as you have done this morning."

"It has been a terrible mistake, then?" What his tone expressed was not willful mockery, but a kind of persistent irresponsibility which Rowland found equally exasperating. He answered nothing.

"And all this time," Roderick continued, "you have been in love? Tell me the woman."

Rowland felt an immense desire to give him a visible, palpable pang. "Her name is Mary Garland," he said.

Apparently he succeeded. The surprise was great; Roderick colored as he had never done. "Mary Garland! Heaven forgive us!"

Rowland observed the "us;" Roderick threw himself back on the turf. The latter lay for some time staring at the sky. At last he sprang to his feet, and Rowland rose also, rejoicing keenly, it must be confessed, in his companion's confusion.

"For how long has this been?" Roderick demanded.

"Since I first knew her."

"Two years! And you have never told her?"

"Never."

"You have told no one?"

"You are the first person."

"Why have you been silent?"

"Because of your engagement."

"But you have done your best to keep that up."

"That's another matter."

"It's very strange," said Roderick, presently. "It's like something in a novel."

"We need n't expatiate on it," said Rowland. "All I wished to do was to rebut your charge that I am an abnormal being."

But still Roderick pondered. "All these months, while I was going on! I wish you had mentioned it."

"I acted as was necessary, and that's the end of it."

"You have a very high opinion of her?"

"The highest."

"I remember now your occasionally expressing it and my being struck with it. But I never dreamed you were in love with her. It's a pity she does n't care for you!"

Rowland had made his point and he had no wish to prolong the conversation; but he had a desire to hear more of this, and he remained silent.

"You hope, I suppose, that some day she may?"

"I should n't have offered to say so; but since you ask me, I do."

"I don't believe it. She idolizes me, and if she never were to see me again she would idolize my memory."

This might be profound insight, and it might be profound fatuity. Rowland turned away; he could not trust himself to speak.

"My indifference, my neglect of her, must have seemed to you horrible. Altogether, I must have appeared simply hideous."

"Do you really care," Rowland asked, "what you appeared?"

"Certainly. I have been damnably stupid. Is n't an artist supposed to be a man of perceptions? I am hugely disgusted."

"Well, you understand now, and we can start afresh."

"And yet," said Roderick, "though you have suffered, in a degree, I don't believe you have suffered so much as some other men would have done."

"Very likely not. In such matters quantitative analysis is difficult."

Roderick picked up his stick and stood looking at the ground. "Nevertheless, I must have seemed hideous," he repeated, "hideous!" He turned away, scowling, and Rowland offered no contradiction.

They were both silent for some time, and at last Roderick gave a heavy sigh and began to walk away. "Where are you going?" Rowland then asked.

"Oh, I don't care! To walk; you

have given me something to think of." This seemed a salutary impulse, and yet Rowland felt a nameless perplexity. "To have been so stupid damns me more than anything!" Roderick went on. "Certainly, I can shut up shop now."

Rowland felt in no smiling humor, and yet, in spite of himself, he could almost have smiled at the very consistency of the fellow. It was egotism still: æsthetic disgust at the graceless contour of his conduct, but never a hint of simple sorrow for the pain he had given. Rowland let him go, and for some moments stood watching him. Suddenly Mallet became conscious of a singular and most illogical impulse—a desire to stop him, to have another word with him, not to lose sight of him. He called him, and Roderick turned. "I should like to go with you," said Rowland.

"I am fit only to be alone. I am damned!"

"You had better not think of it at all," Rowland cried, "than think in that way."

"There is only one way. I have been hideous!" And he broke off and marched away with his long, elastic step, swinging his stick. Rowland watched him and at the end of a moment called to him. Roderick stopped and looked at him in silence, and then abruptly turned, and disappeared below the crest of a hill.

Rowland passed the remainder of the day uncomfortably. He was half irritated, half depressed; he had an insufferable feeling of having been placed in the wrong, in spite of his excellent cause. Roderick did not come home to dinner; but of this, with his passion for brooding away the hours on far-off mountain sides, he had almost made a habit. Mrs. Hudson appeared at the noonday repast with a face which showed that Roderick's demand for money had unsealed the fountains of her distress. Little Singleton consumed an enormous and well-earned dinner. Miss Garland, Rowland observed, had not contributed her scanty assistance to her kinsman's pur-

suit of the Princess Casamassima without an effort. The effort was visible in her pale face and her silence; she looked so ill that when they left the table Rowland felt almost bound to remark upon it. They had come out upon the grass, in front of the inn.

"I have a headache," she said. And then suddenly, looking about at the menacing sky and motionless air, "It's this horrible day!"

Rowland that afternoon tried to write a letter to his cousin Cecilia, but his head and his heart were alike heavy, and he traced upon the paper but a single line. "I believe there is such a thing as being too reasonable. But when once the habit is formed, what is one to do?" He had occasion to use his keys, and he felt for them in his pocket; they were missing, and he remembered that he had left them lying on the hill-top where he had had his talk with Roderick. He went forth in search of them and found them where he had thrown them. He flung himself down in the same place again; he felt indisposed to walk. He was conscious that his mood had vastly changed since the morning; his extraordinary, acute sense of his rights had been replaced by the familiar, chronic sense of his duties. Only, his duties now seemed impracticable; he turned over and buried his face in his arms. He lay so a long time, thinking of many things; the sum of them all was that Roderick had beaten him. At last he was startled by an extraordinary sound; it took him a moment to perceive that it was a portentous growl of thunder. He roused himself and saw that the whole face of the sky had altered. The clouds that had hung motionless all day were moving from their stations, and getting into position, as it were, for a battle. The wind was rising; the fallow vapors were turning dark and consolidating their masses. It was a striking spectacle, but Rowland judged best to observe it briefly, as a storm was evidently imminent. He took his way down to the inn and found Singleton still at his post, profiting by the last of the rapidly-failing light to finish his study, and yet at

the same time taking rapid notes of the actual condition of the clouds.

"We are going to have a most interesting storm," the little painter gleefully cried. "I should like awfully to do it."

Rowland adjured him to pack up his traps and decamp, and repaired to the house. The air by this time had become portentously dark, and the thunder was incessant and tremendous; in the midst of it the lightning flashed and vanished, like the treble shrilling upon the bass. The innkeeper and his servants had crowded to the doorway, and were looking at the scene with faces which seemed a proof that it was unprecedented. As Rowland approached, the group divided, to let some one pass from within, and Mrs. Hudson came forth, as white as a corpse and trembling in every limb.

"My boy, my boy, where is my boy?" she cried. "Mr. Mallet, why are you here without him? Bring him to me!"

"Has no one seen Mr. Hudson?" Rowland asked of the others. "Has he not returned?"

Each one shook his head and looked grave, and Rowland attempted to reassure Mrs. Hudson by saying that of course he had taken refuge in a *châlet*.

"Go and find him, go and find him!" she cried, insanely. "Don't stand there and talk, or I shall die!" It was now as dark as evening, and Rowland could just distinguish the figure of Singleton scampering homeward with his box and easel. "And where is Mary?" Mrs. Hudson went on; "what in mercy's name has become of her? Mr. Mallet, why did you ever bring us here?"

There came a prodigious flash of lightning, and the limitless tumult about them turned clearer than midsummer noonday. The brightness lasted long enough to enable Rowland to see a woman's figure on the top of an eminence near the house. It was Mary Garland, questioning the lurid darkness for Roderick. Rowland sprang out to interrupt her vigil, but in a moment he encountered her, retreating. He seized her hand and hurried her to the house, where, as soon as she stepped into the covered gallery, Mrs.

Hudson fell upon her with frantic lamentations.

"Did you see nothing, — nothing?" she cried. "Tell Mr. Mallet he must go and find him, with some men, some lights, some wrappings. Go, go, go, sir! In mercy, go!"

Rowland was extremely perturbed by the poor lady's vociferous folly, for he deemed her anxiety superfluous. He had offered his suggestion with sincerity; nothing was more probable than that Roderick had found shelter in a herdsman's cabin. These were numerous on the neighboring mountains, and the storm had given fair warning of its approach. Miss Garland stood there very pale, saying nothing, but looking at him. He expected that she would check her cousin's importunity.

"Could you find him?" she suddenly asked. "Would it be of use?"

The question seemed to him a flash intenser than the lightning that was raking the sky before them. It shattered his dream that he weighed in the scale! But before he could answer, the full fury of the storm was upon them; the rain descended in sounding torrents. Every one fell back into the house. There had been no time to light lamps, and in the little uncarpeted parlor, in the unnatural darkness, Rowland felt Mary's hand upon his arm. For a moment it had an eloquent pressure; it seemed to retract her senseless challenge, and to say that she believed, for Roderick, what he believed. But nevertheless, thought Rowland, the cry had come, her heart had spoken; her first impulse had been to sacrifice him. He had been uncertain before; here, at least, was the comfort of certainty!

It must be confessed, however, that the certainty in question did little to enliven the gloom of that formidable evening. There was a noisy crowd about him in the room — noisy even with the accompaniment of the continual thunder-peals; lodgers and servants chattering, shuffling, and bustling, and annoying him equally by making too light of the tempest and by vociferating their alarm. In the disorder, it was some time before

a lamp was lighted, and the first thing he saw, as it was swung from the ceiling, was the white face of Mrs. Hudson, who was being carried out of the room in a swoon by two stout maid-servants, with Mary Garland forcing a passage. He rendered what help he could, but when they had laid the poor woman on her bed, Miss Garland motioned him away. "I think you make her worse," she said.

Rowland went to his own chamber. The partitions in Swiss mountain-inns are thin, and from time to time he heard Mrs. Hudson moaning, three rooms off. Considering its great fury, the storm took long to expend itself; it was upwards of three hours before the thunder ceased. But even then the rain continued to fall heavily, and the night, which had come on, was impenetrably black. This lasted till near midnight. Rowland thought of Mary Garland's challenge in the porch, but he thought even more that, although the fetid interior of a high-nestling chalet may offer a convenient refuge from an Alpine tempest, there was no possible music in the universe so sweet as the sound of Roderick's voice.

At midnight, through his dripping window-pane he saw a star, and he immediately went down-stairs and out into the gallery. The rain had ceased, the cloud-masses were dissevered here and there, and several stars were visible. In a few minutes he heard a step behind him, and, turning, saw Miss Garland. He asked about Mrs. Hudson and learned that she was sleeping, exhausted by her fruitless lamentations. Miss Garland kept scanning the darkness, but she said nothing to cast doubt on Roderick's having found a refuge. Rowland noticed it. "This also have I guaranteed!" he said to himself. There was something that Mary wished to learn, and a question presently revealed it.

"What made him start on a long walk so suddenly?" she asked. "I saw him at eleven o'clock, and then he meant to go to Engelberg, and sleep."

"On his way to Interlaken?" Rowland said.

"Yes," she answered, under cover of the darkness.

"We had some talk," said Rowland, "and he seemed, for the day, to have given up Interlaken."

"Did you dissuade him?"

"Not exactly. We discussed another question which, for the time, superseded his plan."

Miss Garland was silent. Then, "May I ask whether your discussion was violent?" she said.

"I am afraid it was agreeable to neither of us."

"And Roderick left you in — in irritation?"

"I offered him my company on his walk. He declined it."

Miss Garland paced slowly to the end of the gallery and then came back. "If he had gone to Engelberg," she said, "he would have reached the hotel before the storm began."

Rowland felt a sudden explosion of ferocity. "Oh, if you like," he cried, "he can start for Interlaken as soon as he comes back!"

But she did not even notice his wrath. "Will he come back early?" she went on.

"We may suppose so."

"He will know how anxious we are, and he will start with the first light!"

Rowland was on the point of declaring that Roderick's readiness to throw himself into the feelings of others made this extremely probable; but he checked himself and said, simply, "I expect him at sunrise."

Miss Garland bent her eyes once more upon the irresponsible darkness, and then, in silence, went into the house. Rowland, it must be averred, in spite of his resolution not to be nervous, found no sleep that night. When the early dawn began to tremble in the east, he came forth again into the open air. The storm had completely purged the atmosphere, and the day gave promise of cloudless splendor. Rowland watched the early sun-shafts slowly reaching higher, and remembered that if Roderick did not come back to breakfast, there were two things to be taken into account. One

was the heaviness of the soil on the mountain-sides, saturated with the rain; this would make him walk slowly: the other was the fact that, speaking without irony, he was *not* remarkable for throwing himself into the sentiments of others. Breakfast, at the inn, was early, and by breakfast-time Roderick had not appeared. Then Rowland admitted that he was nervous. Neither Mrs. Hudson nor Miss Garland had left their apartment; Rowland had a mental vision of them sitting there praying and listening; he had no desire to see them more nearly. There were a couple of men who hung about the inn as guides for the ascent of the Titlis; Rowland sent each of them forth in a different direction, to ask for news of Roderick at every chalet door within a morning's walk. Then he called Sam Singleton, whose peregrinations had made him an excellent mountaineer, and whose zeal and sympathy were now unbounded, and the two started together on a voyage of research. By the time they had lost sight of the inn, Rowland was obliged to confess that, decidedly, Roderick had had time to come back.

He wandered about for several hours, but he found only the sunny stillness of the mountain-sides. Before long he parted company with Singleton, who, to his suggestion that separation would multiply their resources, assented with a silent, frightened look which reflected too vividly his own rapidly-dawning thought. The day was magnificent; the sun was everywhere; the storm had lashed the lower slopes into a deeper flush of autumnal color, and the snow-peaks reared themselves against the near horizon in glaring blocks and dazzling spires. Rowland made his way to several chalets, but most of them were empty. He thumped at their low, foul doors with a kind of nervous, savage anger; he challenged the stupid silence to tell him something about his friend. Some of these places had evidently not been open in months. The silence everywhere was horrible; it seemed to mock at his impatience and to be a conscious symbol of calamity. In the midst of it, at the door of one of the

chalets, quite alone, sat a hideous *crétin*, who grinned at Rowland over his goitre when, hardly knowing what he did, he questioned him. The creature's family was scattered on the mountain-sides; he could give Rowland no help to find them. Rowland climbed into many awkward places, and skirted, intently and peeringly, many an ugly chasm and steep-dropping ledge. But the sun, as I have said, was everywhere; it illumined the deep places over which, not knowing where to turn next, he halted and lingered, and showed him nothing but the stony Alpine void — nothing so human even as death. At noon he paused in his quest and sat down on a stone; the conviction was pressing upon him that the worst that was now possible was true. He suspended his search; he was afraid to go on. He sat there for an hour, sick to the depths of his soul. Without his knowing why, several things, chiefly trivial, that had happened during the last two years and that he had quite forgotten, became vividly present to his mind. He was aroused at last by the sound of a stone dislodged near by, which rattled down the mountain. In a moment, on a steep, rocky slope opposite to him, he beheld a figure cautiously descending — a figure which was not Roderick. It was Singleton, who had seen him and began to beckon to him.

"Come down! come down!" cried the painter, steadily making his own way down. Rowland saw that as he moved, and even as he selected his foothold and watched his steps, he was looking at something at the bottom of the cliff. This was a great rugged wall which had fallen backward from the perpendicular, and the descent, though difficult, was with care sufficiently practicable.

"What do you see?" cried Rowland.

Singleton stopped, looked across at him, and seemed to hesitate. Then, "Come down! come down!" he simply repeated.

Rowland's course was also a steep descent, and he attacked it so precipitately that he afterwards marveled he had not broken his neck. It was a ten minutes' headlong scramble. Half-way down

he saw something that made him dizzy; he saw what Singleton had seen. In the gorge below them a vague white mass lay tumbled upon the stones. He let himself go, blindly, fiercely. Singleton had reached the rocky bottom of the ravine before him, and had bounded forward and fallen upon his knees. Rowland overtook him and his own legs collapsed. The thing that yesterday was his friend lay before him as the chance of the last breath had left it, and out of it Roderick's face stared upward, open-eyed, at the sky.

He had fallen from a great height, but he was singularly little disfigured. The rain had spent its torrents upon him, and his clothes and hair were as wet as if the billows of the ocean had flung him upon the strand. An attempt to move him would show some hideous fracture, some horrible physical dishonor; but what Rowland saw on first looking at him was only a strangely serene expression of life. The eyes were dead, but in a short time, when Rowland had closed them, the whole face seemed to awake. The rain had washed away all blood; it was as if Violence, having done her work, had stolen away in shame. Roderick's face might have shamed her; it looked admirably handsome.

"He was a beautiful man!" said Singleton.

They looked up through their horror at the cliff from which he had apparently fallen, and which lifted its blank and stony face above him, with no care now but to drink the sunshine on which his eyes were closed, and then Rowland had an immense outbreak of pity and anguish.

At last they spoke of carrying him back to the inn. "There must be three or four men," Rowland said, "and they must be brought here quickly. I have not the least idea where we are."

"We are at about three hours' walk from home," said Singleton. "I will go for help; I can find my way."

"Remember," said Rowland, "whom you will have to face."

"I remember," the excellent fellow answered. "There was nothing I could

ever do for him in life; I will do what I can now."

He went off, and Rowland stayed there alone. He watched for seven long hours, and his vigil was forever memorable. The most rational of men was for an hour the most passionate. He reviled himself with transcendent bitterness, he accused himself of cruelty and injustice, he would have lain down there in Roderick's place to unsay the words that had yesterday driven him forth on his lonely ramble. Roderick had been fond of saying that there are such things as necessary follies, and Rowland was now proving it. At last he grew almost used to the dumb exultation of the cliff above him. He saw that Roderick was a mass of hideous injury, and he tried to understand what had happened. Not that it helped him; before that confounding mortality one hypothesis after another faltered and swooned away. Roderick's passionate walk had carried him farther and higher than he knew; he had outstayed, supposably, the first menace of the storm, and perhaps even found a defiant entertainment in watching it. Perhaps he had simply lost himself. The tempest had overtaken him, and when he tried to return, it was too late. He had attempted to descend the cliff in the darkness, he had made the inevitable slip, and whether he had fallen fifty feet or three hundred little mattered. The condition of his body indicated the shorter fall. Now that all was over, Rowland understood how exclusively, for two years, Roderick had filled his life. His occupation was gone.

Singleton came back with four men, one of them the landlord of the inn. They had formed a sort of rude bier of the frame of a chaise à porteurs, and by taking a very roundabout course homeward were able to follow a tolerably level path and carry their burden with a certain decency. To Rowland it seemed as if the little procession would never reach the inn; but as they drew near it he would have given his right hand for a longer delay. The people of the inn came forward to meet them, in a little silent, solemn convoy. In the doorway,

clinging together, appeared the two bereaved women. Mrs. Hudson tottered forward with outstretched hands and the expression of a blind person; but before she reached her son, Mary Garland had rushed past her, and, in the face of the staring, pitying, awe-stricken crowd, had flung herself, with the magnificent movement of one whose rights were supreme, and with a loud, tremendous cry, upon the senseless vestige of her love.

That cry still lives in Rowland's ears. It interposes, persistently, against the reflection that when he sometimes—very rarely—sees her, she is unreservedly kind to him; against the memory that

during the dreary journey back to America, made of course with his assistance, there was a great frankness in her gratitude, a great gratitude in her frankness. Miss Garland lives with Mrs. Hudson, at Northampton, where Rowland visits his cousin Cecilia more frequently than of old. When he calls upon Miss Garland he never sees Mrs. Hudson. Cecilia, who, having her shrewd impression that he comes to see Miss Garland as much as to see herself, does not feel obliged to seem unduly flattered, calls him, whenever he reappears, the most restless of mortals. But he always says to her in answer, "No, I assure you I am the most patient!"

Henry James, Jr.

POSSESSION.

I.

SUMMER and blossoms are lavish, my dearest;
 See this red rose!
 Look how its buds press upon you; the nearest
 Tries for your mouth with the gayest, sincerest
 Wish to unclothe!

You were always a little neglectful, my brother,
 But why are you cold?
 Take my word for it, Francis, there is n't another
 To equal this roselet, for any flower-lover
 To have or to hold.

II.

Yes, but I've had it so long, and it bores me;
 What is its name?
 Lifting its head in that way, it implores me
 To care for it, look at it; see! it adores me
 Always the same!

Mary B. Cummings.

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW AND RED.

WE owe a great debt to Mr. Whistler for having reclaimed the good word "symphony" from the arbitrary monopoly of music writers. At first we wondered at the daring reprisal; but presently the right of it became so plain that we only wondered no man had done it before.

Henceforth they who make harmonies for the eye will hold the word fraternally in common with those who make harmonies for the ear, and no just person can call it an affectation. And he also who seeks to render in words, as others in music or color, some one of nature's gracious harmonies which has greatly delighted him, will do it all the better by the help of this good word in the beginning. Except for it, I think I should have never believed it possible to tell what I am going to try to tell now. One day an artist in Colorado spoke to me of Mr. Whistler's *Symphony in White*.

"Ah," said I, "Colorado is a symphony in yellow and red." And as soon as I had said the words, the colors and the shapes in which I knew them seemed instantly to be arranged in my thought: places miles apart began to knit themselves together into a concerted and related succession; spots and tints I had only vaguely recognized became distinct and significant, each in its order and force; and more and more as I looked from the plains to the mountains and from the mountains to the plains, and stood in the great spaces crowded with gay and fantastic rocks, all the time bearing in mind this phrase, it grew to seem true and complete and inevitable.

I ought to say at the outset that in speaking of the coloring of Colorado, I speak only of the part of Colorado which I know thoroughly, the vicinity of the town of Colorado Springs, which lies seventy miles south of Denver, at the foot of Pike's Peak. There is a similar brilliance and variety of coloring in other

parts of the Territory, but I know them less.

"The eye paints best in the presence, the heart in the absence, of the loved object," said Bettina. To-day, as I sit on a New England hill-side and look westward, the pale blue bar of the horizon line seems a vista, rather than a barrier, and I see the Colorado plains lying beyond; see them as distinctly as if I were standing on their very edge, and counting the belts and bands of color which I know the fiery Colorado sun is at this very moment printing on their surface.

When I first saw them they were gray; blank, bald, pitiless gray, under a gray November sky. "A sea of gray ice!" I said to myself. "It is terrible." To the east and the south and the north they stretched, apparently endless; broken only by a few buttes rising as gray icebergs might, frozen fast in the gray sea. To the west, a mountain wall; mountains which looked like black adamant crystallized into immovable and giant shapes. Had I passed by then, and never seen those plains and mountains again, the picture would have lived in my memory always as the picture of a place fit for the old Scandinavian hell. I recall the scene now, as one recalls a vision from a nightmare dream. No darkest day ever produced it again. After I had once seen the plains aglow, nothing could make them anything but beautiful. We know no face till it smiles. If the smile is a true smile, the face is transfigured to us forever.

These plains are thick-covered with grasses: the buffalo grass, which grows in low tufts or mats, with a single tiny, dark, spear-shaft head on each stalk; and two or three other sorts which have fine feathery blossoms. These dry in wonderful colors, yellows and reds; the yellows shade up to scarlets, and the reds down to the darkest claret. There are also numerous weeds, whose tiny flowers dry on their stalks in the marvelous pre-

serving air of the plains. These too dry into yellow and berry-red. I especially remember one of these which eluded me for a long time. I had noticed, in my drives, spots of vivid red here and there on the ground at short distances from the road, but saw nothing to explain them. When I walked over the same ground I found only the usual grasses and indifferent-colored weeds. At last, one day, I saw a big patch of this color, half a rod long; when I reached the spot, I found myself walking over myriads of infinitesimal stems, not more than an inch or two from the ground, each holding at top a tiny dried calyx, bright red, the size of a pin's head. Singly or in small bunches they would hardly be seen, and yet I afterwards recognized that they made superb masses of color in many places. I carried a bunch of them home, but their color had gone out. In vain I set them in strong light on a window-sill; they would not be bright red any longer. They needed the free air of the plains, and the sun striking through.

There are no trees or bushes on these plains, except along the small and infrequent creek courses. Looking down from heights you trace the creeks from horizon to horizon, not by glistening lines of water, but merely by zigzag lines of deeper color; in the summer by lines of vivid green, in the winter by lines of dark red, pale yellow, and gray. The bare cotton-wood trees are gray; the willows, of which there are several varieties growing luxuriantly, are yellow and red: yellow as gold, and with the sheen of satin on their stems; red as wine, and taking the sun as flashingly. A little marsh filled with them, and lying in a hollow of the plain, makes, on a bright day, such a blaze of shaded and graduated color as I do not know elsewhere. When above these claret and yellow willow stems rises a copse of leafless cotton-woods, of soft, filmy gray, the whitest gray ever seen, the combination of color is at once so dainty and so vivid that one is amazed that so subtle an effect can last day after day. Yet there they stand, all through January, all through February, all through March, and through April,

well into May, a perpetual delight. These are the months in which the coloring of the plains is at its best. When spring fades the willows, covers the cotton-woods with light green leaves, and turns the plains to a pale olive-green, the landscape becomes tame in comparison with its winter hue. I have spent winter afternoons on the bluffs to the east of the town, looking down on the plains when they were yellow as wheat fields in August, of as even surface as a close shorn lawn, and with great belts and irregular spaces of paler or deeper yellow, berry-red, claret, and dark brown. Looking at these miles of shaded and blended colors one finds the worn-out simile of a carpet almost fresh in one's thought, because so inevitable. Then, when swiftly moving clouds make a play of shadows upon the carpet, it looks more like a sea. There is a peculiar tint of blue in all shadows in Colorado. When they are cast upon snow the effect is indescribably beautiful. A fantastic chariot in mazarine blue glides noiselessly by your side as you drive; a double in ghostly clothes of blue steel slips on ahead of you as you walk. These shifting blue shadows on the yellow plains give them a wonderful semblance to the sea under alternating sunlight and shade.

The northern horizon of this shining carpet, this sunlit sea, is a deep blue wall. This is the Divide, the tableland separating the Denver plains from ours. It is eight thousand feet high at its highest, and thickly grown with pines; but it looks simply like a solid bar of blue.

The western horizon is a mountain range, Pike's Peak, nearly fifteen thousand feet high, its central and culminating point, whose tints shall be fiery red, golden yellow, or deep purple blue, according as you see them: fiery red at dawn, yellow in the first flood of sunrise, and purple just after the sun has set. The southern and eastern horizons are sky or plain, you know not which. Whether the sky bends and droops, or the plain hollows and curves up to the tender, vanishing line in which both cease to be, you never know; and

your not knowing is the charm, the spell, under which you gaze and gaze into the immeasurable distance, until myriads of worlds seem to be coming and going just along the outer edge of this one. On a very clear day, two blue pyramids rise in the south, and a long, low, undulating line like blue mist is seen at their right. These are the Spanish Peaks, a hundred miles away, and the range is the Sangre di Cristo. What a strange audacity of reverence there seems in the way the Spaniard has set the name of his Christ everywhere! In the east, there are a few near buttes or bluffs. They also are yellow, darkened by low growths of pines and firs. They rise up like fortresses. Among them lie and wind labyrinthine valleys, — sheltered spots in which sheep-raisers find warm nooks for themselves and for their sheep at night. These buttes or bluffs are mainly of yellow sandstone; the growth of firs and low oaks is so thin that it does not hide the yellow tint, only makes a dark fretwork over it. Coming closer to them, you see that their sides are strangely rounded, and, as it were, hewn into projections like towers, bastions, parapets, arches, — ledges and chasms and toppled boulders everywhere. No wonder the yellow plain looks like a sunlit sea, for not so very long ago, as the earth reckons her ages, it was a great lake, and these were the cliffs on its shores. Climbing up these bluffs, and wandering in their shady recesses, one thinks of Edom and Petraea. Strange shapes of yellow sandstone are standing or lying about in a confusion which is at once suggestive and bewildering. They are mostly rounded and grooved columns, of tapering and irregular forms, sometimes broken short off, but more often widening at the top into a broad cap, like an anvil. Many of them are of such grotesque shapes that at every turn they take new and fantastic semblances, seem to have leering or malicious faces, sometimes almost to be peering out and disappearing mockingly behind the trees. Their color is not a uniform yellow, but is of a variety of shades and tones, often deepening into orange or scarlet, often

shading up to nearly white at top, and then finished off with the anvil-like cap of dark brown, green, or red. The ground is strewn with odd, round pebbles, large and small, of the same friable yellow stone. Many of them are broken open into equal halves, a round hollow in the centre of each, as if they were petrified husks of nuts. Many of them bear fantastic resemblances to birds or beasts. There was one well known for months to all frequenters of the bluffs; it was as comical a rooster as could have been molded out of clay. The gardener had put it on the top of a pile of stones, where two roads crossed, and it was a familiar landmark. At last, one day, a traveler carried it to the Colorado Springs Hotel, and showed it in triumph as a rare trophy. It was recognized at once.

“Why, that is the rooster from Austin’s Bluffs.”

“You cannot have that. It is private property. Mr. Austin’s gardener put it on that pile of stones. You must carry it back.”

Public opinion was too strong for the traveler to resist. The rooster was carried back and remounted on his pedestal; only, alas, to disappear again, in the grasp of some less honest visitor, who, I hope, may read this paragraph and blush to recollect how he “robbed” that “roost.”

Twelve miles northward of Colorado Springs is a group of beautiful small valleys known as Monument Park, from the great number of these strange sandstone rocks. It is the liveliest of all lonely places. You drive over a grassy road in the middle of a narrow green meadow, the sides of which slope up like the sides of a trough, the narrow strip of meadow ending abruptly at the base of high yellow sandstone cliffs, covered with pines, firs, and low oak shrubs. There are frequent breaks in these cliffs, and passes through them; and so crowded are these passes and cliff-sides with the yellow stone columns, that it is not at all hard to fancy that these are figures winding in and out in a procession, mounting guard, lying down, sun-

ning themselves, leading or embracing each other. Perverse people with fancies of a realistic order have given names to many of these figures and groups: The Anvil, The Quaker Wedding, The Priest and Nun, The Pincushion, and so forth. Photographers, still more perverse, have persisted in photographing single rocks, or isolated groups, with neither background nor foreground. These are to be seen everywhere, labeled "Rocks in Monument Park," and are admirably calculated to repel people from going to what would appear to be some bare, outlying pinnacle of the universe, on which imps had played at making clay figures, with high stakes for the ugliest. A true picture of Monument Park would give a background of soft yellow and white sandstone cliffs, rounded, fluted, and grooved, with waving pines thick on the top and scattering down the sides, and the statue-like rocks half in and half out among the trees; and to make the picture perfect, it should be taken looking west, so that the green valley with its fantastic yellow side walls and statues should be shut across at the farther end by a high mountain range, dark blue against a shining sky. Then, one seeing the picture could get some faint notion of what these valleys in Monument Park are like.

The famous Garden of the Gods, for which everybody asks as soon as he enters Colorado, and which nine out of ten people see for the first time with a ludicrous sense of disappointment, is another of these strange, rock-crowded parks. Who is responsible for the inappropriate name Garden of the Gods, I do not know: one more signally unfitting could hardly have been chosen. Fortress of the Gods, or Tombs of the Giants, would be better.

This park lies only three miles from Colorado Springs, and its grand gateway is in full sight from every part of the town. Fancy two red sandstone rocks three hundred feet high, of irregular outline and surface, rising abruptly and perpendicularly like a wall, with a narrow passage-way between them. The rock on your right, as you enter from

the east, is of the deepest brick-red; the one on the left is paler, more of a flesh-color. At their base is a thick growth of low oak bushes, vivid light green in summer, in winter a scarcely less vivid brown, for every leaf hangs on until April. These rocks are literally fretted full of holes and rifts: tiny round holes as smooth as if an auger had bored them; ghastly crevices and chasms smoothed and hollowed like sockets in gigantic skeletons. Thousands of swallows have nests in these, and at sunset it is a beautiful sight to see them circling high in the air, perching for a moment on the glittering red spires and pinnacles at top of the wall, and then swooping downward and disappearing suddenly where no aperture is to be seen, as if with their little bills they had cloven way for themselves into the solid rock. Within a few feet of the top of the highest spire on the right-hand rock is a small, diamond-shaped opening, a mullioned window, through which is always to be seen the same diamond-shaped bit of sky, bright blue or soft gray, or shadowy white if a cloud happens to pause so as to fill the space.

I once had the good fortune to see a white-breasted sparrow sit motionless for some minutes on a point of rock just above this window, when the sky was clear blue, and the rock vivid red in a blazing sunlight. Such a picture as that was, three hundred feet up in the air, one does not see more than once in a life-time. The sparrow's white breast looked like a tiny fleece of white cloud caught on the rock. Not till two dark wings suddenly opened out and bore the white fleece upward, did I know that it was a bird.

Passing through this majestic gateway you find yourself in the weirdest of places; your red road winds along over red ground thinly grass-grown, among low cedars, pines, and firs, and through a wild confusion of red rocks: rocks of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size, from pebbles up to gigantic boulders, from queer, grotesque little monstrosities, looking like seals, fishes, cats, or masks, up to colossal

monstrosities looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like giants, like sphinxes eighty feet high, all bright red, all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been just stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe. The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of grotesque shapes, the expression of arrested action, give to the whole place, in spite of its glory of coloring, spite of the grandeur of its vistas ending in snow-covered peaks only six miles away, spite of its friendly and familiar cedars and pines, spite of an occasional fragrance of clematis or smile of a daisy or twitter of a sparrow, spite of all these, a certain uncanniness of atmosphere which is at first oppressive. I doubt if one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness, must learn it like a new language; even if one has known nature's tongues well, he will be a helpless foreigner here. I have fancied that its speech was to the speech of ordinary nature what the Romany is among the dialects of the civilized, — fierce, wild, free, defiantly tender; and I believe no son of the Romany folk has ever lived long among the world's people without drooping and pining.

A mile to the north of the Garden of the Gods is a very beautiful little park, walled in by high hills and sandstone rocks of many colors, red, pink, yellow, and pale gray, stained dark green and brown and red in markings so fantastic and capricious, it seems impossible that they are not painted. The outlet from this little nook to the north is a narrow canyon, little more than a cleft in the rocks. A snow-fed brook runs down through this canyon and zigzags through the little park, making it a luxuriant garden of cotton-wood trees, shrubs, and vines, and all manner of flowers. The rocks here are so towering and grand that except for the relief of their brilliant hues, and the tender leafing and flowering things around them, they would be overawing. There are single shafts like obelisks or minarets, slender, pointed, one or two hundred feet high; huge

slabs laid tier upon tier like giant sarcophagi; fretted and turreted masses like abbeys fallen into ruin: and all these are red or pink or painted in mosaic tints of green and brown and black and yellow. This nook is called Glen Eyrie; in it there is a beautiful home, and the voices of little children are often heard high up on the rock walls, where they seem as contented and as safe as the goats which are their comrades.¹

I will describe but one more of these parks; I am told that there are scores of them all along the range of foot-hills running northward from Colorado Springs. I do not believe that among the scores is one to be found so beautiful as Blair Athol. I do not believe that in all the earth is a spot to be found more beautiful than Blair Athol, unless possibly it may be some of the wild flower-gardens nestled at the base of the dolomites in the Tyrol. Will there ever arise in Colorado a master to paint her rocks and mountains in the backgrounds of immortal pictures, as Titian painted the dolomites?

Blair Athol lies six miles to the northwest of Colorado Springs. Its name has a charm of sound which is not lessened when you know that the Scotchman who owns and named it added to his own name, Blair, the name of Athol, by reason of his love for house and lands of that name in Scotland. It is a spot fit for a clan and a chieftain. It lies lonely and still, biding its time. The road which leads into it is so grass-grown that it is hard to find. The spot where it turns off from the main highway is sure to be overlooked unless one keeps a close watch. It seems not to promise much, this rough, grass-grown track. It points toward foot-hills which are low and close-set, and more than usually bare. But in Colorado roads any minute's bend to right or left may give you a delicious surprise, a new peak, a far vista, a changed world. The Blair Athol road, taking a sudden curve to the left, shows you such a vista: a foreground of low oaks and pines, the hills

¹ This is the home of General William Palmer, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

falling away to right and left and revealing the mouth of a glen walled thickly across by high pines; through this solid wall of green, fantastic gleams of deep red and rose pink; rising above it, a spire or two of bright yellow; on the left hand, sharp ridges of dark, iron-stained sandstone, green, gray, yellow, black; on the right hand, low, mound-shaped hills densely grown with pines and firs, the soil shining red below them.

As the road winds in, the rocks seem almost to wheel and separate, so many new vistas open between the pines, so many new rocks come in sight. A few steps farther, and the way seems suddenly barred by a huge mass of yellow rock; a broad light streams in from the left, the south; there lies open country. Close to the base of this yellow rock wall the road clings, still in shade of the pines, and turns an abrupt corner to the left. You are in the park. The yellow rock round which you have turned is its east wall; to the west it is walled with rocks, rose-color and white; to the north with high, conical, pine-grown hills; to the south with sharp, almost pyramidal hills and masses of detached and piled rocks, dark red and rose color. It is smooth as a meadow; its curves rise to the bases of the rocks gently and lingeringly. Groups of pines make wide fringed, circles of shade here and there; blue anemones, if it is a June day, dot the ground. A few rods farther there is a break in the eastern wall, and framed in this frame of yellow rock is a broad picture of the distant plains in bars of sunlight and shadow, gold and purple. This is the view on which must look the eastern and southern piazzas of the house when it is built, and to that end nature has left clear the slight eminence a little to the north of the centre of the park. No man building here could think of building elsewhere than on this rise, and it is surely an odd thing that not a pine has set foot in it; that they have grouped themselves all about it, with as exquisite a consideration as the king's head gardener could have shown.

Presently the road stops short on the brink of a ravine, in which once there

must have been water, for it is full of vines and shrubs, a tangle of green. Because the ravine is not bridged, we turn to the right; there is just room to creep round the base of the west wall of red rock. Turning this, lo, we are in another little park, wilder and more beautiful than the first. The ground is more broken, and there are thick copses of low oaks and pines. The red wall on this side is even stranger and more fantastic than on the other. It leans and topples, keeping all the while a general slant, northwest and southeast, which is, no doubt, to the geologist an important feature in its record. At its base, huge dark red and pale rose-colored boulders are piled in confusion; its top is jagged; isolated peaks and projections on its sides seem to have been wrought and carven; one into a great stone chair, one into a canopied sounding-board. The stone is worn out in hollows and crevices into which you can thrust your arm up to the elbow. In these, generations of conies and squirrels have kept their "feast of the acorn," and left the shells behind. This wall is on your right; on the left, low mounds and hills, with groves of pines in front, pines so thick that you get only glimpses through them of the hills behind. Soon the road ceases, dies away as if the last traveler had been caught up, at this point, into the air. A delicious sense of being in the wilderness steals over you. Climbing up on one of the ridges of the right-hand wall, you look down into the first park, and out across it to the plains. Seen from this height, the grouping of the pines seems even more marvelous than before. It is impossible to leave off wondering what law determined it, if a landscape instinct and a prophetic sense of unbuilt homes be in the very veins of Colorado pines. The outlook eastward from this ridge is grand. It is the one which the upper windows of the house will command: in the foreground the huge yellow rock, three hundred feet long, and from one to two hundred feet high; beyond this a line of bluffs, then an interval of undulating plains, then another line of bluffs, and then the true

plains, far, soft, and blue, as if they were an outlying ocean in which the world was afloat.

Immediately below this ridge lies the exquisite little cup-like park, with its groups of pines. The rocks of its western wall, seen from this point, are not only dark red and pale rose: they show intricate markings of white and gray and yellow; the tints are as varied and beautifully combined as you would see in a bed of September asters. Underneath your feet the hollows of the rock are filled in and matted with dry pine needles; here and there, in a crevice, grows a tiny baby pine, and now and then gleams out a smooth white pebble cast up by some ancient wave, and wedged tight in the red sandstone.

As you climb higher and higher to the north, there are more rocks, more vistas, more pines and low oaks, a wilder and wilder confusion of bowlders. When you reach the summit, the whole northern horizon swings slowly into view, and completes the semicircle of plains by the dark blue belt of the Divide. At the very top of this pinnacle is an old pine-tree, whose gnarled roots hold the great

bowlders in their clutch, as eagles hold prey. If the tree were to blow off, some one of the days when the wind blows ninety miles an hour in Colorado, it looks as if it must go whirling through the air with the rocks still tight in its talons. There seems no soil here, yet the kin-nickinnick vines have spread shining mats of thick green all around the base of the tree. The green of these and the pine, the bright brown of the fallen cones, the shading and multiplying reds of the gigantic rocks, the yellow and blue of the far-off plains, the white and blue of the far-off sky, — all these crowd on the sight, as you sit on this crowning pinnacle of Blair Athol. The silence is absolute; but the color is so intense, so full of swift motion, change, and surprise, that it seems to be rhythmic like sound, and to fill the air fuller. It is the final chord of the symphony in yellow and red, and as, in the slow-falling twilight, it grows fainter and fainter, one recalls some of the vivid lines of America's one lyric poetess:—

"I see the chasm yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead;
I stake my life upon the red!"

H. H.

MACARIUS THE MONK.

In the old days, while yet the church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
He lived upon the desert: from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots, — and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

From those who came in scores a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now

Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
 He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
 And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
 His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
 He taught them silence — words disturb the soul;
 He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
 And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow;
 To know that human life alone was given
 To test the souls of those who merit heaven;
 He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
 And die to self, to live and work for others.
 "For so," he said, "we save our love and labors,
 And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's."

Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
 He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.

One day, beside the marsh they labored long, —
 For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song, —
 And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
 And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
 Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
 And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
 Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint;
 The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
 A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
 Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
 A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine.
 Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
 He said, and sighed; "but I, who daily teach,
 Feel now the bond to practice as I preach."
 He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
 And with his heavy toil went patient on.

As one athirst will greet a flowing brim,
 The tempting fruit made moist the mouth of him
 Who took the gift; but in the yearning eye
 Rose brighter light: to one whose lip was dry
 He gave the grapes, and bent him to his spade.
 And he who took, unknown to any other,
 The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
 And so, from each to each, till round was made
 The circuit wholly — when the grapes at last,
 Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.

"Now God be thanked!" he cried, and ceased to toil;
 "The seed was good, but better was the soil.
 My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
 But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

III.

IN the evening Gilbert walked over to Woodward farm from the hotel where he and Easton had stopped that morning, and called on his sister-in-law. He had brought word from her husband in Boston, whom he had gone out of his course to see on his journey up from New York. When she found out that he had been in West Pekin all day, he owned that he had spent the time fishing. "I did n't suppose you'd be in any hurry to hear of Bob's detention; and really, you know, I *came* for the fishing."

"You need n't be so explicit, William," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I'm not vain."

"I was merely apologizing."

"Were you? What luck did you have?"

"The brooks are fished to death. I've had bad enough luck to satisfy even Easton, who has a conscience against fishing, among other things."

"Easton! *Your* Easton? Is Wayne Easton with you?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert, with impetuous interest. "You don't mean it!"

"No, but I say it," answered Gilbert, unperturbed.

"What in the world brought him?" pursued his sister-in-law more guardedly, as if made aware by some lurking pain that an impetuous interest was not for invalids.

"The ideal of friendship. I happened to say that I was feeling a little out of sorts and was coming up here, and he jumped at the chance to disarrange himself by coming with me. He was illustrating his great principle that New York is the best place to spend the summer, and it cost him something of a struggle to give it up, but he conquered."

"Is he really so queer?"

"He or we. I won't make so bold as to say which."

"Has he still got that remarkable *protégé* of his on his hands?"

"No; Rogers has given Easton his freedom. He's gone on to a farm, with all Easton's board and lodging, Latin and French, in him. His modest aspiration is finally to manage a market garden."

"What a wicked waste of beneficence!"

"Easton looks at it differently. He says that no one else would ever have given Rogers an education, and that the learning was n't more thrown away on him than on many, perhaps most, people who are sent to college; learning has to be thrown away somehow. Besides, he economized by sharing his room with Rogers, you know."

"No, I did n't know that. Don't you think that was rather more than Providence required of Mr. Easton?"

"I can't say, Mrs. Gilbert."

"But to take such a hopeless case — so hopelessly common!"

"There are some odd instances of the kind on record. The Christian religion was originally sent to rather a common lot."

"Yes, but Latin was n't, and French was n't, and first-class board was n't. You need n't try to gammon me with that sort of thing, William. I won't stand it."

"Well, I would n't, myself. But I thought perhaps a lady might. Why did you put me on the defensive? I did n't try to form Rogers, or reform him."

"No, but you countenanced your Mr. Easton in it. He ought to have married and supported a wife, instead of risking his money on such a wild venture; it's no better than gambling."

"That's your old hobby, Susan. A man can't always be marrying and sup-

porting a wife. And as for countenancing Easton, if he thought a thing was right, it's very little of my cheek he would want to uphold him."

"Oh, I dare say. That's his insufferable conceit; conscientious people are always so conceited! They're always so sure that they know just what is right and wrong. Ugh! I can't endure 'em."

"I don't think Easton's conscientiousness is of that aggravating type, exactly," said Gilbert with a lazy laugh. "He has got a good many principles, ready cut and dried, but I should say life in general was something of a puzzler to him. He's one of the wrecks of the war. Easton was peculiarly fitted to go on fighting forever in a sacred cause; he's a born crusader; and this piping time of peace takes him at a disadvantage. He hates rest, and ease, and all the other nice things; what he wants is some good, disagreeable, lasting form of self-sacrifice: I believe it's a real grief to him that he did n't lose a leg; a couple of amputations would have made him perfectly happy; though of course he would *choose* another war of emancipation, for he would n't want to be happy in such a useless way. As it is, he is a wretched castaway on the shores of the Fortunate Isles."

"Why does n't he do something? Why does he idle away even the contemptible hours of peace and prosperity?"

"He does; he does n't. He's at work on that book of his, all the time."

"Oh, I don't call that work."

"He makes it work. Even if he went merely to literature for his material, his Contributions to the Annals of Heroism might be a serious labor; but he goes to life for it. He hunts up his heroes in the streets and in the back alleys, in domestic service, in the newspaper offices, in bank parlors, and even in the pulpits: he has a most catholic taste in heroism; he spares neither age, sex, nor condition. I suppose it is n't an idle thing to instruct the world that all the highest dreams of self-devotion and courage and patience are daily realized

in our blackguard metropolis: we leave culture and refinement to Boston. And if it were so, it must be allowed that even with a futile object in view, Easton does some incidental good: he half supports about half of his heroes, and he's always wasting his time and substance in good deeds."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I can't admire such an eccentric, and you need n't ask me."

"I don't. But this is just what shows the hopeless middlingness of your character. If you were a very much better or a very much worse woman, you *would* admire him immensely."

"Oh, don't talk to me, William! He's a man's man, and that's the end of him. Why did n't you bring him with you to-night?"

"He would n't come."

"Did you tell him there were fifteen ladies in the house?"

"It was that very stroke of logic which seemed to settle his mind about it. He is a man's man, you're right; he's shyer of your admirable sex than any country boy; it's no use to tell him you're not so dangerous as you look. But even if he had n't been afraid of your ladies, the force of my argument might have been weakened by the fact of the twenty-five at the hotel. What are the superior inducements of your fifteen?"

"They are all very nice."

"How many?"

"Well, three or four; and none of them are disagreeable."

"Are you going to introduce me?"

"They're in bed now, — it's half past eight, — and they'd be asleep if it did n't keep them awake to wonder who you are. If you'll come to-morrow I'll introduce you."

"Good! Now, I've been pretty satisfactory about Easton, I think" —

"I don't see how you could have said less. Every word was extorted from you."

"What I want to know," continued Gilbert, "is whether the loveliest being in West Pekin, not to say the world, counts among your fair fifteen."

When Mrs. Gilbert married, her husband's youngest brother, William, had come to live with them, his father and mother being dead, and his brothers and sisters preoccupied with their own children. He was not in his teens yet; and she had taken the handsome, dark-eyed, black-headed boy under the fond protection which young married ladies sometimes like to bestow upon pretty boy brothers-in-law. This kindness, at first a little romantic, became, with the process of years that brought her no children of her own, a love more like that of mother and son between them. Her condescension had vastly flattered the handsome lad; as he grew older, she seemed to him the brightest as well as the kindest woman in the world; and now, after a score of years, when the crow was beginning to leave his footprints at the corners of her merry eyes, and she had fallen into that permanent disrepair which seems the destiny of so much youthful strength and spirit among our women, he knew no one whose company was more charming. The tacit compliment of his devotion doubtless touched a woman who was long past compliments in most things; something like health and youth he always seemed to bring back to her whenever he returned to her from absences that grew longer and longer after her husband removed to Boston, — Mrs. Gilbert's native city, — and left William to follow his young man's devices in New York. Through all changes and chances she had remained constant to this pet of her early matronhood, now a man past thirty. It was her great affliction that she could not watch over him at that distance in the dangerous and important matter of marriage, for she was both zealous and jealous that he should marry to the utmost advantage that the scant resources of her sex allowed, and it was but a partial consolation that she still had him to be anxious about.

They were sitting together in her hospitable room by the light of a kerosene lamp, with the mosquitoes, which swarm in West Pekin up to the end of July, baf-

fled by window-nettings. She rose dramatically, shut the window that opened upon the piazza, and said, "You have n't seen her already! Where?"

"In one of the back pastures."

"I'll never believe it! How did she look? Dark or fair?"

"Dark; Greek; hair fluffy over the forehead; eyes that 'stared on you silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols.' I know it was she, for there can't be two of her." Gilbert gave a brief account of their meeting.

"It was, it was," sighed Mrs. Gilbert, tragically. "It was Mrs. Belle Farrell!"

"Mrs.?"

"A widow. The most opportunely bereft of women!"

"Susan, you interest me."

"Oh, very likely! So will she. She must be famishing for a flirtation, and it's you she'll bend her devouring eyes upon, for I infer that your Mr. Easton, whatever he is, is n't a flirt."

"Easton? Well, no, I should think he was n't."

Mrs. Gilbert leaned back, staring with a vacant smile across the room. But directly, as she began to talk of Mrs. Farrell, her eyes lighted up with the enjoyment that women feel in analyzing one of themselves for a man who likes women and knows how to make the due allowances and supply all the skipped details of the process. Gilbert had taken his place in her easy-chair when she shut the window, and she had disposed herself among the cushions and pillows of her lounge; he listened with lazy luxury and a smile of intelligence.

"Yes, she will interest you, William; she interests me, and I don't dislike her as I might if I were a youthful beauty myself. In fact, she fascinates me, and I rather like her, on the whole. And I don't see why I don't approve of her. I don't know anything against her."

Gilbert laughed. "That's rather a damaging thing to say of a lady."

"Yes," answered his sister-in-law, "I would n't say it to everybody. But really, it seems odd that one *does* n't know anything against her. She's very

peculiar — for a woman; and I don't know whether her peculiarity comes from her character or from her circumstances. It's a trying thing to be just the kind of handsome young widow that Mrs. Farrell is in Boston."

Gilbert did not comment audibly, but he lifted his eyebrows, and his sister-in-law went on: "Not but that we approve of youth and beauty as much as any one. In fact, if Mrs. Farrell had simply devoted herself to youth and beauty, and waited for the right man, she could have married again splendidly, and been living abroad by this time. But no! And that's been her ruin."

"She's rather a picturesque ruin — to look at," said Gilbert. "What has she done to desolate herself? What was she when in good repair?"

"Well, that isn't quite so easy to make you understand. Originally she was something in the sea-faring line. Her father was a ship's captain, from somewhere in Maine, I believe; and when her mother died, this young lady was left at a tender age with her sea-faring father on her hands, and they did n't know what to do with each other. But the paternal pirate had a particular friend in a Mr. Farrell, the merchant who owned most of his vessel, and this Mr. Farrell had the little girl brought up and educated with his half-sisters, — he was a bachelor and very much their elder. One day the captain came home from a voyage, and was drowned by the capsizing of his sail-boat in the bay; I believe that's the death that old sea-captains generally die; and this seemed to suggest a new idea to old Mr. Farrell. He thought he would get married, and he observed that the little girl under his charge was an extremely beautiful young woman, and he fell in love with her, and married her — to the disgust of his half-sisters, who did n't like her. He was a very respectable old party; Robert knew him quite well in the way of business, but I never saw anything of her in society; and if she liked age and respectability, it was all very well, especially as he died pretty soon afterwards — I don't know exactly how soon."

"He left her his money, I suppose?"

"Yes, he did; and that's the oddest part of it; there was very little of the money, and Mr. Farrell was supposed to be rich. Still, there was enough to have supported her in comfort, while she quietly waited for her second husband, if she'd been *content* to wait quietly; and she could easily have kept Mr. Farrell's level in society if she had remained with his family. In fact, she could have risen some notches higher; there are plenty of people who would have been glad of her as a sort of ornamental protégée, don't you know; and if she *had* got a few snubs, it would have done her good. But she would n't be patronized, and she would n't wait quietly."

"Perhaps you've grown to be something of a snob, Susan."

"I know it; I own it; did I ever deny it? It's the only safe ground for a woman. But Mrs. Farrell preferred to go living on in that demi-semi-Bohemian way" —

"What demi-semi-Bohemian way?"

"Oh, skirmishing round from one shabby-genteel boarding-house to another, and one family hotel to another, and setting-up housekeeping in rooms, and studying music at the Conservatory, and taking lessons in all the fine arts, and trying to give parlor readings, and that — and not doing it in earnest, but making a great display and spectacle of it. And so instead of keeping her little income to dress on, and getting invitations to Newport for the summer, she's here in a farm-house with us old fogies and decayed gentles and cultivated persons of small means. But it's rather odd about Mrs. Farrell. I don't believe she would enjoy herself in society; it has limitations; it does n't afford her the kind of scope she wants; it does n't respond with the sort of immediate effects that she likes, — at least Boston society does n't. What Mrs. Belle Farrell wishes to do is something vivid, stunning; and that is n't quite what society smiles upon — in Boston. Besides, society may be very selfish, but it really requires great self-sacrifice, and I don't believe Mrs. Belle

Farrell is quite equal to that. Don't you see?"

"Dimly. Did she ever try the Cause of Woman, amongst her other experiments?"

"Well, *that* requires self-sacrifice, too, in its way; and Mrs. Farrell does n't like women very much, and she does like men very much; and she could n't bear to be grotesque in men's eyes. Not that she would *respect* men much, or more than she does women. She's very queer. I suppose she has streaks of genius; just enough to spoil her for human nature's daily food."

"We *do* find genius indigestible — in women," allowed Gilbert, thoughtfully. "But is n't life a little less responsive to her vivid intentions at Woodward farm than it would be anywhere else? Forgive the remark if there seems to be any unpleasant implication in it."

"You've nothing to be forgiven, William. We know we are dull; we glory in our torpidity. But I suppose Mrs. Farrell has had the immense relief, here, of not trying to produce any effect. Consciously, I mean; unconsciously, she never can stop trying it till she's in her grave."

Gilbert, who had leaned forward with interest, in the course of Mrs. Gilbert's tale, now fell back again in his chair, and said, "Oh, I see. You are prejudiced against Mrs. Belle Farrell. You have amongst you here a woman of extraordinary beauty, who strives in her own fashion after the ideal, who struggles to escape from the stupid round of your cares and duties and proprieties, and you want to hem her in with the same dread and misapprehension that imprison her life in your brutal Boston. She longs for a breath of free mountain air, and you stifle her with your dense social atmosphere. I see it all, plainly enough. You misinterpret that sensitive, generous, proud spirit. But no matter; I shall soon be able to make my own version."

"She'll give you every facility. I have no doubt she's in her room now, preparing little hints and suggestions for your fancy to-morrow. Her dress at

breakfast will tell the tale. But you need n't flatter yourself, William, that she'll care for you personally or individually; it's you in the abstract that will interest her, as a handsome young man that certain effects of posture and drapery and gesture may be tried upon. I should like to know just how she stood and stared when you met her, you two, there in the berry pasture, alone. Did she look magnificently startled, splendidly frightened? The woman would n't really have minded meeting a panther."

"I did n't say she was alone."

"So you did n't! Who was with her?"

"Oh, a little thrush of a girl, slim and shy-looking."

"Well, William! You may as well take your Mr. Easton and go back to your New York at once."

"What have I done?"

"Nothing; you have simply exhausted our resources; you have devoured with the same indiscriminate glance our Beauty and our Genius."

"What do you mean?"

"That little thrush of a girl is the Rosa Bonheur of West Pekin."

"Truly? Do I understand that the young lady does horse-fairs for a living?"

"Not exactly, or not yet. She is the daughter of our landlady. She teaches school for a living, and last year she waited on table in vacation. I don't know how long she may have been in the habit of doing horse-fairs in secret, but she produced her first work in public this morning — or rather Mrs. Farrell did for her; the exhibition was too much for the artist's modesty, and we had no chance to congratulate her. She had done a head of Blossom, the Alderney cow, in charcoal."

"Was it good?" asked Gilbert, indifferently.

"That was the saddest part of it: if it had been bad, I should have had some hopes of her, but it was really very promising; and it made my heart ache to think of another woman of talent struggling with the world. She would be so much happier if she had no talent. I suppose,

now it's out, she'll be obliged by public opinion to take some sort of lessons, and go abroad, and worry commissions out of people. Honestly, don't you think it's a pity, William?"

"It is n't a winning prospect," said Gilbert. "What did you all say and do?"

Mrs. Gilbert relaxed the half-seriousness of her face. "Oh, it was a very pretty scene, I can tell you. They brought the sketch into my room after breakfast, with Mrs. Belle Farrell at the head of the procession, and set it down on my mantel-piece, and all crowded round it, and praised it with that enthusiasm for genius which Boston people always feel."

Gilbert smiled insult, and his sister-in-law went on.

"It was really very touching to hear our two youngest girls rave over it in that fresh, worshipping way young Boston girls have; and we have another artist in the house (she paints cat-tail rushes, and has her whole room looking like a swamp) who hailed it with effusion. She said that Miss Woodward's talent was God-given, and ought to be cultivated."

"Of course."

"Then everybody else said so, too, and wondered that they had n't thought of God-given before Mrs. Stevenson did. It seemed to describe it so exactly."

"I see," said Gilbert. "Mrs. Stevenson embodies the average Boston art-feeling. How long has she left off chromos? How does her husband like the cat-tails?"

"He thinks they're beautiful, and he attributes all sorts of sentiment to them. He's a very good man."

Gilbert laughed aloud. "He must be. What did the Woodward family think of Blossom's head in charcoal?"

"Nobody knows what the Woodward family think of that or of anything else," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I hope they don't despise us, for I respect Mrs. Woodward very much; she has character, and she looks as if she had history; but they draw the line very strictly between themselves and the boarders, all except Mrs. Farrell."

"Ah?" said Gilbert, who had visibly not cared to hear about the Woodwards, "and why except Mrs. Farrell?"

"Well, nobody exactly knows. She thawed their ice, I suppose, by having a typhoid fever here, summer before last, when she first came; they nursed her through it, and did her no end of kindness, and of course that made them fond of her — so perverse is human nature. Besides, I think she fascinates their straight-up-and-downness by the graceful convolutions of her circuitous character; *that's* human nature, too."

Gilbert laughed again, but did not say anything; and his sister-in-law, after waiting for him to speak, returned to what she had been saying of Rachel Woodward.

"You had better tell Mr. Easton about our artist. He may be on the lookout for another beneficiary, now Rogers is gone, and would like her for a protégée. If some one could only marry her, poor girl, and put her out of her misery in that way! As it stands, it's a truly deplorable case."

"I'm sorry you still think so meanly of Woman, Susan," said Gilbert, rising.

"Yes, it is sorrowful; but it's an old story to you. I take my cue from Nature; she never loses an occasion to show her contempt for us; she knows us so well. Do you see anything hopeful in Miss Woodward's predicament?"

"I'm a man. If I were a woman I would never go back on my sex."

"Oh, you can't tell; a man can have no idea how very little women think of each other. Is Robert really so very busy? I don't blame him for finding a substitute for West Pekin when he can; but I do blame him for trying to spare my feelings now, when he has n't been here but twice this summer. Of course, he hates to come, and I'm going to give him his freedom for the rest of the season."

"I think he'll like it," said Gilbert. He offered his hand for good night, and his sister-in-law allowed him to go, like a wise invalid who knows her own force and endurance.

Gilbert found Easton waiting for him

on the upper gallery of the hotel, which overlooked a deep, broad hollow. At the bottom of this the white mist lay so dense that it filled the space of the valley like a shallow lake, and the clumps of trees stood out of it here and there like little isles. The friends sat looking at the pretty illusion in the silence which friends need not break, and Easton's cigar flashed and darkened in the shadow like the spark of a far-seen revolving light. He often lamented this habit of his in vigorous self-reproach, not chiefly as a thing harmful to himself, but as a public wrong and an oppression to many other people; if any one had asked him to give it up, he would gladly have done so; but no one did, and he clung to his cigar with a constancy which Gilbert, who did not smoke, praised as the saving virtue of his character, the one thing that kept him from being a standing rebuke to humanity.

After a while Easton drew the last shameful solace from his cigar and flung the remaining fragment over the rail. He rose to look after it and see that it set nothing on fire; then he returned to his seat, and, clasping his hands outside his knees, said, "I've been thinking over that encounter of ours with that girl to-day, and I believe you are right. She did leave the book there that she might have an excuse to come back and see what we were like."

"Well?"

"And I see no harm in her having done so. We should n't have thought it out of the way in a man; and a woman had as much right to do it. The subterfuge is the only thing; I don't like that, though it was a very frank artifice, and the whole relation of the sexes is a series of subterfuges: it seems to be the design of Nature, who knows what she's about, I dare say. No doubt we should lose a great deal that's very pleasant in life without them."

"There could be no flirting without them," answered Gilbert, "and no lovely Farrells, consequently." Easton turned his face toward him, and Gilbert continued: "Farrell is her name: Mrs. Belle Farrell; she is a widow."

"A widow?" echoed Easton, rather disappointedly.

"Yes," said Gilbert. "I dare say she would be willing to mend the fault. She's passing the summer at the Woodward farm; my sister-in-law has been telling me all about her," he said. He reproduced Mrs. Gilbert's facts and impressions, but in his version it did not seem to be much about her, after all.

Easton rose from his chair and struck a light on his match-case, but he absently suffered it to burn out before lighting his cigar. When he had done this a second time, he began to walk nervously up and down the gallery.

"It's a face to die for!" he said, half musingly.

"Very well," said Gilbert, "I think Mrs. Farrell would be much pleased to have some one die for her face, and on the whole it would be better than to live for it. But these are abstractions, my dear fellow; I'm going to bed now; there's no use in being out of sorts if I don't. Good night."

"I'm not, — yet a while," said Easton. "Good night. Are you going over to the farm again in the morning?"

"Yes. Will you go with me?"

"I don't know; I thought I should go to church."

"All right. Very likely the Farrell may be there. But I prefer to chance it at the farm."

Easton did not answer. He struck a third match, and this time lit a cigar. Gilbert went his way, and left him seated on the gallery, looking over into the mist-flooded hollow.

IV.

They were at work on the foundations of the First Church in West Pekin when tidings came of the battle of Lexington, and the masons laid down their trowels and the carpenters their chisels to take up their flint-locks for the long war then so bravely beginning. After the close of the struggle, it appears that a sufficient number of the parishioners survived to finish the build-

ing in all the ugliness of the original design. It stands there yet, a vast, barn-like monument of their devotion, and after the lapse of a hundred years is beginning slowly to clothe itself in the interest which we feel in the quaint where we cannot have the beautiful. Some of the neighboring houses, restored and improved for the accommodation of summer boarders, have the languishing curves of the American version of the French roof, and are here and there blistered with bay windows; and by contrast with these, the uncompromising gables and angular oblongness of the old church acquire a sort of grave merit. There is no folly of portico, or pediment, or pillars; the front and flanks of the edifice are as blank and bare as life in West Pekin, but they are also as honest. It is well built; the inhabitants have of course the tradition that when its timbers were exposed for some modern repairs, the oak was found so hard that you could not drive a nail into it. From time to time its weary expanses of clapboarding are freshened with a coat of white paint, under which whatever picturesque effects time might have bestowed are scrupulously smothered, so that it has not a stain or touch of decay to endear it. Every spring a colony of misguided swallows stucco the eaves with their mud-nests, placed at such regular intervals as to form a cornice of the rude material not displeasing to the eye of the summer boarder; and every spring when their broods are half fledged the sexton mounts to the roof and knocks away such of their nests as he can reach, strewing the ground with the cruel wreck and slaughter. But he is old and purblind, and a fair percentage of the swallows escape his single burst of murderous zeal, to wheel and shriek around the grim edifice all summer long, and to renew their hazardous enterprise another year.

The old church has no other grace than they give it, as it stands staring white on the border of the village green, and sends out over the valleys and uplands the wild, plangent summons of its Sabbath bell. It is not an unmusical

note, but it is terrible, and seems always to warn of the judgment day, so that one lounging over the fields or through the woods, or otherwise keeping away from the sermon, must hear it with a shudder of alarm. It is a bell to bring a bird's-nesting boy to his knees; and to the youth of West Pekin in former days I could imagine it a peculiarly awful sound, which would pursue them through life and in all their wanderings over the sea and land. It could now no longer call many youth to worship, but mostly a thinned and faltering congregation of old men and women responded to its menace, and sparsely scattered themselves among the long rows of pews. The stalwart boys and ambitious, eager girls had emigrated or married out of the town, till now the very graves beside the church received none but aged dead, and the newest stones hardly remembered any one under sixty. From time to time an octogenarian or nonagenarian wearied of his place in the census, and irreparably depopulated West Pekin, to the loud sorrow of the bell, which made haste to number his years to the parish as soon as the breath was out of his body. The few young people who remained in the town after marriage limited their offspring to the fashionable city figures, and the lingering grandsires counted their posterity in the lessening procession which would soon leave the family names entirely to the family tombs. Their frosty heads nodded to the sermon with the involuntary assents of slumber or of palsy, and on the cushions beside them sat their gray wives, ruminating with a pleasant fragrance the Sabbath spray of dill or caraway, unvexed by thoughts of boys disorderly in the back pews or the gallery, or, if tormented by vague apprehensions, awaking to find their fears and boys alike an empty dream.

Even the theology preached them was changed. It was the same faith, no doubt, but it seemed to be made no longer the personal terror it had been, nor the personal comfort; the good man who addressed them was more wont to dwell

upon generalities of reward and punishment, and abstractions in morals and belief, and he could easily have been tainted of a vague liberality, if there had been vigor of faith enough left in his congregation to accuse him. But faith, like all life in West Pekin, had shrunk till one might say it rattled in its shell; and this great empty church seemed all the emptier for the diminution of fixed beliefs as to the condition of sinners in the world to come. A choir and a parlor organ rendered most of the psalms or hymns that the minister gave out, and when the congregation raised its cracked basses and trebles in song, it was doubtless an acceptable sacrifice, but it was not a joyful noise.

In West Pekin no one walks who can drive, even for a short distance; doubtless because of the mud of spring and fall, and the heavy winter snows, which make walking in New England, anywhere off the city pave, a martyrdom, three fourths of the inhospitable year; and Easton watched the church people arrive in their dusty open buggies, which they led, after dismounting, into the long sheds beside the church, hitching their horses in the stalls, there to gnaw the deeply-nibbled posts and ineffectually to fight the embattled flies, and exchange faint whinnies and murmurs of disapprobation among themselves.

Easton was standing at the hotel door, dressed with whatever of New York nativeness he had been able to transport to West Pekin in the small valise he had allowed himself. He was not a man of society in any sense, but he always, upon a fixed principle, kept himself scrupulously tailored, and it would have been a disrespect of which he could not be capable, to appear before the West Pekin congregation in anything but his best. The vehicles straggled slowly up the hill; the bell began to falter in its clamor, and to toll in a dismal *staccato* before it should stop altogether; and now the village people issued from their doors and moved hurriedly across the green to the church. Easton went back for a moment to Gilbert's room, and found his friend, whom he had left in bed, lazily dressing. Gil-

bert looked at him in the glass, and said, "I'm going over to the farm when I've finished. You'd better come too, after sermon."

"I don't know. Shall you be on the lookout for me?"

"You would n't have the courage to hunt me up in that houseful of women? All right. I'll sit on the piazza and watch. I'll expect you." He went on tying his cravat, while the other took his way to church, and entered as the last note of the bell was dying away.

The choir began to sing, and Easton rose with the people and faced the singers. Mrs. Belle Farrell stood singing from the same book with Rachel Woodward, and she cast her regard carelessly over the church, and let her eyes rest upon him with visible recognition. She was a woman whose presence would have been magnificent anywhere; here her grace and style and beauty simply annulled all other aspects, and a West Pekin congregation could never have looked so old and thin and pale and awkward. Easton did not know music, and was ignorant that she sang with courageous error. She had a rich voice, from which tragedy would have come ennobled, but she had little tune or time. The subdued country girl at her side sang truer, and with wiser art. Rachel was then twenty; her scarcely-rounded cheeks had the delicate light and pallor of the true New England type; her hair was rather brown than golden; her eyes serenely gray; and her face, when she closed her lips, composed itself instantly into a somewhat austere quiescence. The girl glanced at Easton in sympathy with her companion—institutively perhaps, and perhaps because of some secret touch or push.

The sermon was of the little captive Hebrew maid who remembered the famous cures of leprosy by a prophet of her nation, and was thus a means to the healing of Naaman, her Philistine lord. From this the minister drew the moral that even a poor slave girl was not so lowly but she could do some good; he did not attempt the difficult application to West Pekin conditions. From the

sandy desert of his discourse a dim mirage of Oriental fancies rose before Easton, with sterile hills, palms, gleaming lakes, cities, temples of old faith, and priestesses who had the dark still eyes, the loose overshadowing hair, the dusky bloom of Mrs. Farrell; a certain familiarity in her splendor he accounted for suddenly by remembering a figure and face he had once seen in the chorus of the opera of Nabucco. This was in his mind still when he rose and confronted the Babylonian priestess as she sang the closing hymn in the West Pekin choir.

Without, the July noon had ripened to a perfect mellow heat which the yesterday's chill kept from excess, and over all the world was the unclouded cup of the blue heavens. The village people silently and quickly dispersed to their houses, and the farmers sought their different vehicles under the sheds, while their wives stood about the church door and in a still way talked together; as fast as the carriages came up, each mounted into her own, and drove off, passing Easton as he strolled down the hill-side road winding away from the village. The weather was dry, and the dust powdered the reddening blackberries of the wayside and gave a gray tone to the foliage of the drooping elm and birch boughs, and to the branches of the apple-trees thrust across the stone walls and fantastically dressed with wisps caught during the week from towering hay wagons. When the road left the open hill slopes and entered a wood, Easton yielded to an easy perch on the stone wall, and sat flicking the long, slim wood-plants with his cane. Between the walls the highway was bordered all along with young white birches; some were the bigness round of a girl's waist, and, clasped with the satiny smoothness of their bark, showed a delicate snugness of corsage to which an indwelling dryad might have given shape; they drooped everywhere about in pretty girlish attitudes; and Easton, whose fancy was at once reverent and rich, as that of an unspoiled young man may be, sat there in a sort of courtship of their beauty which was all the fresher in him, for he

was a life-long cockney, and, so far from sentimentalizing Nature, had hardly an acquaintance with her.

He had started on his stroll with the unconfessed hope that the road might somehow bring him to Woodward farm, and as he walked he had been upbraiding himself for his irresolution, without being able either to turn back or boldly to ask the driver of some passing team his way to the farm. In the joy of this coolness and silence and beauty of the woods his conscience left him at peace, and he lounged upon the broad top of the wall with no desire to do anything but remain there, when a wagon came in sight under the meeting tops of the trees at the crest of the hill, and his heart leaped at what he now knew he had been really waiting for. Yet as it came nearer and nearer, he perceived that he had been waiting for it with no motive upon which he could act; and he felt awkwardly unaccounted for where he was. Mrs. Farrell was driving on the front seat, and behind her sat Rachel Woodward with her mother; they all three seemed to be concerned about some part of the equipage: they leaned forward and looked anxiously at the horse, which presently, as they came to a little slope, responded to whatever fears they had by rearing violently and dashing aside into a clump of bushes, where he stood breathing hoarsely till Easton ran up and took him by the head.

"I don't think you need get out," he said, as the women rose. "It's only something the matter with the hold-back." He turned the horse again to the road and began to examine the harness. "That's all," he said; "one side of the hold-back is broken, and lets the wagon come on him. If I had a piece of twine — Or, never mind." He took his handkerchief out of his pocket.

"Oh, no; don't," pleaded the eldest of the women. "We shan't need it, now. It's up-hill all the rest of the way to the house."

But Easton said, "It'll be safer," and went on to supply the place of the broken strap, while Mrs. Belle Farrell, turning upon Rachel, made a series of

faces expressing a mock-heroical gratitude. Suddenly she gave a little shriek as the horse darted off with an ugly spring and lurch. "Oh, do stop him! stop him!" she implored, and Easton had him by the bridle again before her words were spoken.

"Well, Mrs. Woodward," said Mrs. Farrell, excitedly, "*I* should whip that horse."

"No, don't whip him," said the elderly woman, "I don't believe he's to blame; I don't think he was hitched up just right in the first place. The boys said there was something the matter with the harness; but they guessed it would go."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Farrell, "he's your horse, but if he were *mine*, *I* should whip him; that's what *I* should do."

Her eyes lightened as she stooped forward to gather up the reins, which had been twitched out of her hands, and the horse started and panted again, while Easton stood beside him in grave embarrassment. He made several efforts to clear his throat, and then said huskily, "What do you want me to do? Shall I lead him? I don't know much about horses."

He addressed himself doubtfully to the whole party, but Mrs. Woodward answered: "Won't you please get in alongside of that lady? I should n't want he should think he had scared us; and he would, if we let you lead him."

Easton obediently mounted to Mrs. Farrell's side. She was going to offer him the reins, but Mrs. Woodward interposed. "No, you drive, Mrs. Farrell, so long as he behaves;" and the horse now moved tremulously but peaceably off. "We're very much obliged to you for what you've done," she added; and then Easton sat beside Mrs. Farrell, with nothing to do but to finger his cane and study the horse's mood. He glanced shyly at her face; from her silks breathed those intoxicating mysterious odors of the toilette; the light wind blew him the odor of her hair; when by and by the horse began to sadden, under the long up-hill strain, into a repentant walk,

and she gave him a smart cut with the whip, Easton winced as if he had himself been struck. But the lady paid him very little attention for some time; then, when her anxieties about the horse seemed to have subsided somewhat, she looked him in the face and demanded, "If you know so little about horses, how came you to stop him so well?"

"I don't know," said Easton. "It was rather sudden; I did n't — I had no choice" —

"Oh," exulted Mrs. Farrell, "then if you could have chosen, you'd have let him go dancing on with us. I withdraw *my* gratitude for your kindness. But," she added, owning her recognition of him with a courage he found charming, "I'll thank you again for picking up that little book of mine, yesterday. You certainly might have chosen to let it lie."

Easton, if brought to bay in his shyness, had a desperate sort of laugh, in which he uttered his heart as freely as a child; he set his teeth hard, and while he looked at you with gleaming eyes the laughter gurgled helplessly from his throat. It had a sound that few could hear without liking. It made Mrs. Farrell laugh too, and he began to breathe more freely in the rarefied atmosphere that had at first fluttered his pulses. She spoke from time to time to Mrs. Woodward or Rachel, who, the first excitement over, appeared distinctly to relinquish him to her as part of that summer-boarding world with which they could have only business relations.

They came presently to a turn in the road which brought the farm-house in sight, and Mrs. Farrell lifted her whip to encourage the horse for the sharper ascent now before him; but she abruptly dropped her hand, and bowed her face on the back of it.

Then very gravely, "I beg your pardon," she said to Easton, "but I don't know how we are going to account for you to the people in the house. What should you say you were doing here?"

"Upon my word," said Easton, "I don't know."

Mrs. Farrell asked as seriously as be-

fore, "Were you going anywhere in particular? Have we taken you out of your way? This is Woodward farm."

"Yes, I know it. I was coming here to find a friend."

"Well, then, you have a choice this time. You can say we were passing you on the way, and we gave you a lift; or you can say that you saved us all from destruction, and got in to see us safe home. You'd better choose the first; nobody'll ever believe this horse was running away."

"We won't say anything about it," Easton suggested. "That will be the easiest way."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Mrs. Farrell. "Wait till you're asked by each of our lady boarders."

They now drove out of the woods and came upon a shelving green in front of the farm-house. Here, at one side of the door, there were evidences of attempted croquet. The wickets were in the ground and the mallets were scattered about; the balls had rolled down-hill into desuetude; there was not a level in West Pekin vast enough for a croquet ground. On the piazza fronting the road were most of the lady boarders; the five regular husbands were also there, and Gilbert, lounging on a step at the feet of his sister-in-law, dressed the balance disordered by the absence of the irregular sixth. He rose in visible amazement to see Easton arrive in the Woodward wagon at the side of Mrs. Farrell, and walked down to the barn near which she had chosen to stop. The other spectators, penetrated by the sense that something must have happened, ranged themselves in attitudes of expectancy along the edge of the piazza. Mrs. Woodward and Rachel, dismounting, renounced all part in the satisfaction of the public curiosity by entering the house at a side door, but Mrs. Farrell marched, with the two gentlemen beside her, up to where Mrs. Gilbert sat, and gave a succinct statement of the affair, which neither omitted to celebrate Easton's action nor overpraised it. She ended by saying, "I wish you'd be good enough to introduce my preserver, Mrs. Gilbert."

"I will, the very instant I have his acquaintance," replied Mrs. Gilbert. "William!"

"It's my friend Mr. Easton. Easton, — present you to Mrs. Gilbert."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Easton," said Mrs. Gilbert, shaking hands; "you're no stranger. This is Mrs. Farrell, whose life you have just had the pleasure of preserving. Mrs. Farrell, let me introduce Mr. Gilbert, also."

Mrs. Farrell kept her eyes steadily on the gentlemen, and bowed gravely at their names. Then she gathered her skirt into her hand to mount the step, gave them a slight nod, smiled with radiant indifference upon the rest of the company, and disappeared in-doors. Mrs. Gilbert made proclamation of the facts to the ladies next her, and casually introduced her guests to two or three, who presently left them to her again, as they went to give themselves the last touches before dinner. Mrs. Gilbert then turned to Easton and said, "Mrs. Farrell ran a very fortunate risk. I don't believe anything less would have brought you here."

"Oh, yes," answered Easton, "I was on my way. The only difference is that I rode instead of walking."

"Well, no matter, so you've come. I've been persuading my brother to stay to dinner, and he says *he* will, if *Easton* will. Will you?"

At every word Mrs. Gilbert kept studying Easton's face, which the young man had a trick of half-averting from any woman who spoke to him, with fugitive glances at her, from time to time. The light of frank liking for him came into Mrs. Gilbert's eyes when he turned with a sort of hopeless appeal to Gilbert, and then said, "Yes, I shall be very glad to say."

"You're ever so good to be glad," she said, "but after saving one lady's life, you could n't do less than dine with another. My brother says you and he are to be at West Pekin for a fortnight. That's very nice; and I hope you'll come here often. We consider *any* gentleman a treat; and the only painful thing about having two brilliant young

New Yorkers in West Pekin is that perhaps we can never quite live up to our privileges."

"One of us might go away," said Easton, taking heart to return this easy banter, but speaking with a quick, embarrassed sigh. "Do you think you could live up to the other?"

Mrs. Gilbert smiled her approval of his daring and of his sigh.

"We will make an effort to deserve you both. Has your friend here told you anything about us?"

"How can you ask it, Susan? Did you ever know me to be guilty of such behavior toward you?" demanded Gilbert.

"No, William, I never did; and I must add that it's no fault of yours if I did n't. He means, Mr. Easton, that he's been generous to a little foible of mine. I do like to lecture upon people when I can get a fresh, uncorrupted listener, I won't deny it; and I should have been inconsolable if William had exploited us to you, as he certainly would have done if he had liked to expatiate and expound — which he does n't; and I believe men never do, however much they like being expatiated and expounded to. Well now, as I'm not going to have any partiality shown by any guests of mine, and as I'm going to introduce you to every lady at dinner, — recollect, you've *promised* to stay, — I'm going to give you a little synopsis of each of them. Mrs. Farrell you've already had the pleasure of meeting; once in the berry pasture, yesterday afternoon, and once this morning when you saved her life — yes, her life; I insist upon giving the adventure a decent magnitude, and I will listen to no mannish, minifying scruples — saved her *life*; and so I will only say that she is young, beautiful, and singularly attractive. The absence of any perceptible husband does not necessarily imply that she is a widow; though in this case it *does* happen that Mrs. Farrell is a *widow*. Have I got the logical sequences all right, William? Yes? Well, I'm glad of that; not that I care the least for them, but I like to consult the weakness of a sex that can't rea-

son without them. As I was saying, she is young, beautiful, and attractive; the fact might not strike you at first, but she is. The only drawback is her *extreme unconsciousness*. But for all that, if I were a man, I should simply go raving distracted over Mrs. Belle Farrell."

"I won't speak for Easton," said Gilbert, "but I think men generally prefer a spice of coquetry in the objects of their raving distraction. This simplicity, this excessive singleness of motive, — it does n't wear well."

Mrs. Gilbert owned, "It does render one *forgetful* and *liable to accidents*, but it is n't the worst fault. You gentlemen are very exacting; I see that you're bent upon decrying every one of our ladies, whatever I say of them, and I believe I shall leave you to form your own perverse opinions. Yes, I've changed my mind, Mr. Easton, and instead of lecturing you on them beforehand, I shall confine myself to satisfying any curiosity you may happen to feel about them when you've seen them. Is n't that the way a man would do?"

"Perhaps," answered Easton. "But he would n't like it — in a woman."

"I dare say. That's his tyrannical unreasonableness. What was the sermon about this morning? Mrs. Belle Farrell?"

It was impossible not to enjoy the mock innocence with which Mrs. Gilbert put this question. Easton's eyes responded to the fun of it, while his blushes came and went, and he kept thrusting his cane into the turf where he stood, just below the step on which she sat. She went on: "We seldom go to church from the farm; we come to the country to enjoy ourselves. Mrs. Farrell goes, and sings in the choir, I think. Some of us went to hear her sing once, and came home perfectly satisfied. She's a great friend of young Miss Woodward, and is the only boarder admitted into the landlord's family on terms of social equality. The *régime* at Woodward farm is very peculiar, Mr. Easton, and will form the topic of a future discourse. I shall also want to inquire your views of the best method of extinguish-

ing talent in the industrial classes; I believe you've experimented in that way." Easton lifted his downcast face and looked at Gilbert with a queer alarm, that afforded Mrs. Gilbert visible joy. "Miss Woodward is the victim of a capacity, lately developed, for drawing; your friend Mrs. Farrell has fostered this abnormal condition, and it is the part of humanity to stop it. Now perhaps from your experience with Mr. Rogers" —

The dinner bell sounded as Mrs. Gilbert reached forward and appealingly touched Easton's arm with her fan; and she stopped.

"Go on," said Gilbert; "you might as well have your say out, now, if there's anything left on your mind. Easton's made up his mind to renounce me, and you can't do me any more harm."

"Stuff! Mr. Easton and I understand each other, and we know well enough that you haven't been disloyal to him. At least we won't believe it on the insinuation of a malicious, backbiting old woman; if Mr. Easton has any doubts of you, I'll teach him better. Come, it's dinner. This is a great day with us: we have our first string-beans, to-day: that's one of the reasons why I asked you to stop."

W. D. Howells.

THE FLAMINGO.

THE red flamingo flew up from the South,
From the land all withered and parched with drouth.

He gleamed on the sky like a flaming brand
Blown from a burning prairie land.

He waded deep through the dark morass,
In the samphire beds, and the cool dank grass.

When the wind blew east, to the sea he went,
Red as the sun in the firmament,

And turned aside, with a look aslant,
At the deadly eye of the cormorant.

And the eagle, old with a hundred years,
From the height of his vaulted eyrie peers.

When the wind blew west, to the fields he sped,
Where the blue-eyed gentian lifts its head;

And the dew flushed red to a scarlet dye
On the lily's breast, as he floated by;

And here and there in the silent dell,
From his wing a scarlet feather fell.

He sailed on his way as the mariner sails,
With stout heart fearing nor wind nor gales.

On and on through the land he went,
Like a fleet and royal messenger sent,

Till he came at last to an ancient town
Never on map or chart laid down.

His wearied wings beat soft and low,
For the dreary streets were of muffled snow.

The houses were counted by two and two,
And the footsteps numbered were faint and few.

The ships that had sailed to that silent shore
Were bound, snow-locked, without mast or oar.

The shrouds had vanished, — a dreary wreck,
With the tropic bird, on the lonely deck.

His eye grew dim in the cold, wan light,
And his royal plumage blanched snow-white.

He strained his gaze to the farthest north,
And again on fluttering wings went forth,

And sailed away, with his plumage pale
Forever hid by a snowy veil.

Whether he drifted east or west,
And gazed on a mighty mountain crest,

Or a glorious sea with turrets high,
Reaching far up to the polar sky,

Or drooped in death on a waste of snow,
His secret none shall ever know.

He lived his life on his errand sent,
And tracked the path of a continent.

Whoever has crossed to that silent strand
Has passed beyond to an unknown land.

Buried in snow, and under the gates,
Frozen and stark the sentinel waits

Till the snow shall be lifted from off his breast,
And the pathway cleared to the great Northwest!

Sarah D. Clark.

NOVALIS AND THE BLUE FLOWER.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

GERMAN Romanticism is at present generally characterized as being a purely retrogressive movement, an attempted revival of feudalism and a reaction toward Catholicism. A Romanticist, in the modern acceptance of the term, is a man who places himself in a hostile attitude toward the progressive spirit of the age, and tries by artificial means to revive "the good old times." That the phase of Romanticism represented by Friedrich Schlegel and Schleiermacher in the early stages of their careers was anything but catholic or conservative, our former article on this subject must have sufficiently proved. The man who gave the strongest religious impulse to the school, and whose character more nearly approaches our present idea of the Romantic type, was Friedrich von Hardenberg, more commonly known by the *nom de plume*, Novalis.

Who does not know Heine's story of the young girl, sister of the postmistress near Göttingen, who read consumption out of Novalis's romance, Heinrich von Ofterdingen? It may seem irrelevant in this connection, but nevertheless it conveys an idea of a certain subtle quality in this author's genius which a more direct critical analysis might fail to detect. Novalis was one of those whom death had early marked for its own. A hectic flush burned upon his cheeks, his exquisitely chiseled lips indicated extreme sensitiveness, and his large blue eyes, whose gaze appeared to be turned inward, shone with a deep, unearthly lustre. Even the one strong passion of his life, his love for the twelve-year old child, Sophie von Kühn, seems to have been a kind of ethereal, sexless feeling, a mere poetic devotion, purged of the earthy element which clings to the passions of men. No one will wonder that the poetry springing from such a relation lacks that distinctly virile

quality and that robust health which characterize the lyrical effusions of poets like Goethe, or even Schiller before he had drunk too deeply of Kantian philosophy. Nevertheless, the lyrics of Novalis have a vague, spiritual, not to say phantasmal beauty of their own; they fascinate by their very strangeness; their fleeting perfume lures the sense by its very deftness in evading its grasp; they gleam with that "light that never was on sea or land;" they move onward with a delicious, subdued splendor of cadence that falls upon the ear like melodious whispers from distant fairy realms. Excelling as it does in rhythmical effects and tuneful transitions rather than in strength of thought and splendor of imagination, his verse naturally baffles the translator's art. It would be as easy for a flower-painter to bind the perfume of the lily to his canvas as for a translator to transfer the fleeting beauty of Novalis's songs into a foreign tongue. An attempt has lately been made by an English writer, but he who knows the *Spiritual Songs* in the original will keenly feel the shortcomings of the English renderings.

The early education of Novalis was well calculated to develop the mystic tendencies of his nature. His father, a stern, grave man of commanding appearance, belonged to the so-called *Hernhutters*, a sect which, without essentially differing from Lutheran orthodoxy in its doctrinal tenets, censured the laxity of its moral discipline and demanded a return to the early Christian simplicity of life. The author Tieck, who as a friend of Novalis visited his home, has given a quaint and interesting account of the daily life of the family. "The old Hardenberg," says he, "stood like a patriarch among his gifted sons and his amiable daughters. . . . He praised and loved the much-abused old times, and whenever he had an opportunity

he boldly expressed his views or flared up in sudden indignation." At certain times, Tieck further relates, the father was in the habit of testing the orthodoxy of his children, and then stormy scenes were of no infrequent occurrence. Once, on hearing a great noise in the next room, Tieck anxiously asked the servant what had happened. "Nothing," was the careless answer, "it is only the master who is giving religious instruction."

At the University of Jena, Novalis made the acquaintance of Schiller, whose *Robbers* and *Don Carlos* had filled his enthusiastic soul with an ardent love and reverence for their author. Schiller, who at once recognized the extraordinary talents of the young man, took a very kindly interest in him, gave him the benefit of his advice and instruction, and even for several years kept up a correspondence with him. Novalis's letters, which have been published among his posthumous papers, read more like the passionate effusions of a young maiden to her lover than the communications of a scholar to his teacher; he nearly exhausts the vocabulary of his native tongue in trying to find words strong enough to convey his unbounded homage and admiration. But Novalis was a sympathetic and affectionate nature, and moreover he was a poet and a German. For him the step from the poem to the poet's personality was a short one. He feels the same kind of personal friendship and attachment for Homer as he does for Schiller. The Wolfian theory does not in the least disturb him. "Oh," he exclaims, "if I could but fall upon the neck of the singer of the *Odyssey*, and hide my blushing face in the thick, venerable beard of the worthy old man!"

His daily intercourse with Friedrich Schlegel soon opened Novalis's eyes to the greatness of Goethe, and when, in the spring of 1795, *Wilhelm Meister* appeared, "the great Pagan" threatened to gain the place in his affections which had hitherto belonged to Schiller. Schlegel had in his usual paradoxical way declared that "*Wilhelm Meister*, Fichte's Doctrine of Science, and the French

Revolution were the greatest phenomena of the century;" and Novalis, whose flexible mind was at this time strongly influenced by his aggressive friend, readily subscribed to this verdict. "Fichte and Goethe" became the watchword of both, and the constant theme of their conversation. The idealism of Fichte they still further idealized, and the freedom from moral restraints which characterizes Goethe's romance they pushed even beyond the boundary line which the liberal author had fixed. But the radicalism of Novalis, which is, no doubt, chiefly attributable to his association with Schlegel, was but of short duration. The death of his betrothed, Sophie, who was then fifteen years old, suddenly dispelled these intellectual vagaries and plunged him back into his native mysticism. His sorrow knew no bounds; for three days and nights he shut himself up in his room and wept, then moved to Tennstadt, where she was buried, and sat at her grave, brooding over his loss. Darkness closed around him, the light of day seemed odious to him, and the scenes of life passed like a horrible, meaningless pageant before his eyes. The thought of suicide constantly haunted him, and he was on the verge of despair, when at length Sophie, yielding to his prayers, appeared to him in a vision and brought him comfort. Then his old gift of song comes to his rescue; although not altogether abandoning the thought of death, he still resolves to live, and his sorrow gains a voice in a series of poems entitled *Hymns to the Night*. "If I have hitherto lived in the present," he writes, "and in the hope of earthly happiness, I must now live altogether in the real future, in my faith in God and immortality. It will be very difficult to me to separate myself from this world which I have studied with so much affection; frequent relapses will bring me many a sorrowful moment, but I know that there is a power in man which by assiduous care can be developed into a remarkable energy."

Again, speaking of Sophie's death: "The flower-petal has been wafted over

into the other world. The reckless player throws up his hand and smiles, as if awakened from a dream, listening to the last call of the watchman, and waiting for the glow of the morning which shall rouse him to renewed life in the world of reality."

But this first glow of the morning is long coming; and long the poet waits in vain. Nevertheless, in the midst of his grief, when the violent emotion might be expected to banish all thought of self, his attitude is that of a true Romanticist. His self-consciousness never for a moment leaves him; his eye is constantly turned inward, and its keen sight penetrates into the darkest chambers of his mind. With a half psychological, half poetical interest he watches the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* of his emotions, records in his journal the results of his observations, and upbraids himself whenever a note of natural, worldly joy mingles in the transcendental harmonies of his soul. To an unprejudiced observer this appears very much like dallying with one's grief, in order, by artificial means, to keep it up to the proper pitch; and if Novalis had not from his earliest youth breathed the air of philosophical abstraction, and if he had not lived in an age which was universally afflicted with this habit of morbid introspection, we might be justified in regarding these delicately retouched negatives of his mental states as insincere and affected. But a deeper knowledge of Novalis's character excludes such a supposition; he was, in the truest sense of the word, a child of his time, and it is perhaps the best proof of his sincerity that he followed it in its extravagances, shared its infirmities, and unconsciously respected its limitations.

The Hymns to the Night open with an apostrophe in prose to "the all-rejoicing light, with its colors, its rays, and its billows, its gentle omnipresence, as awakening day." Then the poet turns to "the holy, inexpressible, mysterious night," in whose darkness he beholds "the memories and wishes of his youth, the dreams of his childhood, the brief joys and vain hopes of his whole life,

marching before him, draped in gray garments like mists of the evening when the sun has set." His beloved is hidden in the impenetrable night; therefore he loves the night better than the day. "Embrace with spirit passion my body," he exclaims, "that I may become more inwardly blended with thee, and that my bridal night may last forever."

A mixture of sensuous pleasure and high religious raptures give a curious interest to these hymns of Novalis. It is as if this earthly body which he is resolved to renounce and to mortify, in spite of the poet, again and again asserted its rights; as if his spiritual nature struggled desperately to break loose from the trammels of the flesh, and in the ardor of the combat gathered strength to rise to ever loftier flights. But this forcible heightening of every sensation, these endless distorted attitudes of ecstasy and despair, indicate a state of mental disease. Novalis seems himself to have been aware that his was not the normal condition of humanity, but this does not, to the mind of a Romanticist, necessarily prove that his condition leaves anything to be desired. The Romantic poet, according to Friedrich Schlegel's manifesto, knows no law except his own sovereign will, and where he differs from the rest of humanity the presumption is that humanity is in the wrong. Thus Novalis also performs a series of philosophical somersaults, and ends with the conclusion that disease is preferable to health. For "life," he says, "is a disease of the spirit."

A volume of fragments, published under the title of Flower-Dust (*Blüthenstaub*) contains numerous abstruse speculations on these same subjects of life and death, health and disease, pain and pleasure, etc. There is no obscure region of the soul which the mystic poet has not attempted to explore, there is no human emotion so ethereal and fleeting as to evade his eye, and no object in heaven or on earth too mean or too exalted for his earnest interest and consideration. Here we find a striking aphorism embodying some homely truth, in

the next paragraph a conjecture as to the nature of the divine trinity, and a few lines further on some mere personal item, a literary project, a sigh of regret and resignation, or a half-subdued sob for the death of the beloved.

The author has himself justly estimated the value of these fragments when he says:—

“The art of writing books has not yet been discovered, but it is on the point of being discovered. Fragments of this kind are literary seed-corn. There may be many a barren grain among them; however, if only some will sprout.” . . .

From the whole number, amounting to upward of a thousand, we select the following for translation:—

“Goethe is the true steward of the poetic spirit on earth.”

“Poetry is absolute reality. This is the kernel of my philosophy. The more poetic, the truer.”

“Every Englishman is an island.”

“There is a possibility of an infinite delight in pain.”

“Whatever I will do, that I can do. With man nothing is impossible.”

“Pain should properly be the normal state, and joy should be what now sorrow and pain are.”

“Religion cannot be preached except as love and patriotism.”

“The republic is the *fluidum deferens* of youth. Wherever there are young people, there is a republic. By marriage the system changes. The married man demands order, security, and rest; he seeks the genuine monarchy.”

“Death is the Romantic principle of life. Death is life. Through death life is intensified.”

“The epigram is the central monad of old French literature and culture.”

“Coals and diamonds are one and the same substance. And still how different! Is there not just the same difference between man and woman? We are the homely charcoal; the women are opals and sapphires, which likewise are nothing but coals.”

“A marriage is a political epigram. An epigram is only an elementary po-

etic expression—a poetic element—a primitive poem.”

“Love is the end and goal of universal history,—the *amen* of the universe.”

“Klopstock's works give the impression of being free translations of some unknown poet by a very talented but unpoetical philologist.”

“Very properly do many women speak of *sinking* into the arms of their husbands. Happy she who can *rise* into the embrace of her lover.”

“Can an *I* suppose itself an *I* without another *I* or *not I*?”

“Love is the highest reality, and a first cause. All romances which deal with true love are fairy tales, magic narratives.”

“To become a man is an art.”

We learn from Tieck that these fragments, many of which were written only for the author's own amusement and without a view to publication, are the first crude beginnings of a great encyclopædic work, in which facts and speculations drawn from all departments of human knowledge should mutually explain and support each other. It is safe to assert, however, that Novalis, even if he had lived to the age of mature manhood, would have been poorly equipped for such an undertaking.

Without an acquaintance with the leading philosophical systems of Germany, and especially that of Fichte, the greater part of Novalis's prose writings will appear obscure and unintelligible. And their obscurity does not always, as Carlyle would have us believe, prove that the thought which is struggling for utterance is too profound to be embodied in the common vernacular of cultivated men, but is as frequently the result of a confusion of ideas in the author's mind. It is truly to be regretted that a man in whom there dwelt so rich a fountain of song should have spent so great a portion of his life in unprofitable investigations regarding “the internal plural,” or the relation of mathematics to the emotional life of man. It may be that occasionally he caught glimpses of truths too high for the comprehension of men of coarser fibre, but it is as certain

that his speculations often lost themselves in vague abstractions and pedantic sophistries. As a curiosity we quote in the original the following untranslatable passage, which, if it means anything, certainly does not bear its meaning on the surface:—

“Wir sind gar nicht Ich, wir können und sollen aber Ich werden, wir sind Keime zum Ich-Werden. Wir sollen Alles in ein Du, in ein zweites Ich verwandeln; nur dadurch erleben wir uns zum grossen Ich das Eins und Alles zugleich ist.”

We comprehend that these utterances, although clothed in the phraseology of Fichte, have been suggested by, or at least have something to do with, Spinoza's doctrine of the mere relative existence of all finite things when compared to the one “absolute existence,” God. No doubt Novalis was an ingenious *dilettante* in philosophy, and perhaps divined a profounder meaning in the systems of his day than even the founders themselves; but the world has outgrown many an elaborate philosophic structure in this century, and will doubtless outgrow many more. But of its true poets mankind can afford to forget none; and when the philosopher Novalis shall long have been forgotten, the poet Novalis will still survive.

If we had been writing a romantic fiction, instead of a biographical sketch, we could never have invented a series of more pathetic events than those which mark the closing years of this author's life. He had coquetted so long with death, that death at last took the matter in earnest, placed its hand upon his shoulder, and bade him keep himself in readiness for the final summons. But never had this earth appeared more beautiful to the poet than just then; never had the quickening tide of life pulsed more vigorously through his veins, never had the future dawned upon him with such golden promise. He loved again, and this time not a child, but a beautiful maiden in the first flower of her womanhood, who in return had bestowed upon him all the affection of her heart. Moreover, he had been

appointed assessor of the Thuringian mines, and rejoiced in the prospect of a useful activity in his chosen field of labor. His literary fame was spreading, and that first recognition which is so dear to a young author's heart had come to him from a source which made it tenfold sweet and delightful. The poet Tieck, whose popular tales (*Volksmärchen*) he had long ardently admired, sought him at this time, and their very first meeting laid the foundation of a warm friendship, which during the few years they were allowed to remain together shed a softly brightening lustre over the lives of both. “My acquaintance with you,” writes Novalis to his friend, “opens a new chapter in my life. . . . No one has ever appealed to me so gently and still so universally as you. Every word from you I understand perfectly. In no point do I meet you only from afar. Nothing human is foreign to you; you take an interest in everything, and your spirit diffuses itself like a perfume over all objects, and still lingers most lovingly with the flowers.”

It was, no doubt, the association with Tieck which counteracted Schlegel's influence, and induced Novalis to relinquish his philosophical speculations and henceforth devote himself exclusively to poetry. In the mean while his sickness, which he had so often apostrophized in prose and verse, was gradually undermining his strength, but the nearer the end approached, the more tenaciously he clung to this life, which had once appeared but a heavy burden and an endless sorrow. His æsthetic convictions also underwent radical changes. The sensuous equilibrium, the sunny realism and distinctness of outline, which once had attracted him in Goethe, now disgusted and repelled him. The shimmering moonshine, the forest solitude, the wonder-blossoms, and all the magic machinery of Tieck seemed to embody the essence of poetic art, and the nebulous mysticism in the theosophic meditations of Jacob Böhme completely won his heart. Wilhelm Meister, his former ideal of a romance, he finds

"altogether prosaic and modern." It is merely a domestic tale which, where it does not ignore the wonderful, treats it as the enthusiastic extravagance of youth. Artistic atheism, he thinks, is the spirit of the book. In order to enter his protest against these pernicious teachings he determines to write a romance which shall express the very opposite sentiments. A theme well adapted to embody his own poetic creed he had discovered some time before in the history of the celebrated Minnesinger, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. He communicated his plan to Tieck, whose sympathetic interest stimulated his mind to increased activity in spite of the growing weakness of his body. In his predilection for the Middle Ages, Tieck had himself been Novalis's predecessor, and to him belongs the chief honor of the Romantic School, that of having directed a nation, whose literature had long fed on foreign spoils, to its own historic past as its proper source of poetic inspiration. Mediæval life, with its sharp distinctions of birth and caste, and moreover lacking many of the leveling and equalizing agencies of our own age, offered larger types of men, a bolder grouping of scenes, and a wider scope to a picturesque fancy. That child-like trust in a Divine Father, that sublime disregard of the world with all its allurements, that strong religious fervor which stirred with one grand impulse the hearts of the mightiest king and the lowliest beggar, and drove great nations away from their hearths to perish in the unknown deserts of the Orient, — traits like these, with all the imposing historic drama which they brought into action, will always have the power to set the poet's pulses throbbing. It had been the custom during the period of the Enlightenment, as it is largely at the present day, to sneer at the religious rapture of the Crusades and call it morbid, theatrical, etc.; to scoff at the *naïve* directness of mediæval art, and to regard the few monuments of Old German literature which time had spared as the rude stammerings of a barbarous age. The mistake which every century has made, that of judging its

predecessors by its own standard, was at that time the more to be regretted, because undoubtedly it occasioned the final loss of many valuable ancient manuscripts which perhaps a little antiquarian skill or curiosity might have preserved. The opinion of Frederick the Great concerning the Niebelungenlied, that it was not worth a pinch of snuff, and that he would not tolerate such stuff in his library, is well known; but that the king, both in his ignorance and in his ill-nature, fairly represented the attitude of his times toward the Middle Ages ought by no means to be regarded as a daring assertion. Not long ago M. Taine exemplified the same tendency in his brilliant lectures on The Philosophy of Art, and the reader hardly knows which ought to surprise him the more, the total inability of the Gaul to comprehend the Gothic character, or the complacent arrogance with which the nineteenth century behaves toward its less enlightened precursors. The Romantic poets, with Tieck and Novalis in their van, have erred on the very opposite side. Guided not by the light of reason, but by a dim poetic instinct, they groped their way in the twilight through the "corridors of time," and, rummaging about in the lumber-rooms of the past, they discovered, among much that was of priceless value, a good deal of rubbish which might as well have remained in its former obscurity. They admired not only the picturesque pomp and splendor of feudalism, but also its system of caste, and its lawlessness, and its oppression of the lower classes; not only the primitive simplicity of faith and the intensity of emotional life in the early Catholic Church, but also its intolerance, its hostility to liberty, and its idolatrous Madonna worship. The paradisaical state of the world, according to them, lay in the past; since the Crusades mankind had been constantly degenerating. They accordingly demanded of their own nation a return to this ideal state, and upbraided it because it could no more feel and think and believe as it had done in its childhood. As Heine says, they resembled the aged chambermaid in the

fairy tale, who, having discovered that her mistress renewed her youth by means of an elixir, put the flagon to her mouth and emptied the whole contents; she not only regained her youth, but became an infant in the cradle. If the enlighteners had erred in despising their mediæval ancestors because, judged by the standard of the eighteenth century, they were rude and ignorant, the Romanticists committed a no less grievous error in measuring their contemporaries by the long disused standards of the past.

Novalis's romance, *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, being a true product of the Romantic soil, shares the extravagances and imperfections which characterize Tieck's early works, and indeed all works of a similar nature within the school. It teems with sub-plots and allegories within allegories, and at times, it must be confessed, tasks the reader's patience to the utmost; for the very moment he imagines that he has caught hold of a tangible thread and is determined to keep it, it somehow slips out of his fingers, and he is again lost in a huge, dimly lighted labyrinth, filled, it is true, with many beautiful things, but leading nowhere, without end and without beginning. As has already been remarked, the book was written as a protest against *Wilhelm Meister*, and as the latter, according to Novalis, was a glorification of the prose of life, so *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* should be an apotheosis of its poetry. But poetry the Romanticists conceived to be of a vague, ethereal, and impalpable essence, which impressed the sense not through the grosser faculty of understanding, but according to some mysterious law appealing directly to the deepest emotions of the heart. This theory, which the author shared with his friends Schlegel and Tieck, is no doubt largely responsible for the hopeless confusion which reigns in this otherwise well-conceived and interesting work. Singular enough, and apparently conflicting with the above theory, is the fact that the lyrical poems which are found scattered through the story are by far the clearest

and most intelligible part of it; but Novalis was primarily a lyric poet, and nature will not fail to assert itself in spite of all theories.

To unravel the many allegorical complications of the plot is no easy task. Novalis has, however, himself given us the key to the understanding of it. In the first part, he says, the hero is matured as a poet, and in the second (which was left incomplete at the author's death) he is glorified as a poet. In the very first chapter we meet with all the conventional machinery of Romantic fiction: night, moonlight, dreams, and the longing for the blue flower. This blue flower is the watchword and the sacred symbol of the school. What it is meant to symbolize it is difficult to tell, but judging from the rôle it plays in the present romance we should venture to say that it is an emblem of the deep and nameless longings of a poet's soul. Romantic poetry invariably deals with longing; not a definite, formulated desire for some attainable object, but a dim, mysterious aspiration, a trembling unrest, a vague sense of kinship with the infinite, and a consequent dissatisfaction with every form of happiness which the world has to offer. The object of the Romantic longing, therefore, so far as it has any object, is the ideal—the ideal of happiness, the ideal of a woman, the ideal of social perfection, etc. The blue flower, like the absolute ideal, is never found in this world; poets may at times dimly feel its nearness, and perhaps even catch a brief glimpse of it in some lonely forest glade far from the haunts of men, but it is vain to try to pluck it. If for a moment its perfume fills the air, the senses are intoxicated, and the soul swells with poetic rapture.

In *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* the presence of this wondrous flower is felt on every page, and quite unawares one may catch a glimpse of its fragile chalice. "I long to see the blue flower," are the very first words which the hero utters; "it is continually in my mind, and I can think of nothing else." He falls asleep and has a very strange dream, also

about the blue flower, the significance of which is heightened by the fact that his father had dreamed something similar as he was about to take the most important step of his life. Heinrich starts with his mother and a company of merchants for Augsburg, where he is to visit his maternal grandfather. Every new object which meets his eye fills him with wonder, and the conversation of his companions, in which he himself eagerly participates, is well calculated to enlarge his views of life and mature him for his future calling. It strikes one, however, as very singular that mediæval merchants should be constantly talking about art and poetry, and it seems as if the author had willfully violated reality when, for instance, he invariably makes them speak in chorus. Historical truth and local coloring are of course out of the question. The miner, the hermit, Zulma, Klingsohr, etc., are all bloodless and sexless abstractions, and are probably intended by the author as poetic personifications of certain forces of nature or of history. Zulma is the spirit of the Orient, the miner represents the poetry of nature and the hermit that of history, and in Klingsohr we meet the embodiment of the ideal, fully developed poet. In spite of his professed dislike of Wilhelm Meister, Novalis has, perhaps unconsciously, echoed Goethe's sentiments in the æsthetic discourses of his ideal poet. The spiritual supremacy of "the great Pagan" makes itself felt even in a work whose purpose it was to protest against it. At the sight of Klingsohr's daughter, Mathilde, Heinrich has the same sensation as he had had in the dream when he saw the blue flower. He loves her and his love is returned; but at the very moment when the mysterious flower seems to be within the reach of his hand, it is lost to him. Mathilde is drowned in the river, an event which Heinrich had anticipated in his dreams, and, stunned with grief and despairing of his own future, he leaves Augsburg to seek the imperial court. And now the author unfolds his transcendental wings and henceforth disdains to preserve even the semblance of probability. The hero

hears voices of song coming apparently from a tree growing at the road-side. He recognizes the voice of Mathilde, who promises to send him another maiden, Cyane, to comfort him; then he has a strange allegorical vision, and the mysterious maiden suddenly stands before him, and immediately gains his love. Whether this Cyane really is Mathilde, or only a phantom representing her, or an altogether independent individuality, is a point which we are unable to settle. There are passages in the story which seem to prove that each of these assumptions is equally probable. In a cave, called the Cave of the Count of Hohenzollern, Heinrich sees wonderful signs and symbols which are supposed to hide the secrets of his fate, and in a convent, the inhabitants of which are not living men but spirits whose vocation it is "to preserve the sacred fire in young minds," he receives instruction concerning the mysteries of life and death. The rest of the tale is only lightly sketched and abounds in mysteries, allegories, and metamorphoses, compared with which Sindbad the Sailor or The Forty Thieves appears as reasonable as an algebraic problem. Heinrich plucks the blue flower, and in the end is united with Mathilde. The boundary between this world and the world to come vanishes; time, space, logic, all disappear under the magic wand of the poet; all are but relative existences which are absorbed in the one absolute existence of poetry.

Considered as a story, this romance of Novalis may have very little importance, but regarded as a phenomenon in literature, containing the germs of various tendencies of a school which during the present century has spread throughout Europe, it is well worthy of the attention we have given it. That Heinrich von Ofterdingen, in spite of its mystic coloring and its visionary extravagances, is largely autobiographical, is easily seen; the character of the hero, being so nearly identical with that of the author himself, the death of his first beloved, the vision at the road-side, the vague, restless longing for the blue flower, the second betrothal, etc., belong

as much to the history of the modern poet Novalis as to that of the mediæval hero of the romance. The poets of the eighteenth century, having seldom any practical aim to distract them from the contemplation of their own inner life, have more frequently than the poets of other ages apotheosized themselves in the persons of their heroes. Chateaubriand's René, Goethe's Werther, and Byron's Childe Harold we mentioned in our former article as illustrations of the proneness to psychological self-analysis, and they might as well serve to illustrate what we should venture to call the autobiographical mania. As additional proof of our assertion we may select Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, Étienne de Senancour's Obermann, Tieck's William Lovell, and perhaps even Madame de Staël's Corinne and Schiller's Marquis Posa, not to speak of a hundred minor examples which the literature of all lands furnish in great abundance. The contempt of life and the disgust with the world (*Weltschmerz*, as the Germans call it) which directly result from these tendencies are not yet developed in Novalis. On the contrary, he studies nature with real affection, and takes a sincere interest in his fellow-men. But as a Romantic poet he is an absolute sovereign who brooks no law above him, and the laws of reality have no validity to him except as external symbols of a higher order of creation which the poet in moments of inspiration may behold.

This exaltation of the poet above the rest of his kind, this assumption of the office of a prophet, priest, and heaven-inspired seer, and the kindred claims to exemption from the rules of morals which govern ordinary men, are features whose origin may be distinctly traced to the Romantic School. In lands where Romanticism never struck a very deep root, because the sound sense of the people rebelled against its extravagances, these phases are now becoming unpopular; but in France, where Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo (all extreme Romantic types) are the lyrical favorites of the public, the cant and

superstitions of the school are still in full vogue.

Germany, in proud consciousness of its material strength, has lost its sense of kinship with the school which once, in its days of humiliation, so faithfully expressed its national physiognomy, and, having no great lyrical talent among its living *littérateurs*, feeds on the poetical superabundance of its classical period. Among the prominent novelists of the Bismarckian age, Freytag is a wide-awake, practical citizen of the nineteenth century, Auerbach is rather nondescript, and Spielhagen is the only one who has not quite outlived the traditions of the Romantic era.

The religious mysticism and the consequent predilection for the Catholic Church which so strikingly characterized the later phases of Romantic development received its first impulse from Tieck's friend, Wackenroder, but was hardly recognized as a distinct feature of the school until the days of Novalis. With Wackenroder the interest had been chiefly an artistic one; with Novalis it sprang from a real, deeply felt want of the heart. His fervid spirit demanded a warmer, intenser, and more picturesque faith than the rationalistic Lutheranism of his times afforded. The reading of Schleiermacher's famous Orations on Religion awakened in him a desire to serve the same good cause; he accordingly wrote an essay on Europe and Christianity which he read in manuscript to an enthusiastic circle of friends in Jena. Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel were delighted, but Dorothea had her misgivings as to its merits. "Christianity is à l'ordre du jour here," she writes. "The gentlemen are a little cracked; Tieck carries religion to the same length as Schiller does fate."

In fact this attempt of Novalis to glorify the "only saving church" is without doubt the most paradoxical document which the Romantic literature has to show. It was accepted by Schlegel for *The Athenæum*, but Goethe, from a sincere friendship for the author, prevented its publication. It was not until several years after Novalis's death that it was

given to the public. The essay represents the Protestant movement as an unqualified evil because it destroyed the unity of the church; it also justifies the Madonna worship by the conscious craving in every human heart for a female ideal of the Divinity, a theme which receives frequent attention in the Spiritual Songs and the Fragments. The homage, however, which he pays "the divine Virgin and Mother" seems to be the adoration of a lover rather than that of a religious votary.

"Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern
 Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,
 Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern
 Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.
 Ich weisz nur dasz der Welt Getümmel
 Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht
 Und ein unnennbar süszer Himmel
 Mir ewig im Gemüthe steht."

Among the works of Novalis there still remains a fragment of a romance, The Disciples at Sais, which may be worthy of mention. It was written before Heinrich von Ofterdingen, with which it has much in common, being a most curious medley of theosophic, metaphysical, and scientific reveries.

Novalis never lost his faith in life; even when the physicians had given him up,

and death stared him in the face, he continued to busy himself with ambitious literary projects. He ate nothing but vegetables, which, according to Tieck, agreed well with him. His early love of metaphysics had now altogether deserted him. "Philosophy," he writes, "now rests on my book-shelves. I am glad that I am done with this Arctic region of Pure Reason." He died March 25, 1801, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. Judging by the bulk and the paradoxical character of what he has written, the fame which he enjoys even at this day might at the first glance seem well-nigh inexplicable; but looking more closely at these *dissecta membra poetæ* we find that they possess a potent charm and even a kind of unity of their own: they reveal a quaint, lovable, and eminently poetic personality, and watching their chronological succession we may read a record of psychological evolution most absorbing in its interest. His early death shed a romantic halo over the incidents of his life, which were in themselves sufficiently pathetic; his works became a sacred legacy to his friends, and their author the patron saint of German Romanticism.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE PINES AND THE SEA.

BEYOND the low marsh-meadows and the beach,
 Seen through the hoary trunks of windy pines,
 The long blue level of the ocean shines.
 The distant surf with hoarse complaining speech
 Out from its sandy barrier seems to reach;
 And while the sun behind the woods declines,
 The moaning sea with sighing boughs entwines,
 And waves and pines make answer, each to each.
 O melancholy soul, — whom, far and near,
 In life, faith, hope, the same sad undertone
 Pursues from thought to thought, — thou needs must hear
 An old refrain, too much, too long thine own.
 'Tis thy mortality infects thine ear.
 The mournful strain was in thyself alone!

Christopher P. Cranch.

August 1, 1875.

KIRBY'S COALS OF FIRE.

CONSIDERING it simply as an excursion, George Scott thought, leaning over the side of the canal-boat and looking at the shadow of the hills in the water, his plan for spending his summer vacation might be a success, but he was not so sure about his opportunities for studying human nature under the worst conditions. It was true that the conditions were bad enough, but so were the results, and George was not in search of logical sequences. He had been in the habit of saying that nothing interested him as much as the study of his fellows; and that he was in earnest was proved by the fact that even his college experiences had not yet disheartened him, although they had cost him not a few neckties and coats, and sometimes too many of his dollars. But George had higher aspirations, and was not disposed to be satisfied with the opportunities presented by crude collegians or even learned professors, and so meant to go out among men. When he was younger, — a year or two before, — he had dreamed of a mission among the Indians, fancying that he would reach original principles among them; but the Modocs and Captain Jack had lowered his faith, while the Rev. Dr. Buck's story of how the younger savages had been taught to make beds and clean knives, until they preferred these civilized occupations to their old habit of scampering through the woods, had dispelled more of the glitter, and he had resolved to confine his labors to his white brethren. He did not mean to seek his opportunities among the rich, nor among the monotonously dreary poor of the city, but in a fresher field. Like most theological students, he was well read in current literature, and he had learned how often the noblest virtues are found among the roughest classes. It was true, they were sometimes so latent that like the jewel in a toad's head they had the added grace of unexpectedness, but that

did not interfere with the fact of their existence. He had read of California gamblers who had rushed from tables where they had sat with bowie-knives between their teeth, to warn a coming train of broken rails, and, when picked up maimed and dying, had simply asked if the children were saved, and then, content, had turned aside and died. He knew the story of the Mississippi engineer who, going home with a long-sought fortune to claim his waiting bride, had saved his boat from wreck by supplying the want of fuel by hat, coat, boots, wedding-clothes, gloves, favors, and finally his bag of greenbacks and Northern Pacific bonds, then returning to his duty, sans money, sans wife, but plus honor and a rewarding conscience. When men are capable of such heroism, George would say, arguing from these and similar stories, they are open to true reformation, all that is necessary being some exercise of an influence that shall make such impulses constant instead of spasmodic.

About noon he had not been quite so sanguine regarding his mission, and had almost resolved that when they reached Springfield he would return East and join some of his class who were going to the Kaatskills. The sun was then pouring down directly on the boat, the cabin was stifling, the horses crept sluggishly along, the men were rude and brutal, and around him was an atmosphere of frying fish and boiling cabbage. The cabbage was perhaps the crowning evil; for while he found it possible to force his ear and eye to be deaf and blind to the disagreeable, he had no amount of will that could conquer the sense of smell. There seemed to be little, he thought, with some contempt for his expectations, to reward his quest or maintain his theory that every one had at least one story to tell. It was not necessarily one's own story, he had said, but lives the most barren in incident

come into contact with those more vehement, and have the chance of looking into tragedies, into moral victories and fierce conflicts, through other men's eyes. He had hinted something of this to Joe Lakin early in the morning, when the mist was rising off the hills, when the air was fresh and keen, and the sun was making the long lines of oil upon the river glitter like so many brilliant snakes. Joe was the laziest and roughest of the men on the boat, but he sometimes had such a genial and even superior manner, that George had felt sure that he would comprehend his meaning. Thus when noon came, hot, close, and heavy with prophecy of dinner, George had sickened of human nature and of psychological studies; but now the sun had set, and a golden glory lit the sky; the fields on one side of the river rolled away green in clover and wavy in corn, the hills heavily wooded rose high and picturesquely on the other side, and the little island in the bend of the river seemed the home of quiet and of peace. The horses plodded patiently through the water, going out on the shallows and avoiding the deeper currents near the shore, and the boys, forgetting to shout and swear, rode along softly whistling. Over by the hills stood a cottage, and in the terraced garden a group of girls with bright ribbons in their hair were playing quoits with horseshoes. A row-boat was carrying passengers over the river to meet the evening train, and under the sweetness of the twilight George's spirits arose lightly to their level, his old faith returned to him, and he looked up with a new sense of fellowship to Joe, who was filling a pipe with his favorite "towhead."

"It's a pity you don't smoke," said Joe, carefully striking a match and holding his cap before it, "for it seems a gift thrown away; and this tobacco is uncommon good, though you might fancy it a notion too strong. I've noticed that most preachers smoke, although they don't take kindly to drinking. I suppose they think it would n't seem the proper thing, and perhaps it would n't; but there's Parson Robinson, — I

should think that a good, solid drink would be a real comfort to him sometimes. He's got a hard pull of it with a half share of victuals and a double share of children, so the two ends hardly ever see each other, much less think of meeting."

George hesitated for reply. He thought Joe was unnecessarily rough at times, and alluded to the ministry much too frequently. He had fancied when he left home that his blue flannel and gray tweed, with rather a jovial manner, would divest him of all resemblance to a theological student, and enable him to meet his companions on the ground of a common humanity, especially as he had at present no missionary intentions excepting those that might flow indirectly from his personal influence. Still, while he wanted Joe to recognize his broad liberality, he owed it to himself not to be loose in his expression of opinion.

"Well, yes," he said slowly, "I suppose it would help a man to forget his troubles for a time, but the getting over the spree and coming back to the same old bothers, not a bit better for the forgetting, would hardly be much comfort, even if the thing were right."

"Maybe not," replied Joe; "I s'pose it would n't be comfortable if those were your feelin's, but I reckon you don't know much about it unless from hearsay. But I tell you one thing, whisky's a friend to be trusted" — adding, slowly, with a glance at George's face — "to get you into trouble if you let it get the upper hand of you. It's like a woman in that! It begins with the same letter too, and that's another likeness!"

George made no answer to this joke, over which Joe chuckled enough for both, and then returned to the charge: —

"I've seen a good deal of life, one way and another," Joe said, "but I don't know much of parsons. Somehow they have n't been in my line; but if I had to choose between being a parson or a doctor, I'd take the doctor by long odds. You see the world's pretty much of a hospital as far as he's concerned, and when he can't tinker a man up, he lets him slide off and no-

body minds; but the parson's different. When a man takes sick he looks kind of friendly on the doctor, because, you see, he expects him to cure him; but when the parson comes, he tells him what a miserable sinner he is and what he's coming to at last. Now it an't in nature to like that, and I don't blame the fellows who say they can stand a parson when they are well, but that he's worse than a break-bone fever and no water handy when they're sick. And I should n't think any man would like to go about making himself unpleasant to others! Leastways I wouldn't. Kicking Kirby used to say that he'd rather be a woman than a parson, and the force of language could n't go further than that! He knew what he was talking about, for some of his folks were preachers; and there was good in Kirby, too! People may say what they please, but I'll allers hold to *that*!"

"Who was he?" asked George, happy to change the subject, being a little uneasy in his hold upon it, and hopeful of a story at last.

Joe looked over the hills.

"Well, he was a friend of mine when I was prospecting for oil, once. I allers liked Kicking Kirby."

George sat patiently waiting, while Jim refilled his pipe and then began:—

"There an't so much to tell, but men do curious things sometimes, and Kirby, I guess, was a man few folks would have expected very much of. There was hard things said of him, but he could allers strike a blow for a friend, or hold his own with the next man, let him be who he might. You see there were a good many of us in camp, and we had fair enough luck; for the men over at Digger's Run had struck a good vein, so money was plenty and changed hands fast enough. We'd all hung together in our camp until Clint Bowers got into trouble. None of the rest of us wanted to get mixed up in the fuss, but somehow we did, and the other camp fought shy of us and played mostly among themselves; and I've allers held that it is poor fun to take out of one pocket to put into the other. Our boys

had different opinions about it, and some of them held that it was n't Clint's awkward work that they'd got mad at, but that they meant to shut down on Kirby. You see Kirby was a very lucky player, and although pretty rough things were said about it, nobody ever got a clear handle against him, and he was n't the kind of fellow that was pleasant to affront. Kirby used to say it was all along of Clint; that he ought to have been kept from the cards, or sent down the river; that we'd have had a good run of luck all winter if it had n't been for him. I don't know the rights properly, but I allers thought it was about six of one and a half-dozen of the other. Anyhow there was bad blood about it, and *that* don't run up-hill, you know, and so there was trouble soon enough. The boys got into words one night, and Kirby threw a mug at Clint, who out with his knife and was at Kirby like a flash. Lucky for him Clint's eyes were n't in good seeing order, and the liquor had n't made his arm any the more steady, so Kirby only got a scratch on his arm. It showed what Clint would like to do, though, and some of the boys made pretty heavy bets on the end of it. I stuck up for Kirby, for you see I knew him pretty well, and there was true grit in him; and then, too, he was uncommon pleasant about it, and even stopped saying much about Clint's blocking up our luck over at the Run.

"Well, just about then Jack White came over from Cambria and told Clint that he'd heard that his uncle was asking around where he was. You see Clint's uncle had a store down there, and had made a tidy pile of money, and as he had n't any children, he said he would n't mind leaving it to him if he was living respectable. Clint had lived with him when he was a boy, but they had n't got along very well, so Clint ran off. The old man did n't mind this, though, and now he wanted to find him. Jack said he was sure that if Clint was to go over and play his cards right he'd get the money. You may be sure this was a stroke of luck for Clint just then, and he did n't like to lose it; but you see

he did n't look very genteel, and he knew his uncle was sharp enough to find it out. He was fat enough, for whisky never made a living skeleton of him, but it was plain that it was n't good health that had made his nose so red, nor fine manners that had given him the cut across his cheek and bruised up his eye. The boys all allowed that he was the hardest-looking chap in the camp, and if his uncle left him his money, it would n't be on the strength of his good countenance! But you know he had to do something right off, and so he wrote as pretty a letter to the old man as ever I want to see; but when the answer came it said his uncle was very sick, and as he had something particular to say to him, would n't Clint come over at once, and inclosed he'd find the money for his fare. I tell you this stumped Clint, for he'd had another fight and was a picture to behold.

"But here's where the surprise to us all came in. Clint was pretty well puzzled what to do, and while all the boys were advising him, Kirby spoke up. I'd noticed he was pretty quiet, but nobody could have guessed what he was thinking about. He looked some like Clint, and once had been pitched into by a new Digger Run boy, for Clint. The fellow never made the second mistake about them. It was n't as though they were twins, but they both had brown hair and long beards, blue eyes, and were about the same build, so you could n't have made a descriptive list of the one that would n't have done for the other. What Kirby said was that Clint's uncle had n't seen him since he was a boy, and he'd expect to find him changed; and although he — that's Kirby, you know — had had hard feelin's to Clint, he wasn't a man to hold a grudge, and he'd let by-gones be by-gones. So if Clint thought well of it, he'd go over to Cambria, and if he found the land lay right he'd pass off for him and make things sure.

This struck us all of a heap, for we knew Kirby could do it if he chose and if nobody interfered with him, and that he really could cajole the old man

better than Clint could; for when that fellow got wound up to talk he was allers going you five better. Some of the boys thought it rather risky, and they wanted Clint to write and say he had the typhoid fever, and so stave it off until he looked fit to go; but he knew that if he crossed his uncle now he'd likely enough lose everything, and so he thought it best to make sure and let Kirby go and see, anyhow. One thing that helped Kirby along was that his first wife had come from Cambria, and he'd heard her talk so much about the people that he knew nearly as much of them as Clint did. To make the matter sure, Clint stuffed him with all he remembered, and one night we got up a practicing; and we made out that we were the folks, and Kirby pow-wow'd to the minister, and old Miss Cranby — that was me! — and the doctor, until he knew his lesson and we'd nearly split our sides laughing.

"Of course, seeing the interest we all took in it, we were n't going to do the thing half, so we clubbed together and got Kirby a suit of store-clothes and a shiny valise, and he went off as proper as a parson, — begging your pardon! — and we settled down again. He wrote pretty prompt, and said everything was going on as smooth as oil. The old man had called out that it was Clint as soon as he saw him, before he'd said a word, and Kirby wrote it would have been kind of cruel to have told him better. So he did n't. He wrote several more letters, and once Jack White had a letter from his sister saying that Clint Bowers had come home, and it was said that the old man was tickled to death with his manners and meant to leave him all he had. This clinched it sure enough, and Clint became tip-top among the boys, and his credit was good for all the drinks he chose to order, and I must say he was liberal enough, and nobody contradicted him. He wrote to Kirby, — he was all the time writing to him, — but this time he told how handsome he thought it was in him to do all this, considering everything. When the answer came, Kirby said he did n't profess much religion, and he thought that

generally speakin' heaping coals of fire on any one's head was against the grain, but Clint was more than welcome to his services."

"He *was* a good fellow," exclaimed George. "I don't wonder you liked him!"

"Yes, *I* allers stood up for Kirby when the boys were hardest on him. But to finish up, for I'm telling an on-common long yarn, at last a letter came saying that the old man was dead and the money fixed. How much it was Kirby could n't say yet, but he meant to hurry matters up, he said. Of course he did n't put all he meant into plain words, for it would n't do to trust it, and he was allers more careful than Clint, who never knew when to hush. But now Kirby said he'd have everything straight inside of two weeks, and we were n't to look for another letter from him.

"Well, it *was* surprisin' how many birds Clint broiled for Kirby the next

few weeks! You see Kirby allers was a gentleman in his tastes, and had a particular liking for birds on toast, and of course Clint wanted to give him a proper welcome home. We knew just when the oaths were likely to come, and Clint was allers ready for a surprise."

"And he came just when he was least expected," said George, with a bright smile; "that is the way things always happen in this world. I am sure of that!"

"Why, no, bless your heart, *he* never came back! I allers knew he would n't! He bought a share in a circus with the money, and went down South. They said he married the girl who did the flying trapeze, but I'm not sure about that. Any way, it appears he's done a good business, and I'm sure he's kept Clint's letters to him. There was true grit in Kirby, I've allers stuck to *that*! Does the pipe seem too strong for you? The wind does blow it your way, that's a fact."

Louise Stockton.

BAUDELAIRE.

O POET of such unique, fantastic rhyme,
 Lover of some strange muse who bound her hair
 With poisonous myrtles, grown in no Greek air,
 But fostered of some feverous Gothic clime;
 Degenerate god, half loathsome, half sublime,
 By what fatality wert thou led to fare
 Through haunts that all corruption's colors wear,
 Through pestilent, noisome paths of woe and crime?

For me thy poesy's morbid splendors wake
 A thought of how, in close miasmatic gloom,
 Deep amid some toad-haunted, humid brake
 That mosses clothe or flexuous fern-leaves plume,
 Some rank, red fungus, dappled like a snake,
 Spots the black dampness with its clammy bloom!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

VI.

AT HARPER'S FERRY.

ABOUT a century and a half ago, Robert Harper, a master-carpenter and millwright, born in English Oxford, emigrated to Philadelphia, where he built mills, churches, and Quaker meeting-houses, and began to accumulate wealth thereby. In the year 1747 he undertook to build for the Quakers of Virginia a meeting-house on the Opequan River, near the present town of Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, now famous for the battles fought there in the late civil war. Traveling on horseback through the mountain wilderness that separated the Pennsylvania farms from the tobacco plantations of Virginia, Robert Harper lodged one night at a tavern in Frederick, Maryland, where he heard of a short route to the Opequan, leading through a remarkable region called "The Hole," on the bank of the Potomac; and so, turning aside from the road to Antietam and Shepherdstown, which he had meant to take, he rode the next day to the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and saw for the first time the striking scenery which years afterwards he showed to Thomas Jefferson, who has described it. The only white man then resident in that vicinity was a squatter named Peter Stevens, who had "taken up a claim," like so many others, on the broad acres of Lord Fairfax's woodland manor between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. Without waiting for the formality of a survey, Robert Harper, who saw the advantages of the situation, determined to buy out the squatter's cabin and claim, and did so at once, paying Stevens fifty English guineas for such rights as he possessed under squatter law.

In the year 1748, while Washington was exploring and surveying the Shenandoah Valley, Harper went to Lord

Fairfax's hunting-lodge at Greenway Court (not far from The Hole), and obtained a patent for the lands he had purchased of Stevens. Probably the first survey of this tract was made by Washington himself, who also is said to have selected "the Ferry," in 1794, as the site of a national armory. The scenery of this region in the days of Washington and Jefferson has been described by the latter, in a passage often quoted from his *Notes on Virginia*, written shortly before the death of Robert Harper in 1782, and presenting the view as it shows itself from "Jefferson's Rock," on a hill above the village of Harper's Ferry. "You stand," says Jefferson, "on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre." And in this same region, which bears the names and is inhabited by the kindred of Washington and of Jefferson, a generation grew up after their death who had as little concern for the principles of these great men as Jefferson's rustics for the scenery that thrilled and delighted him.

Around this junction of the two rivers, in the sixty years that followed the death of Washington, had grown up a village of three or four thousand inhabitants. On the northern side of the Potomac rise the Maryland Heights almost perpendicular to the river's bank, and some thirteen hundred feet above it. The Loudon Heights, across the Shenandoah, are

lower, but both ridges overtop the hill between them, and make it untenable for an army, as was more than once demonstrated during the civil war. Yet this hill itself commands all the region below it, and makes the town indefensible against a force occupying that position. Therefore when John Brown, on the night of Sunday, October 16, 1859, entered and captured Harper's Ferry, he placed himself in a trap where he was sure to be taken, unless he should quickly leave it. His purpose, beyond question, was to hold the village but a few hours, make such disposal as he should think best of the government armory and arsenal there, with its tens of thousands of muskets and rifles, get together the principal persons of the whole neighborhood to be detained as hostages, and then to move forward into the mountains of Virginia, keeping open a communication, if he could, with the mountain region of Maryland and so with the Northern States. His first mistake (and he made many in this choice of his point of attack and his method of warfare) was in crossing the Potomac at a place so near the cities of Washington and Baltimore, which are distant but sixty and eighty miles respectively from the bridge over which he marched his men. This bridge is used both by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and by the travelers along the public highway; and the only approach to it from the Maryland side is by a narrow road under the steep cliff or by the railroad itself. On the Virginia side there are roads leading up from the Shenandoah Valley (where also was a railroad in 1859, as now), and both up and down the Potomac. Harper's Ferry is indeed the Thermopylæ of Virginia. Robert Lee, the Hector of the Southern Troy, came here with soldiers of the national army to capture John Brown, in 1859; he came here again and repeatedly as commander of the Southern armies, during the five years that followed. His soldiers and their opponents of the Union army cannonaded, burnt, pillaged, and abandoned the town, which has never recovered from the ruin of the war. The armory workshops are abandoned, both

those beside the Potomac, where Brown fought and was captured, and those beside the Shenandoah, where his comrade Kagi fought and was slain. The title to the soil on which these ruined buildings stand is in dispute, and the industry of the town languishes until the dispute is settled. The fine houses of the officers who directed the armory work before the war are turned over to the directors of a school for the colored people, young and old, almost the only thing that flourishes now at Harper's Ferry. The population of the two or three villages crowded together there is but little more than half what it was in 1859.

Brown's attention was turned towards Harper's Ferry and the Virginia counties adjacent or within easy reach, not only by the natural advantages of the place, and its historical associations with the heroes of Virginia, but also by the number of slaves held there. In the village itself there were few, but in Jefferson County there were four thousand slaves and five hundred free blacks, while the white population was but ten thousand; and within a range of thirty miles from the Ferry there were perhaps twenty thousand slaves, of whom four or five thousand were capable of bearing arms. Brown may well have supposed that out of this population he could obtain the few hundred recruits that he desired for the first operations of his Virginia campaign; and could he have succeeded in fortifying himself in the Blue Ridge, as he proposed, it is quite possible he would have had these recruits. A colored clergyman, who heard him unfold his plan in 1858, at a secret meeting of colored people in one of the Western cities, has given this version of what he then said: "I design to make a few midnight raids upon the plantations, in order to give those who are willing among the slaves an opportunity of joining us or escaping; and it matters little whether we begin with many or few. Having done this for two or three times, until the neighborhood becomes alarmed and the generality of the slaves encouraged, we will retire to the fastnesses of the mountains, and, ever and anon, strike unexpected

though bloodless blows upon the Old Dominion; in the mean time sending away those slaves who may desire to go to the North. We shall by this means conquer without bloodshed, awaken the slaves to the possibility of escape, and frighten the slaveholders into a desire to get rid of slavery.”

It was the possibility of success in such a plan as this that so alarmed the slave-holders of the whole South, and caused Vallandigham of Ohio to say, as he did a few days after Brown's capture, “Certainly it was one of the best planned and best executed conspiracies that ever failed.”

We thus see with what expectations John Brown entered upon his campaign. Above all, he meant never to allow his whole force to be exposed to death or captivity at once. This was the fatal risk of his position at Harper's Ferry, and it was for this that he afterwards blamed himself most severely. Had he gone forward as he purposed, he might have secured a foothold for his operations, and it is possible that he could not only have made slavery insecure, and emancipation desirable, but gradually have extended forcible emancipation over a large part of the South. That this was a perilous undertaking, Brown and his men well knew, but they did not believe it hopeless. Thus young Anderson, who was killed by the side of his captain in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, wrote to his brother in Iowa less than three weeks before the outbreak, in terms of great confidence: “Our mining company will consist of between twenty-five and thirty, well equipped with tools. You can tell Uncle Dan it will be impossible for me to visit him before next spring. If my life is spared, I will be tired of work by that time, and I shall visit my relatives and friends in Iowa, if I can get leave of absence. At present, I am bound by all that is honorable to continue in the course. We go in to win, at all hazards. So if you should

hear of a failure, it will be after a desperate struggle, and loss of capital on both sides. But that is the last of our thoughts. Everything seems to work to our hands, and victory will surely perch upon our banner. The old man has had this operation in view for twenty years, and last winter¹ was just a hint and trial of what could be done. This is not a large place,² but a precious one to Uncle Sam, as he has a great many tools here. I expect (when I start again traveling) to start at this place and go through the State of Virginia and on South, just as circumstances require; mining and prospecting, and carrying the ore with us. . . .

“I suppose this is the last letter I shall write before there is something in the wind. Whether I will have a chance of sending letters then, I do not know, but when I have an opportunity, I shall improve it. But if you don't get any from me, don't take it for granted that I am *gone up* till you know it to be so. I consider my life about as safe in one place as another.”

This letter confirms the statements already made about the smallness of the force with which Brown intended to begin his work. He would gladly have raised a hundred men (or more) for his first operations, but he was quite ready to commence with thirty, hoping to increase their number by recruits from the freed slaves and accessions from the North, both white and black. He had several persons at the North engaged to enlist and forward recruits, the most active of these being his son, John Brown, Jr., then living at West Andover, Ohio. During the summer of 1859, John Brown, the younger, had visited Boston, and there made arrangements for receiving recruits from Massachusetts. I did not see him at this time, being absent from home, but he called on Mr. Stearns and Dr. Howe, and also imparted his father's plans to one of the leading colored men of Boston, a fugi-

¹ This alludes to the incursion made by Brown into Missouri in December, 1858, whence he carried off a dozen slaves safely to Canada.

² The place referred to is Harper's Ferry, where,

probably, this letter was written. It is dated September 28, 1859, evidently after Brown had communicated to his men his purpose of attacking the town and armory.

tive from Kentucky, Mr. Lewis Hayden,¹ who since the civil war has been a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Mr. Hayden entered warmly into the work, and undertook to enlist a few colored men in Massachusetts, to serve under Brown in Virginia. According to his recollection he did enlist six such recruits, besides Francis J. Merriam, a young gentleman of Boston, who contributed money at Mr. Hayden's request, and afterwards joined Brown in person. Only one of the six colored recruits from Massachusetts reached Harper's Ferry before the attack, and even he took no part in the fight. The others were delayed at home, from one cause or another, until the enterprise had failed. The same thing happened with regard to a few other recruits enlisted by John Brown, Jr., or under his direction, while a few persons who had been counted on to join the expedition at last refused or hesitated to do so. Had it been delayed, as some of the party expected, until the following spring, it is possible that the number of men would have been increased to fifty; but I have never had reason to think that more than fifty were at any time pledged to join in this particular expedition. Probably it would have been unsafe to trust more persons with the secret, which was so often on the point of being disclosed, yet never

really became public.² It would appear from a letter of John Brown, Jr., dated September 8, 1859, that he was not informed, until early in September, that the attack would be made in October. "I had supposed," he writes to Kagi, "that you would not think it best to commence *opening the coal banks* before spring, unless circumstances should make it imperative. However, I suppose the reasons are satisfactory to you."

Having mentioned Merriam and his connection with Lewis Hayden and John Brown, it may be well at this point to speak of him more fully; since it was his presence and his money which in fact enabled the movement upon Harper's Ferry to be made when it was, and but for him it might, after all, have waited until the spring of 1860. He was the grandson of Francis Jackson, of Boston (long associated with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, as a leader of the abolitionists), and had inherited his family's detestation of American slavery. In other respects he resembled his grandfather but little, being weak of body, erratic and impulsive, and too often the victim of those around him. As Owen Brown said of him, "The only thing very positive about Merriam was his hatred of slavery." His age at this time was but twenty-two; he had been

¹ Mr. Hayden was then employed in the office of the Secretary of State, at the State House in Boston. He had been concerned in the rescue of Shadrach, a fugitive slave, in 1851, and in other enterprises of that nature. I had made no communication to him concerning Brown's affairs, nor received any from him, until a few weeks before the outbreak. The statements concerning him are his own, and in some respects I may have misunderstood him, or his memory may be at fault. He is very clear and positive, however, in respect to most of the facts stated on his evidence.

² In Mr. Keeler's account (*The Atlantic*, March, 1874) of Owen Brown's escape, he asserts that John Brown, Jr., "would have been at Harper's Ferry, if his father had not been driven to begin operations before the appointed time. The reason for striking the blow so soon was that he had been betrayed to the government. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood had begun to suspect him." There is some foundation for this last statement, but very little, I think, for the other two. Brown did not know that he had been "betrayed to the government" by the anonymous letter-writer from Cincinnati, in the previous August, and he had no longer any fear from Forbes, whom he supposed to

be dead, although then living in New York. The work of John Brown, Jr., required his presence at the North, not in Virginia, though he would gladly have joined his father in person.

Still another reason for hastening the attack was given by John E. Cook, one of Brown's captains, in his confession. He then said, "The attack was made sooner than was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter finding fault with the management of Captain Brown, and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense." So far as I know, this statement is quite unfounded. The only fact known to me (and I should have known such a thing if it happened) which could serve as a basis for this statement is the tone of censure in Higginson's last letter to me before the outbreak. But Brown never saw this letter, nor can I suppose that Higginson wrote to him on the subject. Possibly Merriam may have reported to Brown some remark made in conversation, but it will be seen by Anderson's letter above quoted that the movement was fixed for the first week in October, before Merriam had left Boston, or even been informed of the expedition on foot. I suppose that the attack was really delayed two weeks, instead of being hastened at all.

well educated, had traveled in Europe and in Hayti, spoke French, was bred to no business, and had inherited a small property from his father. One day early in October, Lewis Hayden got word at the State House in Boston, by a letter either from Chambersburg or from John Brown, Jr., in Ohio, that Captain Brown's men were in need of more money, and could not begin their movement until it reached them. Going down from the State House to the post-office, which was then in State Street, he met Merriam near the old Province House, and it occurred to him that here was a friend who would perhaps contribute something. He therefore accosted Merriam, and, after a few words, said, "I want five hundred dollars and *must have it*." Merriam, startled at the manner of the request, replied, "If you have a good cause, you shall have it." Hayden then told Merriam briefly what he had learned from John Brown, Jr., that Captain Brown was at Chambersburg, or could be heard of there, that he was preparing to lead a party of liberators into Virginia, and that he needed money; to which Merriam replied, "If you tell me John Brown is there, you can have my money and me along with it." For it was well known to Merriam that Brown had the general purpose of freeing the slaves by force, and he had even written to him the winter before, offering to join the party upon his return from Hayti in the spring. Being thus prepared in mind for Mr. Hayden's communication, he received it as a call from heaven, and prepared at once to obey.

Within a day or two—probably that same day—Merriam, whom I had never seen before, made me an evening visit in Concord, where he spent the night. He came to say that he had learned something of Captain Brown's plans,

that he knew where to find him, and that he would like to join him with such money as he had to contribute, which was something less than one thousand dollars. He returned to Boston the next morning, began at once to make arrangements for visiting Brown, and also, through Mr. Hayden, for raising recruits among the colored men of Boston and New Bedford. To effect this he placed money in Hayden's hands, some of which was to be laid out in raising recruits and paying for their outfit and traveling expenses until they should join Brown.¹ Other persons were associated with Hayden in this effort, and some of the money may have been furnished by them, or at least promised,—for no great amount was expended in this way.

On arriving at Chambersburg, about the 9th of October, Merriam went to an attorney there and had his will drawn, representing himself as a tourist on his way South, and fearful of accidents in his journey. He met Kagi and Brown at Chambersburg, and perhaps went with them to Philadelphia. During the week before the attack he was in Philadelphia and Baltimore purchasing military supplies, and on the Saturday before was a guest at the Wager House in Harper's Ferry. From there he was taken by one of Brown's sons to the Kennedy Farm, where, on Sunday morning, the plan of attack was explained to him, to the other new-comers, and to Edwin and Barclay Coppoc. The Provisional Constitution was read to these novices by Stevens, and the oath of fidelity and secrecy was administered by Captain Brown himself. On Sunday evening, Merriam received his orders from Brown like the rest; he was to remain with Owen Brown and Barclay Coppoc at the Kennedy Farm, and guard the arms left there until orders should come to

¹ It was probably in relation to this recruiting fund that Merriam sent to Hayden his telegraphic dispatch of October 15 from Harper's Ferry, which was published and excited remark soon after the capture of Brown. It was as follows: "Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$— immediately balance of my money. Allow no further expense. Recall money advanced if not spent."

It was surmised at the time that this indicated Merriam's dissatisfaction with the management of things by Brown and his men, but in fact it related to the raising and forwarding of recruits, who had not come along so fast as Merriam had anticipated. I have forgotten (if I ever knew) who was the "S—" named in the dispatch, but it was probably either Mr. Stearns or myself.

remove them either to the Ferry or to the school-house on the Maryland side, where the rifles and pistols were found on Friday. He therefore had no part in the fight. His adventures while escaping have been described by Owen Brown in *The Atlantic* for March, 1874, and a later incident in his career was also related in *The Atlantic* for July, 1872. He was preserved from death and imprisonment, and lived to render service in the Union army during the civil war, as did his companions Tidd and Coppoc. All three died in the service.¹

The actual force with which Captain Brown undertook his Virginia campaign consisted of twenty-three men, including himself; but four of these never crossed the Potomac, nor had they all been mustered together on the Kennedy Farm or elsewhere. Six of them (including *John Anderson*) were colored men, of whom three were fugitive slaves. In the following list those who did not cross the river are marked with an asterisk, and the names of the colored men are in italics. Of the whole number only one, Owen Brown, now survives. Ten of them were killed or died of their wounds in Virginia, seven were hanged, and six escaped. Six of the white men were members of the Brown family or connected with it by marriage, and five of these died in Virginia. The list is as follows: —

1. John Brown, commander-in-chief;
2. John Henry Kagi, adjutant, and second in command;
3. Aaron C. Stevens, captain;
4. Watson Brown, captain;
5. Oliver Brown, captain;
6. John E. Cook, captain;
7. Charles Plummer Tidd, captain;
8. William H. Leman, lieutenant;
9. Albert Hazlett, lieutenant;
10. Owen Brown,* lieutenant;
11. Jeremiah G. Anderson, lieutenant;

¹ Truth required me to say what has been written unfavorable to Merriam; but it should also be said that he was generous, brave, and devoted, qualities that far outweigh his defects of temperament and training. He played an important part, above his capacity at the time, but not above his aspirations. Peace and honor to his memory!

² I have added this name upon the information of Mr. Lewis Hayden, who declares that *John Anderson* was a different person from *Osborn Anderson*.

12. Edwin Coppoc, lieutenant;
13. William Thompson, lieutenant;
14. Daphin Thompson, lieutenant;
15. *Shields Green*;
16. *Dangerfield Newby*;
17. *John A. Copeland*;
18. *Osborn P. Anderson*;
19. *Lewis Leary*;
20. Stewart Taylor;
21. Barclay Coppoc;* 22. Francis Jackson Merriam;* 23. *John Anderson*.*²

It will at once be seen that this company was but the skeleton of an organization, which it was intended to fill up with recruits gathered from among the slaves and at the North; hence the great disproportion of officers to privates. According to the general orders issued by Brown, dated at Harper's Ferry, October 10, 1859, a week before his capture of the town, his forces were to be divided into battalions of four companies, which would contain, when full, seventy-two officers and men in each company, or two hundred and eighty-eight in the battalion. Provision was made for officering and arming the four companies of the first battalion, which, in the event of Brown's success, would have been filled up as quickly as possible. Each company was to be divided into "bands" of seven men, under a corporal, and every two "bands" made a "section" of sixteen men, under a sergeant. Until the companies were filled up, the commissioned officers seem to have been intended to act as corporals and sergeants in these bands and sections, and they did so during the engagement at the village and the operations in Maryland and Virginia.

Brown's first appearance in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of organizing his attack upon the place, was on the 30th of June, 1859, when he went down from Chambersburg in Pennsylvania to Hagerstown in Maryland, accompanied by his lieutenant An-

son; that he was the only one of the colored recruits from Massachusetts who reached the Potomac, but that he took no part in the fight, and returned to Boston, where he has since died. Perhaps the publication of this name may lead to further information concerning John Anderson. In ranking some of the band as lieutenants, I have followed an indistinct impression in my own mind, which may not prove to be correct.

derson. They spent the night at a tavern in Hagerstown, and there passed for Yankees going through the mountains to search for minerals. On the 3d of July Brown was at the Ferry with Anderson, and his sons Watson and Oliver, and they spent that night at a tavern in Sandy Hook, a hamlet on the Maryland side of the Potomac, about a mile below. On the 4th of July they went up the river road toward the house of Mr. John C. Unseld, a Maryland slave-holder, who lived in Washington County about a mile from the Ferry, on one of the mountain roads. Between eight and nine o'clock that morning, as Mr. Unseld was riding down to the Ferry, he met the party strolling along the edge of the mountain. Falling into conversation with them, in the country fashion, he learned that the old man was named Smith, that these were his sons, Watson and Oliver Smith, and that the shorter youth was named Anderson. "Well, gentlemen," said the Marylander, "I suppose you are out hunting minerals, gold and silver, perhaps." "No," said Brown, "we are out looking for land. We want to buy land; we have a little money, and want to make it go as far as we can. How much is land worth an acre, hereabouts?" Being told that it "ranged from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars in that neighborhood," he said, "That is high; I thought I could buy for a dollar or two an acre." "No," said the Marylander, "not here; if you expect to get land for that price, you'll have to go farther West, to Kansas, or some of those Territories where there is Congress land. Where are you from?" "The northern part of New York State." "What have you followed there?" "Farming," said Brown; but the frost had been so heavy of late years it had cut off their crops; they could not make anything there, so he had sold out, and thought they would come farther South and try it a while. Having thus satisfied a nat-

ural curiosity, Mr. Unseld rode on, and, as we may suppose, took his morning dram among his Virginia acquaintances. Returning, some hours afterward, he again met Mr. Smith and his young men not far from the same place. "I have been looking round your country up here," said he, "and it is a very fine country, — a pleasant place, a fine view. The land is much better than I expected to find it; your crops are pretty good." As he said this he pointed to where the men had been cutting grain, — some white men and some negroes at work in the fields, as the custom is there. For in Washington County there were few slaves even then, and most of the field work was done by whites or free colored men.¹ Brown then asked if any farm in the neighborhood was for sale. "Yes, there is a farm four miles up the road here, towards Boonsborough, owned by the heirs of Dr. Booth Kennedy; you can buy that." "Can I rent it?" said Brown; then turning to his companions he said, "I think we had better rent a while, until we get better acquainted, so that they cannot take advantage of us in the purchase of land." To this they appeared to assent, and Mr. Unseld then said, "Perhaps you can rent the Kennedy Farm; I do not know about that, but it is for sale, I know." Brown then turned again to his sons and said, "Boys, as you are not very well, you had better go back and tell the landlord at Sandy Hook that Oliver and I shall not be there to dinner, but will go on up and look at the Kennedy place; however, you can do as you please." Watson Brown looked at Anderson and then said, "We will go with you." "Well," said the friendly Marylander, "if you will go on with me up to my house, I can then point you the road exactly." Arrived there, he invited them to take dinner, for by this time it was nearly noon. They thanked him, but declined, nor would they accept an invitation to "drink

¹ In walking up the valley road to the Kennedy Farm last May, a distance of nearly five miles, I saw scarcely any negroes cultivating the farms, and but one colored woman who was at work out-doors; while I saw and talked with several white men plow-

ing or planting their own land. It was not very different from this in 1859, for, out of 31,000 inhabitants in Washington County then, only 1435 were slaves, while 1677 were free colored persons.

something." "Well," said Unseld, "if you must go on, just follow up this road along the foot of the mountain; it is shady and pleasant, and you will come out at a church up here about three miles. Then you can see the Kennedy house by looking from that church right up the road that leads to Boonsborough, or you can go right across and get into the county road, and follow that up." Brown sat and talked with Unseld for a while, who asked him "what he expected to follow, up yonder at Kennedy's," adding that Brown "could not more than make a living there." "Well," said Brown, "my business has been buying up fat cattle and driving them on to the State of New York, and we expect to engage in that again." Three days later, the genial Unseld, again jogging to or from the Ferry, again met the gray-bearded rustic, who said, "Well, I think that place will suit me; now just give me a description where I can find the widow Kennedy and the administrator," which Unseld did. A few days after, he once more met the new-comer, and found Mr. Smith had rented the two houses on the Kennedy Farm, — the farm-house, about three hundred yards from the public road on the west side, where, as Unseld thought, "it makes a very pretty show for a small house," and "the cabin," which stood about as far from the road on the east side, "hidden by shrubbery in the summer season, pretty much."¹ For the two houses, pasture for a cow and horse, and firewood, from July till March, Brown paid thirty-five dollars, as he took pains to tell Unseld, showing him the receipt of the widow Kennedy.

How was it possible to doubt or mistrust a plain Yankee farmer and cattle-drover who talked in that way, and had no concealments, no tricks, and no airs? Evidently the Marylander did not once mistrust him, though he rode up to the Kennedy Farm nearly every week from the middle of July till the first of October. "I just went up to talk to the old

man," said he to Senator Mason, when telling the story before the Senate Committee, "but sometimes, at the request of others, on business about selling him some horses or cows. He was in my yard frequently, perhaps four or five times. I would always ask him in, but he would never go in, and of course I would not go in his house. He often invited me in; indeed, nearly every time I went there he asked me to go in, and remarked to me frequently, 'We have no chairs for you to sit on, but we have trunks and boxes.' I declined going in, but sat on my horse and chatted with him." Before the 20th of July he saw there "two females," who were Martha, the wife of Oliver Brown, and Anne, the eldest unmarried sister of Oliver, then a girl of not quite sixteen years. "Twice I went there," says Unseld, "and found none of the men, but the two ladies, and I sat there on my horse — there was a high porch on the house, and I could sit there and chat with them — and then I rode off and left them. They told me there were none of the men at home, but did not tell me where they were. One time I went there and inquired for them, and one of the females answered me, 'They are across there at the cabin; you had better ride over and see them.' I replied it did not make any difference, and I would not bother them, and I rode back home."

I quote all this gossip because it pictures, as no description of mine could, the quiet and drowsiness of this woodland, primitive, easy-going, hard-living population, amid the hills and mountains of Maryland, where John Brown spent the last three months of his free life, and gathered his forces for the battle in which he fell. It is a region of home-keeping, honest, dull country people, like that which Tennyson has sketched:

"A land of trees and poppy-mingled corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook;
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
The same old rut would deepen, year by year."

And so completely did Brown make him-

cut, a thousand in number, were stored in the loft or attic of the farm-house, where Brown and his family lived.

¹ It was at this cabin, since torn down, that Brown kept his boxes of rifles and pistols, after they reached him from Ohio. The pikes from Connecti-

self one of its denizens, that he was accepted as part and parcel of it, even when plotting his most audacious strokes.

His wife did not visit him there, but his daughter and daughter-in-law — a bride of the year before, a widow, a mother, and in her grave with her infant beside her when the next winter's snows were falling — made his cabin cheerful, and softened with feminine tenderness and tact the rough features of their rustic life.

Osborn Anderson, who spent the last three weeks before the attack at the Kennedy Farm, has pictured the impression made upon him, one of the despised people of color, by the circle in which he found himself: "All the men concerned in the undertaking were on hand when I arrived, except Copeland, Leary, and Merriam; and when all had collected, a more earnest, fearless, and determined company of men it would be difficult to get together. There, as at Chatham, I saw evidence of strong and commanding intellect, high-toned morality, and inflexibility of purpose in the men, and a profound and holy reverence for God, united to the most comprehensive, practical, systematic philanthropy and undoubted bravery, in the patriarch leader. There was no milk-and-water sentimentality, no offensive contempt for the negro while working in his cause; the pulsations of each and every heart beat in harmony for the suffering and pleading slave. Every morning when the noble old man was at home, he called the family around, read from his Bible, and offered to God most fervent and touching supplications for all flesh. . . . I never heard John Brown pray, that he did not make strong appeals to God for the deliverance of the slave. This duty over, the men went to the loft [of the farm-house], there to remain all the day long. . . . We were, while the ladies remained, often relieved of much of the dullness growing out of restraint, by their kindness. We were well supplied with grapes, paw-paws, chestnuts, and

other small fruits, besides bouquets of fall flowers, through their thoughtful consideration."

Just before Captain Brown expected to begin his campaign, he sent back to their mother in the Adirondack wilderness his daughter and daughter-in-law, under the escort of his son Oliver, who accompanied them as far North as New York. The father soon sent after them this touching and most characteristic letter, which he then thought might be the last he should write to his wife and family. I think it has never before been printed.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., October 1, 1859.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN ALL, — I parted with Martha and Anne at Harrisburg, yesterday, in company with Oliver, on their way home. I trust, before this reaches you, the women will have arrived safe. I have encouragement of having fifty dollars or more sent you soon, to help you to get through the winter; and I shall certainly do *all* in my power for you, and try to commend you *always* to the God of my Fathers.

Perhaps you can keep your animals in good condition through the winter on Potatoes mostly, much cheaper than on any other feed. I think that would certainly be the case if the crop is good, and is secured *well* and *in time*.

I sent along four pair Blankets, with directions for Martha to have the first choice, and for Bell, Abbie, and Anne to cast lots for a choice in the three other pairs. My reason is that I think Martha fairly entitled to *particular notice*.¹

To my other daughters I can only send my blessing just now. Anne, I want you, *first of all*, to become a *sincere, humble, earnest, and consistent Christian*; and then acquire good and *efficient business habits*. Save this letter to remember your Father by, Annie.

You must all send to John hereafter anything you want should get to us, and you may be sure we shall all be very anxious to learn everything about your welfare. Read the *Tribune* carefully.

¹ Martha was the wife of Oliver, and was to be confined in March. Belle was the wife of Watson, and the sister of William and Dauphin Thomp-

son; Abbie was the wife of Salmon Brown, who stayed at home with his mother.

It may not always be certainly true, however. Begin *early* to take good care of all your animals, and pinch them at the close of the Winter, if you *must* at all.

God Almighty *bless* and *save* you all!
Your affectionate Husband and Father.

Soon after his return to the Kennedy Farm, Oliver Brown wrote this letter to his wife, from whom he had just parted for the last time. Before she received it he was dead, having been shot on the 17th of October.

HOME, October 9, 1859.

MY DEAR MARTHA, — Having opportunity to write you once more, I improve it, with the greatest pleasure to myself, and with the hope of pleasing you. I arrived here two days sooner than father and Watson. They have gone back once more. We are all well at present.

You can hardly think how I want to see you, or how lonesome it was the day I left you. That day I never shall forget. I passed some good resolutions on my way to New York. I mean to live up to them. Nothing else could strengthen me to do the right so much as the thought of you. It is when I look at your picture that I am wholly ashamed of my every meanness, weakness, and folly. I would not part with that picture for anything on earth — but the original. I have made a morocco case for it and carry it close around my body. I am more and more determined every day to live a more unselfish life.

Now, Martha, you can hardly conceive my great anxiety about you in your present situation, and you will certainly allow me to suggest some ideas to you for your own good. Let me ask you to try and keep up good, cheerful spirits. Take plenty of sleep and rest, plenty of out-door exercise. Bathe often. And, finally, do read good books, such as Parker's Sermons, and Combe's Constitution of Man. These books will do much to keep you from being lonesome. Finally, Martha, do try to enjoy yourself. Make the most of everything.

Remember your affectionate husband,

OLIVER BROWN.

The writer of this letter was not yet twenty-one. His next older brother, Watson, was just twenty-four, and had been married for three years to Isabel Thompson, whose brothers, William and Dauphin Thompson, like her husband and brother-in-law, were killed at Harper's Ferry. In letters to his wife at various dates from September 3d to October 14th, Watson Brown shows himself to have been the same tender and unselfish husband that Oliver was. He wrote thus: —

I received your letter of September 14th, the night the girls got home, which I was very glad to get. Oh, Bell, I do want to see you and the little fellow [the young babe born in the father's absence] very much, but I must wait. There was a slave near here whose wife was sold off South the other day, and he was found in Thomas Kennedy's orchard, dead, the next morning. Cannot come home so long as such things are done here. . . .

We are all eager for the work and confident of success. There was another murder committed near our place the other day, making in all five murders and one suicide within five miles of our place since we have lived there; they were all slaves, too. . . . Give my regards to all the friends, and keep up good courage; there is a better day a-coming. I can but commend you to yourself and your friends, if I should never see you again. Your affectionate husband,
WATSON BROWN.

His last letter was written on the 14th of October, but two days before the attack on Harper's Ferry was made. On that day (Friday) Watson Brown, waited at Chambersburg until it was late enough to escort the two latest recruits, John Copeland and Lewis Leary, from the Pennsylvania line, near Middletown, through Maryland to the Kennedy Farm, — a work which must always be, done by night, if the recruits were negroes. He reached the farm at daybreak on the 15th, bringing the two recruits and accompanied by Kagi. On the 16th he and his brothers, Oliver and

Owen, received their orders from Captain Brown for the night attack. Owen Brown, with Merriam and Barclay Coppoc, were to remain at the farm as a guard till morning, when, upon the arrival of horses and men from the Ferry, they were to move the arms by wagon-loads to an old school-house, now destroyed, about three miles from the Ferry, on the Maryland side. This place had been selected a few days before by Captain Brown, and it was in fact seized and held by Owen Brown during most of the 17th, while the fighting was going on across the Potomac. Watson Brown, with Stewart Taylor, was to hold the bridge across the Potomac, and Oliver Brown, with William Thompson, the bridge across the Shenandoah, a duty which they performed until the morning of the 17th, when the village of Harper's Ferry was fully in possession of Brown and his men. It was Watson Brown who stopped the train for Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, not long after midnight on the 16th. Both Watson and Oliver were with their father early in the afternoon of the 17th, when he repulsed the sharp attack of the Virginia militia, after intrenching himself in the engine-house, where he was captured on Tuesday morning, the 18th. Shortly before noon on Monday, Watson was sent out with a flag of truce, in company with Stevens and one of Brown's hostages, named Kitzmiller; was fired upon and severely wounded, but returned to his father, while Stevens was captured. At first he took shelter in that part of the engine-house known as "the watch-house," where most of Brown's prisoners were, but when the attack on the building began, he "asked for his rifle and moved in himself from the watch-house to the engine-house," as one of the hostages testified.

Edwin Coppoc, writing to Captain

Brown's wife from his cell in Charlestown a month afterward, said, "I was with your sons when they fell. Oliver lived but a very few moments after he was shot [during the charge of Monday afternoon]. He spoke no word, but yielded calmly to his fate. Watson was shot at ten o'clock on Monday morning and died about three o'clock on Wednesday morning. He suffered much. Though mortally wounded at ten o'clock, yet at three o'clock Monday afternoon he fought bravely against the men who charged on us. When the enemy were repulsed, and the excitement of the charge was over, he began to sink rapidly. After we were taken prisoners he was placed in the guard-house with me. He complained of the hardness of the bench on which he was lying. I begged hard for a bed for him, or even a blanket, but could obtain none. I took off my coat and placed it under him, and held his head in my lap, in which position he died without a groan or struggle."¹

I have digressed from the course of narration in order to complete the story of these two youths, fair examples as they were of the Brown family and of the men whom John Brown gathered about him. Of these men much might be written, but only a few of them can here be specially mentioned. John Henry Kagi, the second in command, was a native of Virginia, and a man of more education in books than most of the company; in Kansas he had been the correspondent of *The New York Evening Post* and other newspapers, as well as a follower of Brown in some of his boldest adventures. John E. Cook, a native of Connecticut (who lost caste among his comrades on account of his confession after capture, and the reproof which Brown addressed to him on the morning of his execution), was a man of less strictness of principle than most

¹ When a few months ago I visited Harper's Ferry, I found that it was not known there which of the bodies buried by the Shenandoah was that of Watson Brown, and which was Anderson's. Oliver Brown was not buried at all, but thrust roughly, after death, into a barrel, and carried away to the medical college in Winchester. It is said

that his body was there dissected and treated with insult. At any rate, an attempt made by their mother to obtain the bodies of her two sons, in December, 1859, for burial at North Elba, was unsuccessful. They have monuments at North Elba, near their father's, but their bodies do not lie beside his.

of his companions, but of great courage and skill in arms, — the best shot in the company, which was much to say, — and in many ways most useful to his captain. It was through Cook's acquaintance with the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, on the Virginia side especially, that Brown was enabled to seize and bring in so promptly the slave-holding farmers from their estates during the night and morning of the attack. Cook had previously visited the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, great-grandson of a brother of George Washington, and learned where to put his hand upon the sword of Frederick the Great and the pistols of Lafayette, presented by them to General Washington, and by him transmitted to his brother's descendants. With that instinctive sense of historical association which led Brown to make his first attack upon slavery in Virginia and amid the scenes of Washington's early life, this liberator of the slaves had determined to appear at their head wielding Washington's own sword, and followed by freedmen who had owed service in the Washington family. He therefore assigned to Stevens and to Cook, as their first duty after Harper's Ferry should be taken, to proceed to Colonel Washington's plantation of Bell-air, about four miles south of the Ferry, seize him, with his arms, set free his slaves, and bring him as a hostage to the captured town; and he even went so far as to direct that Osborn Anderson, a free black, should receive from Wash-

ington the weapons of his illustrious kinsman. The order was executed to the letter, and before daybreak on Monday morning Colonel Washington was a prisoner in the hands of Brown, who belted on the sword of Washington and wore it from that time until his own capture, twenty-four hours after. When Virginia awoke on that October morning, the haughty commonwealth, mother of presidents and of slaves, beheld a gray-bearded old man, wearing the sword of Washington, standing amid the broken fetters of Virginia slaves, with a town of three thousand Virginians, white and black, at his mercy. No wonder that people went wild with terror and rage at the spectacle.¹

It will be remembered that Brown crossed the Potomac with nineteen men; the slaves whom he released and armed were perhaps twelve or fifteen in all; but his effective force in Virginia never exceeded thirty at any one time, and there were never more than twenty of these together in one place, either for attack or for resistance. How much this small force was magnified by the fears and fancies of the slave-holders may be seen by the statements which appeared in *The Baltimore Patriot and American* on the 17th and 18th of October, 1859:

"We learn by telegraph from Frederick that a negro insurrection of a very serious nature had broken out at Harper's Ferry at ten o'clock Sunday night, the negroes being headed by some two hundred and fifty whites, supposed

¹ The interview between Brown and Colonel Washington (who was one of the military staff of the Governor of Virginia, and thence derived his title) is worth describing in the words of Washington himself. "We drove to the armory gate. The person on the front seat of the carriage said, 'All's well,' and the reply came from the sentinel at the gate, 'All's well.' Then the gates were opened, and I was driven in and was received by old Brown. He did not address me by name, but said, 'You will find a fire in here, sir; it is rather cool this morning.' Afterwards he came and said, 'I presume you are Mr. Washington. It is too dark to see to write at this time, but when it shall have cleared off a little and become lighter, if you have not pen and ink I will furnish them, and shall require you to write to some of your friends to send a stout, able-bodied negro. I think after a while, possibly, I shall be able to release you, but only on condition of getting your friends to send in a negro man as a ransom. I shall be very attentive to you, sir, for I

may get the worst of it in my first encounter, and if so, your life is worth as much as mine. My particular reason for taking you first was that, as an aid to the Governor of Virginia, I knew you would endeavor to perform your duty; and apart from that I wanted you particularly for the moral effect it would give our cause having one of your name as a prisoner.' I supposed at that time, from his actions, that his force was a large one; that he was very strong. Shortly after reaching the armory I found the sword of General Washington in old Brown's hands. He said, 'I will take especial care of it, and shall endeavor to return it to you after you are released.' Brown carried it in his hand all day Monday; when the attacking party came on, Tuesday morning, he laid it on the fire-engine, and after the rescue I got it." Colonel Washington survived the civil war, in which he took no part, but is now dead. His widow lives in Charlestown, and has sold this sword, with other mementos of Washington, to the State of New York.

to be abolitionists. The insurgents have taken possession of the United States arsenal, carried off a wagon-load of rifles, and sent them over into Maryland; they have also cut the telegraph wires east and west of the Ferry. . . . The leader of the party called himself S. C. Anderson, and had about two hundred men, all armed with minié rifles, spears, and pistols; he said he expected a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men by seven o'clock the next morning. The band appeared to be well drilled, and Captain Anderson had entire control, his men being very obedient to his orders. It is thought some hundred negroes were engaged in the insurrection. These banded ruffians act with great coolness in all their movements. No one of them was known about the Ferry, and where they came from none could tell. Captain Anderson is about sixty years of age, with a heavy white beard, cool, collected, but with a determined and desperate demeanor. . . . The baggage-master of the eastern-bound train was taken prisoner and carried to the armory, where he found six hundred negroes and from two to three hundred white men in arms. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town had deserted it. Almost all the leading people of Harper's Ferry are in jail, and several have been killed."

The simple facts were startling enough — all the more startling when the Virginians began to see with how small a force their territory had been invaded and their slaves set free. But much more impressive to the Southern imagination was the wild theory then and for some weeks generally prevalent in the slave States, that Brown was the emissary of an organization at the North which could raise and maintain an army, and which might excite insurrection at any other point as secretly and effectively as Brown had made his foray upon the county of Jefferson. At no time during the civil war, even when the na-

tional government was pouring soldiers into the South by hundreds of thousands and emancipating the slaves by millions, was there greater fear and commotion among the slave-holders than when they first learned of Brown's success at Harper's Ferry. How simply and in what a plain country fashion Brown made his foray ought to be related; since, like all he did, it was in keeping with his primitive and ideal character.

At the Kennedy farm-house, about eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 16th of October, — a cold and dark night, ending in rain, — Brown mustered his eighteen followers, saying, "Men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the Ferry." His horse and wagon were brought to the door of the farm-house, and some pikes, a sledge-hammer, and a crowbar were placed in the wagon. Brown "put on his old Kansas cap,"¹ mounted the wagon, and said, "Come, boys!" at the same time driving his horse down the rude lane into the main road. His men followed him on foot, two and two, Charles Plummer Tidd, a Maine farmer who had joined him in Kansas, and John E. Cook taking the lead. At a proper time they were sent forward in advance of the wagon to tear down the telegraph wires on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The other couples walked at some distance apart, and in silence, making no display of arms. Now and then some of them rode beside Brown. When overtaken by any one, the rear couple were to detain the stranger until the party had passed on or concealed themselves, and the same order was given if they were met by any one. The road was unfrequented that night, and they passed down through the woods to the bridge across the Potomac without delay or adventure. Upon entering the covered bridge, they halted and fastened their cartridge-boxes, with forty rounds of ammunition, outside their coats, and brought their rifles into view. Kagi

¹ This was a fur cap with a patent-leather visor, which had been bought for him in Chicago in December, 1856, as he came from Kansas to Massachusetts. He wore also a gray overcoat with a cape, a

soldier's overcoat which had seen equal service. No shepherd-king or peasant-captain ever went forth to war more plainly clad.

and Stevens were at this time at the head of the company, Tidd and Cook having tarried in Maryland to cut the wires. As they approached the Virginia side, the watchman who patrolled the bridge met them and was arrested by Kagi and Stevens, who took him with them to the armory gate, leaving Watson Brown and Stewart Taylor to guard the bridge. The rest of the company proceeded with Brown, in his wagon or on foot, to the armory gate, which was but a few rods from the Virginia end of the bridge. There they halted, at about half past ten o'clock, broke open the gate with the crowbar in the wagon, rushed inside the armory yard, and seized one of the two watchmen on duty. Brown himself, with two men, then mounted guard at the armory gate, and the other fourteen men were sent to different parts of the village. Oliver Brown and William Thompson occupied the bridge over the Shenandoah, and there arrested a few prisoners. Kagi, with John Copeland, went up the Shenandoah a half-mile or more to that part of the armory called "the rifle works," where he captured the watchmen, sent them to Brown, and occupied the buildings. Edwin Coppoc and Albert Hazlett went across the street from the armory gate and occupied the arsenal, which was not in the armory inclosure. All this was done quietly and without the snapping of a gun; and before midnight the whole village was in the possession of Brown and his eighteen men. He then dispatched Stevens, Cook, and others, six in all, on the turnpike towards Charlestown to bring in Colonel Washington and some of his neighbors, with their slaves. This was done before four o'clock in the morning, and then some of the same party went across into Maryland and brought in Terence Byrne, a small slave-holder, at whose house they had expected to find slaves, but did not. In the mean time, at 1.30 A. M., the railroad train from the West

¹ This failure to detain the train was one of Brown's mistakes; for had he kept the conductor and passengers at Harper's Ferry, much less would have been known about his movement. He could not break down the bridge, for then he would have

had reached Harper's Ferry, and a negro porter, who was crossing the bridge to find the missing watchman, was stopped by Watson Brown's guard. Turning to run back and refusing to halt, he was shot and mortally wounded by one of the bridge guard, which was now increased to three. This was the first shot fired on either side, and was three hours after the entrance of Brown into the village. Shots were fired in return by some of the railroad men, and then no more firing took place until after sunrise. Before sunrise the train had been allowed to go forward, Brown and one of his men walking across the bridge with the conductor of the train to satisfy him that all was safe, and that the bridge was not broken down.¹ The work of gathering up prisoners as hostages had also been pushed vigorously, and before noon Brown had more than twice the number of his own force imprisoned in the armory yard. None of his own men were killed or captured until ten or eleven o'clock on Monday morning, when Dangerfield Newby, the Virginia fugitive, was shot near the armory gate. Shortly afterward Stevens was wounded and captured, Watson Brown was wounded, and William Thompson was captured. For from nine o'clock (when the terrified citizens of Harper's Ferry found a few arms and mustered courage enough to use them) until night, the Virginians, armed and officered, had been surrounding Brown's position, and before noon had cut off his retreat into Maryland. During the four or five hours after daybreak when he might have escaped from the town, he was urged to do so by Kagi, by Stevens, and by others; but for one reason or another he delayed his movements until it was too late. For twelve hours he held the town at his mercy; after that he was firmly caught in the trap he had entered, and the defeat of his foray was only a question of a few hours' time. He drew back his shattered forces into

had no means of bringing his men and arms from the Maryland side over to Virginia; but he might have made the railroad temporarily impassable in some other way. This, however, was but a small mistake, and did not cause his ruin

the engine-house near the armory gate, soon after noon, but neither his men at the rifle works, nor those at the arsenal across the street, nor his son Owen, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, could join him. He fought bravely, and so did Kagi and his few men on the bank of the Shenandoah, but the latter were all killed or captured before the middle of the afternoon, and at evening, when Colonel Lee arrived from Washington with a company of United States marines, nothing was left of Brown's band except himself and six men, two of whom were wounded, in his weak fortress, and two unharmed and undiscovered men, Hazlett and Osborn Anderson, in the arsenal not far off. His enterprise had failed, and apparently through his own fault.

And here again the question rises, so often asked, and so variously answered, Why did Brown attack Harper's Ferry, or, having captured it, why did he not leave it at once and push on into the mountains of Virginia, according to his original plan? His own explanation is characteristic: it was foreordained to be so. "All our actions," he said to one who visited him in prison, "even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen ages before the world was made." He declared at the same time that had he betaken himself to the mountains, he could never have been captured, "for he and his men had studied the country carefully, and knew it a hundred times better than any of the inhabitants." He ascribed his ruin to his weakness in listening to the entreaties of his prisoners and delaying his departure from the captured town. "It was the first time," somebody reports him as saying, "that I ever lost command of myself, and now I am punished for it." But he soon began to see that this mistake was leading him to his most glorious success, a victory such as he might never have won in his own way. A month after his capture he wrote thus to his old school-master in Connecticut: "I have been a good deal disappointed, as it regards myself, in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entire-

ly reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably *have never overturned the house*. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very contrary to my better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes. But God's will, not mine, be done." Thus his thoughts took recourse, as often before, to the story and the fate of Samson, whose last victory over the enemies of Israel was more than paralleled by the short and defeated campaign of John Brown in Virginia.

The story of Brown's capture, of the slaughter of his men, of his own fearless bearing and heroic sayings during his captivity, and of his final martyrdom, "making the gallows glorious like the cross," — all this is too familiar to be told here. It has become a part of the world's history and literature, a new chapter added to the record of heroism and self-devotion, a new incident in the long romance which has been for three hundred years the history of Virginia. It was little to the honor of Virginia then; but so heavy has been the penalty since, visited on that State and her people, that we may omit all censure upon what was done. God has judged between them and John Brown, and his judgment, as always, will be found not only just but merciful, since it has removed from a brave and generous people the curse of human slavery. It was for this result, and this alone, that Brown plotted and fought, prayed and died, and even before his death he saw that his prayers would be answered.

Through his grandfather, a captain in the army of Washington in 1776, John Brown was related to Dr. Humphrey, once president of Amherst College, and to the Rev. Luther Humphrey. They were his cousins, and to the latter, not long before his execution, Brown wrote one of those remarkable letters which did so much, during his six weeks' imprisonment, to change the public opinion concerning him into that which now prevails.

His conversation with Senator Mason at Harper's Ferry and his speech to the court after his conviction are better known than this letter (which, indeed, has seldom been printed), but neither of them gives a nobler image of the "plain heroic magnitude of mind" with which he accepted his fate and explained his course of life. The letter also contains some touches of autobiography which add to its value. It is as follows:—

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA., }
19th November, 1859. }

REV. LUTHER HUMPHREY:

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your kind letter of the 12th instant is now before me. So far as my knowledge goes as to our mutual kindred, I suppose I am the first, since the landing of Peter Brown from the Mayflower, that has either been sentenced to imprisonment or to the gallows. But, my dear old friend, let not that fact alone grieve you. You cannot have forgotten how and where our grandfather [Captain John Brown] fell in 1776, and that he, too, might have perished on the scaffold, had circumstances been but a very little different. The fact that a man dies under the hand of an executioner (or otherwise) has but little to do with his true character, as I suppose. John Rogers perished at the stake, a great and good man, as I suppose; but his doing so does not prove that any other man who has died in the same way was good or otherwise.

Whether I have any reason to "be of a good cheer" (or not) in view of my end, I can assure you that I feel so; and I am totally blinded if I do not really experience that strengthening and consolation you so faithfully implore in my behalf. The God of our fathers reward your fidelity. I neither feel mortified, degraded, nor in the least ashamed of my imprisonment, my chain, or near prospect of death by hanging. I feel assured

"that not one hair shall fall from my head without the will of my heavenly Father." I also feel that I have long been endeavoring to hold exactly "such a fast as God has chosen." See the passage in Isaiah which you have quoted.¹ No part of my life has been more happily spent than that I have spent here, and I humbly trust that no part has been spent to better purpose. I would not say this boastingly; but "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through infinite grace."

I should be sixty years old, were I to live to May 9, 1860. I have enjoyed much of life as it is, and have been remarkably prosperous; having early learned to regard the welfare and prosperity of others as my own. I have never, since I can remember, required a great amount of sleep; so that I conclude that I have already enjoyed full an average number of working hours with those who reach their threescore years and ten. I have not yet been driven to the use of glasses, but can see to read and write quite comfortably. But more than that, I have generally enjoyed remarkably good health. I might go on to recount unnumbered and unmerited blessings, among which would be some very severe afflictions, — and those the most needed blessings of all. And now, when I think how easily I might be left to spoil all I have done or suffered in the cause of freedom, I hardly dare wish another voyage, even if I had the opportunity.

It is a long time since we met; but we shall come together in our Father's house, I trust. Let us hold fast that we already have, remembering we shall reap in due time, if we faint not. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. And now, my old, warm-hearted friend, good-by!

Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN BROWN.

¹ The reference here is to the familiar text in the fifty-eighth chapter of the prophet, who may be said to have foretold Brown as clearly as he predicted any event in Hebrew history: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to

thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? . . . Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. . . . Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The Repairer of the breach, The Restorer of paths to dwell in."

It will be fitting here to mention one phase of Brown's life in prison which is now seldom remembered: his constant testimony in words as well as by acts against American slavery. A few days before this letter to his cousin Humphrey he had written to another old friend, "I wish I could tell you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, clergymen among others. Christ, the great captain of liberty as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand (the sword of the Spirit); and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever he may send me." In explanation of this passage it is to be said that during Brown's imprisonment he was often visited by Virginian clergymen and itinerant preachers, desirous of praying with him and of converting him from his errors. One of these afterward said that when he offered to pray with Brown the old man asked if he was willing to fight, in case of need, for the freedom of the slaves. Receiving a negative reply, Brown then said, "I will thank you to leave me alone; your prayers would be an abomination to my God." To another he said that he "would not insult God by bowing down in prayer with any one who had the blood of the slave on his skirts." A Methodist preacher named March having argued to Brown in his cell in favor of slavery as "a Christian institution," his hearer grew impatient and replied, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity; you will have to learn its A, B, C; I find you quite ignorant of what the word Christianity means." Seeing that his visitor was disconcerted by such plain speaking, Brown added, "I respect you as a gentleman, of course; but it is as a *heathen* gentleman." To these interviews he

has alluded in some of his letters of that period, and to a lady who visited him in prison he said, "I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, — as I should, if I denied my principles against slavery. Why, I preach against it all the time; Captain Avis knows I do;" whereat his jailer smiled and said, "Yes."¹ A citizen of Charlestown, named Blessing, had dressed Brown's wounds while in prison, and had shown him other kind attentions, for which Brown, who was very scrupulous about acknowledging and returning favors, desired to make him some acknowledgment. On one of the last days of November, therefore, in the last week of his life, Brown sent for Mr. Blessing, and asked him to accept his pocket-Bible, as a token of gratitude. In this book, which was a cheap edition in small print, much worn by use, Brown had marked many hundred passages (bearing witness more or less directly against human slavery) by turning down the corner of a page and by heavy pencillings in the margin. On the fly-leaves he had written this:

To Jno. F. Blessing, of Charlestown, Va., with the best wishes of the undersigned, and his sincere thanks for many acts of kindness received. There is no commentary in the world so good, in order to a right understanding of this blessed book, as an honest, childlike, and teachable spirit. JOHN BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN, 29th November, 1859.

He had written his own name as owner of the book on the opposite page, and immediately following it was this inscription:—

"The leaves were turned down by him while in prison at Charlestown. But a small part of those passages which in the most positive language condemn oppression and violence are marked."

Except a codicil to his will, and a note to his wife inclosing it, the very last

¹ This jailer, John Avis, who had also been one of the Virginia militia that surrounded him in Harper's Ferry and made escape impossible, is still living in Charlestown, where I saw him last May, a hale old man of sixty and upward, who sat in his

shop with his young child on his knee, and talked with me of Brown's prison-life. He was a captain in the Confederate army during the civil war, and had a son in the same service

paper written by John Brown was this sentence, which he handed to one of his guards in the jail on the morning of his execution.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., December 2, 1859.

I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.

A week before this, Brown's friend and supporter in his Virginia campaign, Theodore Parker, had written from Rome, to Francis Jackson in Boston, the same declaration, to the truth of which the event has fully borne witness. "A few years ago," wrote Parker, on the 24th of November, 1859, "it did not seem difficult first to check slavery, and then to end it, without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of Humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain now that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish." So it happened, and not only the Pharaohs, but the leaders of the people perished. Standing on the battle-field at Gettysburg, just four years after the date of Brown's letter to Humphrey (November 19, 1863), Abra-

ham Lincoln pronounced that immortal eulogy on those who "gave their lives that the nation might live," in which he called upon his hearers to resolve "that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth," — echoing in this last period the very words of Parker, so often heard in prayer and sermon from his Boston pulpit. Not long afterward Lincoln himself fell, the last great victim in the struggle, as John Brown had been its first great martyr. Henceforth their names will be joined and their words will be remembered together, the speeches of the condemned convict at Charlestown and of the successful statesman at Gettysburg going down to posterity as the highest range of eloquence in our time. But those brave men whom Lincoln commemorated in his funeral oration went forth to battle at the call of a great people; they were sustained by the resources and by the ardor of millions. When I remember my old friend, lonely, poor, persecuted, making a stand with his handful of followers on the outpost of freedom, our own batteries trained upon him as the furious enemy swept him away in the storm of their vengeance, I see that history will exalt his fame above that of all the soldiers in the civil war.

F. B. Sanborn.

QUICK AND DEAD.

ONCE the wings of every bird
Lifted me; the songs I heard,
In my breast, full-hearted then,
Wakened answering songs again.

Now their wings, that skyward go,
Mock my want; their songs, below,
In my empty bosom, make
Only the dumb silence ache!

J. J. Piatt.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

V.

THE rapid river, gliding and rippling by its banks; the calm lake, lapping against the gently tilting boat; the translucent beauty of the liquid element itself, its shallows paved with a mosaic of smooth pebbles, and its depths with waving weeds, and its floating net-work of silver and golden lilies with their long lithe red stems and dark glossy leaves; the sweet and solemn presence of the woods and hills and meadows; the varying colors of the sky, and forms and motions of the clouds; the tender repetition of the shores on the glassy surface, returning all the beautiful picture with a magical charm added to every light and shadow, like the exquisite echo of enchanting sounds; the silence and solitude, — these are all influences whose powerful spell is felt rather than perceived by the angler, who, absorbed in his pursuit, hardly knows how divine a ministration he is receiving from everything that surrounds him.

I have said that we all more or less joined in my mother's fishing mania at Weybridge; but my sister, then a girl of about eleven years, never had any liking for it, which she attributed to the fact that my mother often employed her to bait the hook for her. My sister's "tender-hefted" nature was horribly disgusted and pained by this process, but my own belief is that had she inherited the propensity to catch fish, even that would not have destroyed it in her. I am not myself a cruel or hard-hearted woman (though I have the hunter's passion very strongly), and invariably baited my own hook, in spite of the disgust and horror I experienced at the wretched twining of the miserable worms round my fingers, and springing of the poor little live bait with its back pierced with a hook. But I have never allowed any one to do this office for me, because it seemed to me that to inflict such a task

on any one, because it was revolting to me, was not fair or sportsmanlike; and so I went on torturing my own bait and myself, too eagerly devoted to the sport to refrain from it, in spite of the price I condemned myself to pay for it. Moreover, if I have ever had female companions on my fishing excursions, I have invariably done this service for them, thinking the process too horrid for them to endure; and have often thought that if I were a man, nothing could induce me to marry a woman whom I had seen bait her own hook with anything more sensitive than paste. In following this pursuit I have more than once been led by my own sensations to the conviction that cruelty is quite as often a result of nervous irritability, not really altogether unallied to a sentiment of pity, as the consequence of cold-blooded insensibility. The sick feeling of hatred that my unfortunate victims excited in me, precisely because their struggles nearly drove me wild with a sense of my own barbarity, is, I am sure, the sort of horrible, nervous passion that has produced crimes that are generally pronounced peculiarly "cold-blooded."

I have said that I followed no systematic studies after I left school; but from that time began for me an epoch of indiscriminate, omnivorous reading, which lasted until I went upon the stage, when all my own occupations were necessarily given up for the exercise of my profession.

At this time my chief delight was in such German literature as translations enabled me to become acquainted with: La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Wieland's Oberon, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, were my principal studies, soon to be followed by the sort of foretaste of Jean Paul Richter that Mr. Carlyle's Sartor Resartus gave his readers; both matter and manner in that remarkable work bearing far more resemblance to the great German incomprehensible than to any-

thing in the English language, certainly not excepting Mr. Carlyle's own masterly articles in *The Edinburgh Review* on Burns, Elliott the Corn-Law Rhymers, etc. Besides reading every book that came within my reach, I now commenced the still more objectionable practice of scribbling verses without stint or stay; some, I suppose, in very bad Italian, and some, I am sure, in most indifferent English; but the necessity was on me, and perhaps an eruption of such rubbish was a safer process than keeping it in the mental system might have proved; and in the mean time this intellectual effervescence added immensely to the pleasure of my country life and my long, rambling walks in that wild, beautiful neighborhood.

I remember at this moment, by the bye, a curious companionship we had in those walks. A fine, big Newfoundland dog and small terrier were generally of the party, and, nothing daunted by their presence, an extremely tame and affectionate cat, who was a member of the family, invariably joined the procession, and would accompany us in our longest walks, trotting demurely along by herself, a little apart from the rest, though evidently considering herself a member of the party.

The dogs, fully occupied with each other and with discursive raids right and left of the road and parenthetical rushes in various directions for their own special delectation, would sometimes, returning to us at full gallop, tumble over poor puss and roll her unceremoniously down in their headlong career. She never, however, turned back for this, but, recovering her feet, with her back arched all but in two and every hair of her tail standing on end with insulted dignity, vented in a series of spittings and swearings her opinion of dogs in general and those dogs in particular, and then resumed her own decently demure gait and deportment; thanking Heaven, I have no doubt, in her cat's soul, that she was not that disgustingly violent and ill-mannered beast—a dog.

On one occasion our Newfoundland started a large hedgehog in a wood, and

anything drollier than the scene that ensued cannot be imagined. The poor prickly creature rolled itself at once into a ball, round which the great dog pranced madly, baying till the wood rang again, but quite unable to attack his bristling enemy, at which he made wild side-long snatches and snaps, mere demonstrations of his desire to seize hold of it, which he did not dare to do. The little terrier capered round and round, sniffing and whimpering and trembling all over, and standing first on one leg and then on the other with eager excitement; and meantime the cat, at a safe distance, sat herself solemnly down and surveyed their discomfiture with serene satisfaction. Montaigne suspected his cat of making game of him; I am sure that cat despised those dogs.

My brothers shared with us our fishing excursions and these walks, when at home from school; besides, I was promoted to their nobler companionship by occasionally acting as long-stop or short-stop (stop of some sort was undoubtedly my title) in insufficiently manned or boyed games of cricket: once, while nervously discharging this onerous duty, I received a blow on my instep from a cricket ball which I did not stop, that seemed to me a severe price for the honor of sharing my brothers' manly pastimes. A sport of theirs in which I joined with more satisfaction was pistol-shooting at a mark: I had not a quick eye, but a very steady hand, so that with a deliberate aim I contrived to hit the mark pretty frequently. I liked this quiet exercise of skill better than that dreadful watching and catching of cannon-balls at cricket; though the noise of the discharge of fire-arms was always rather trying to me, and I especially resented my pistol missing fire when I had braced my courage for the report. My brother John at this time possessed a rifle and a fowling-piece, with the use of both of which he endeavored to familiarize me; but the rifle I found insupportably heavy, and as for the other gun, it kicked so unmercifully, in consequence, I suppose, of my not holding it hard enough against my shoulder, the

first time I fired it, that I declined all further experiments with it, and reverted to the pretty little lady-like pocket pistols, which were the only fire-arms I ever used until one fine day some years later, when I was promoted to the honor of firing an American cannon on the practicing ground of the young gentlemen cadets of West Point.

While we retained our little cottage at Weybridge, the house of Oatlands, the former residence of the Duke of York and burial-place of the duchess's favorite dogs, whose cemetery was one of the "lions" of the garden, was purchased by a Mr. Hughes Ball, a young gentleman of very large fortune, who came down there and enlivened the neighborhood occasionally with his sporting prowesses, which consisted in walking out, attired in the very height of Bond Street dandyism, with two attendant game-keepers, one of whom carried and handed him his gun when he wished to fire it, the other receiving it from him after it had been discharged. This very luxurious mode of following his sport caused some sarcastic comment in the village, and our amusement was increased by my youngest brother's declaring that he always knew when this expert marksman was abroad, because he invariably missed aim with his first shot and had to fire his second barrel; Henry asserting that the quick double report was a certain indication of this exquisite sportsman's whereabouts.

This gentleman did not long retain possession of Oatlands, and it was let to the Earl of Ellesmere, then Lord Francis Egerton, with whom and Lady Francis we became acquainted soon after their taking it; an acquaintance which on my part grew into a strong and affectionate regard for both of them. They were excellent and highly accomplished, and, when first I knew them, two of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking persons I have ever seen.

Our happy Weybridge summers, which succeeded each other for three years, had but one incident of any importance for me — my catching the small-pox, which I had very severely. A slight eruption

from which my sister suffered was at first pronounced by our village *Æsculapius* to be chicken-pox, but presently assumed the more serious aspect of varioloid. My sister, like the rest of us, had been carefully vaccinated; but the fact was then by no means so generally understood as it now is, that the power of the vaccine dies out of the system by degrees, and requires renewing to insure safety. My mother, having lost her faith in vaccination, thought that a natural attack of varioloid was the best preservative from small-pox, and my sister having had her seasoning so mildly and without any bad result but a small scar on her long nose, I was sent for from London, where I was, with the hope that I should take the same light form of the malady from her; but the difference of our age and constitution was not taken into consideration, and I caught the disease, indeed, but as nearly as possible died of it, and have remained disfigured by it all my life.

Whether my previous vaccination had any influence in saving my life, I do not know, but I suffered horribly; and having a rather melancholy misgiving as to the probable result on my "personal appearance," I had a hand-glass on my bed and frequently, at the height of my malady, contemplating my hideously swollen and discolored countenance, comforted myself with the philosophical reflection that, let my aspect be what it would, if I survived, I never should be the repulsive object which the glass then presented to me. I was but little over sixteen, and had returned from school a very pretty-looking girl, with fine eyes, teeth, and hair, a clear vivid complexion, and rather good features. The small-pox did not affect my three advantages first named, but, besides marking my face very perceptibly, it rendered my complexion thick and muddy and my features heavy and coarse, leaving me so moderate a share of good looks as quite to warrant my mother's satisfaction in saying, when I went on the stage, "Well, my dear, they can't say we have brought you out to exhibit your beauty." Plain I certainly was, but I by no means always

looked so; and so great was the variation in my appearance at different times, that my comical old friend, Mrs. Fitzhugh, once exclaimed, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in London!" And I am sure if a collection were made of the numerous portraits that have been taken of me, nobody would ever guess any two of them to be likenesses of the same person.

The effect of natural small-pox on the skin and features varies extremely in different individuals, I suppose, according to their constitution. My mother and her brother had the disease at the same time, and with extreme violence; he retained his beautiful bright complexion and smooth skin and handsome features; my mother was deeply pitted all over her face, though the fine outline of her nose and mouth was not injured in the slightest degree; while with me, the process appeared to be one of general thickening or blurring both of form and color. Terrified by this result of her unfortunate experiment, my poor mother had my brothers immediately vaccinated, and thus saved them from the infection which they could hardly have escaped, and preserved the beauty of my youngest brother, which then and for several years after was very remarkable; so much so as to suggest to us on one occasion the trick of dressing him in women's clothes and introducing him to a very great friend of my mother's, who was intimate with us all and knew Henry almost as well as her own sons, but failed entirely to recognize him in his female disguise until, upon my mother's requesting him to sing in order to end the joke, he burst forth with a favorite slang song of the day:—

"Oh cruel vos my parients
As druv my love from me!
And cruel vos the press gang
As sent him off to sea!"

when Mrs. Fitzgerald's illusion was dispelled as to the "lovely young creature" we had presented to her as rather unsettled in her mind; a description rendered desirable by the ungainly and slightly unfeminine gestures, postures,

and general demeanor of my brother, whose face, partially screened by a white bonnet and lace veil, might certainly have passed for that of a beautiful woman, but whose carriage and person had a school-boy *disinvoltura* that greatly amazed our friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and severely tested our self-command. That Mrs. Fitzgerald is among the most vivid memories of my girlish days. She and her husband were kind and intimate friends of my father and mother. He was a most amiable and genial Irish gentleman, with considerable property in Ireland and Suffolk, and a fine house in Portland Place, and had married his cousin, a very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman. I remember she always wore a bracelet of his hair, on the massive clasp of which were engraved the words, "*Stesso sangue, stessa sorte.*" I also remember, as a feature of sundry dinners at their house, the first gold dessert service and table ornaments that I ever saw, the magnificence of which made a great impression upon me; though I also remember their being replaced, upon Mrs. Fitzgerald's wearying of them, by a set of ground glass and dead and burnished silver, so exquisite that the splendid gold service was pronounced infinitely less tasteful and beautiful. One member of her family—her son Edward Fitzgerald—has remained my friend till this day: his parents and mine are dead; of his brothers and sisters I retain no knowledge; but with him I still keep up an affectionate and to me most valuable and interesting correspondence. He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure or literary labors of love of singular excellence, which he never cared to

publish beyond the circle of his intimate friends: Euphranor, Polonius, collections of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest, raciest English; noble translations, or rather, free adaptations, of Calderon's two finest dramas, *The Wonderful Magician* and *Life's a Dream*, and a splendid paraphrase of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation, or adaptation (how much more of it is his own than the author's I should like to know, if I were Irish), of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia. Archbishop Trench, in his volume on the life and genius of Calderon, frequently refers to Mr. Fitzgerald's translations, and himself gives a version of *Life's a Dream*, the excellence of which falls short, however, of his friend's finer dramatic poem bearing the same name, though he has gallantly attacked the difficulty of rendering the Spanish in English verse. While these were Edward Fitzgerald's studies and pursuits, he led a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the companionship of the rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He lived with them in the most friendly intimacy, helping them in their sea ventures, and cruising about with one, an especially fine sample of his sort, in a small fishing-smack which Edward Fitzgerald's bounty had set afloat, and in which the translator of Calderon and Æschylus passed his time, better pleased with the fellowship and intercourse of the captain and crew of his small fishing craft than with that of more educated and sophisticated humanity. He and his brothers were school-fellows of my eldest brother, under Dr. Malkin, the master of the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds; and at this time we always saw Dr. and Mrs. Malkin when they visited London, and I was indebted to the doctor for a great deal of extremely kind interest

which he took in my mental development and cultivation.

He suggested books for my reading, and set me, as a useful exercise, to translate Sismondi's fine historical work, *Les Républiques Italiennes*, which he wished me to abridge for publication. I was not a little proud of Dr. Malkin's notice and advice; he was my brother's schoolmaster, an object of respectful admiration, and a kind and condescending friend to me.

He was a hearty, genial man, of portly person and fine, intelligent, handsome face; active and energetic in his habits and movements in spite of a slight lameness, which I remember he accounted for to me in the following manner. He was very intimate with Miss O'Neil before she left the stage and became Lady Beecher. While dancing with her in a country-dance one evening at her house, she exclaimed, on hearing a sudden sonorous twang, "Dear me! there is one of the chords of my harp snapped." "Indeed it is not," replied Dr. Malkin, "it is my tendo Achillis which has snapped," and so it was; and from that time he always remained lame.

Mrs. Malkin was a more uncommon person than her husband; the strength of her character and sweetness of her disposition were alike admirable, and the bright vivacity of her countenance and singular grace and dignity of her person must be a pleasant memory in the minds of all who, like myself, knew her while she was yet in the middle bloom of life.

Indeed, the slender, upright, elastic figure and youthful lightness of step and carriage, which she retained long after white hairs and deepened lines had stamped her face with the appearance of age, often reminded me of the story of a charming old lady similarly endowed, to whom one of her granddaughters, seeing her preparing to go out one evening, said, "Grandmamma, your figure is so slender and your foot so light that you will be run away with if you go out alone." "Only to the next gas lamp, my dear," replied the pleasant old woman.

Dr. and Mrs. Malkin's sons were my brother's school and college mates; one of them alone remains, and is still my dear and attached friend. They were all men of ability, and good scholars, as became their father's sons. Sir Benjamin, the eldest, achieved eminence as a lawyer and became an Indian judge; and the others would undoubtedly have risen to distinction but for the early death that carried off Frederick and Charles, and the hesitation of speech which closed almost all public careers to my friend Arthur.

He was a prominent and able contributor to the Library of Useful Knowledge, and furnished a great part of the first of a whole generation of delightful publications, Murray's Hand-Book for Switzerland.

One of the earliest of Alpine explorers, Arthur Malkin mounted to those icy battlements which have since been scaled by a whole army of besiegers, and planted the banner of English courage and enterprise on "peaks, passes, and glaciers" which, when he first climbed the shining summits of the Alps, were all but *terra incognita* to his countrymen.

The valley of Zermatt (young Chamouni, as it has been called), now every summer brimming over with cockney and Yankee aspirants to death upon the Matterhorn, was familiar to him when M. Seiler's two grand establishments were one small and modest house, when the Riffell Hotel was not, and when the snows of the Théodule Glacier, now trampled by yearly hordes of unadventurous male and female pedestrians, were traversed for the first time by English ladies under the guidance of their husbands, Arthur Malkin and Edward Romilly, — if, indeed, the daughter of Mrs. Marcet does not claim a Swiss woman's footing on the Alps.

There is nothing more familiar to the traveling and reading British public nowadays than Alpine adventures and their records; but when my friend first conquered the passes between Evolena and Zermatt (still one of the least overrun mountain regions of Switzerland), their

sublime solitudes were awful with the mystery of unexplored loneliness. Now, professors climb up them, and artists slide down them, and they are photographed with "members" straddling over their dire crevasses, or cutting capers on their scornful summits, or turning somersaults down their infinite precipices. The air of the high Alps was inhaled by few Englishmen before Arthur Malkin; one cannot help thinking that now, even on the top of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa, it must have lost some of its freshness.

I have said that all Dr. Malkin's sons were men of more than average ability; but one, who never lived to be a man, "died a most rare boy" of about six years, fully justifying by his extraordinary precocity and singular endowments the tribute which his bereaved father paid his memory in a modest and touching record of his brief and remarkable existence.

A curious instance of the ignorance of their contemporaries in which people may live, when moving in entirely different spheres of society, was elicited by this memoir falling accidentally into the hands of a writer who, perfectly unacquainted with the very well-known name of the master of Bury school, made the biography of his son the text for an article in a periodical, in which "a certain Dr. Malkin" (apparently a very uncertain Dr. Malkin, the obscure medical practitioner of some remote provincial village, most likely, in the author's imagination) was accused of something very like infanticide in his cruel forcing of his child's precocious brain, as deduced from a "pamphlet picked up at a book-stall, and setting forth the life and death of one little Thomas Malkin, by his father." Not a little pain was caused by this ignorant publication to the surviving brother of the wonderful child; and not a little indignation felt by some of the distinguished men who had been his father's pupils, whose families, as well as themselves, retained affectionate and respectful recollections of the master of the Romillys, William Donne, James Spedding, John Kemble,

and other men of mark in the literary world.

It is no small drawback to all the advantages of our widely spread intellectual culture, over which, no doubt, our periodical publications exercise a great influence, that the fertilizing stream they are mainly instrumental in spreading over so vast an extent is necessarily so shallow. Everything and anything is snatched at, picked up, or pulled down as "article matter" by writers as they run, for readers as *they* run. Dr. Arnold deprecated reading in morsels, and adjured his pupils to eschew it, — even exhorting them to heroic abstinence from Dickens's stories till they came out in book form. But since his day mountains of morsels are periodically provided for the omnivorous public. We have magazines for both sexes, all ages, and every class; everybody writes as well (let it be taken in both senses) as everybody reads; and the mass of literature (one feels inclined to cut off the last two syllables of the word) seems to threaten the absorption of the reading by the writing faculty. The whole world is electro-plated with cheap and hasty half-knowledge; sometimes, as in the instance of the article on the memoir of Thomas Malkin, it is cheap and hasty ignorance.

My Parisian education appeared, at this time, to have failed signally in the one especial result that might have been expected from it: all my French dancing lessons had not given me a good deportment nor taught me to hold myself upright. I stooped, slouched, and poked, stood with one hip up and one shoulder down, and exhibited an altogether disgracefully ungraceful carriage which greatly afflicted my parents. In order that I might "bear my body more seemly," various were the methods resorted to; among others, a hideous engine of torture of the backboard species, made of steel covered with red morocco, which consisted of a flat piece placed on my back and strapped down to my waist with a belt, and secured at the top by two epaulettes strapped over my shoulders. From the middle of this there rose a steel rod or spine,

with a steel collar which encircled my throat and fastened behind. This, it was hoped, would eventually put my shoulders down and my head up, and in the mean time I had the appearance of a young woman walking about in a portable pillory. The ease and grace which this horrible machine was expected to impart to my figure and movements were, however, hardly perceptible after considerable endurance of torture on my part, and to my ineffable joy it was taken off (my harness, as I used to call it, and no knight of old ever threw off his iron shell with more satisfaction), and I was placed under the tuition of a sergeant of the Royal Foot Guards, who undertook to make young ladies carry themselves and walk well, and not exactly like grenadiers either. This warrior, having duly put me through a number of elementary exercises, such as we see the awkward squads on parade grounds daily drilled in, took leave of me with the verdict that I "was fit to march before the Duke of York," then commander of the forces; and, thanks to his instructions, I remained endowed with a flat back, well-placed shoulders, an erect head, upright carriage, and resolute step.

I think my education had come nearly to a stand-still at this period, for, with the exception of these physical exercises and certain hours of piano-forte practicing and singing lessons, I was left very much to the irregular and unsystematic reading which I selected for myself. I had a good contralto voice, which my mother was very desirous of cultivating, but I think my progress was really retarded by the excessive impatience with which her excellent ear endured my unsuccessful musical attempts. I used to practice in her sitting-room, and I think I sang out of tune and played false chords oftener, from sheer apprehension of her agonized exclamations, than I should have done under the supervision of a less sensitively organized person. I remember my sister's voice and musical acquirements first becoming remarkable at this time, and giving promise of her future artistic excellence. I rec-

ollect a ballad from a Mexican opera by Bishop, called Cortez, "Oh there's a Mountain Palm," which she sang with a clear, high, sweet, true little voice and touching expression, full of pathos, in which I used to take great delight.

The nervous terror which I experienced when singing or playing before my mother was carried to a climax when I was occasionally called upon to accompany the vocal performances of our friendly acquaintance, James Smith (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*). He was famous for his humorous songs and his own capital rendering of them, but the anguish I endured in accompanying him made those comical performances of his absolutely tragical to me; the more so that he had a lion-like cast of countenance, with square jaws and rather staring eyes; but perhaps he appeared so stern-visaged only to me: while he sang, everybody laughed, but I perspired coldly and felt ready to cry, and so have but a lugubrious impression of some of the most amusing productions of that description, heard to the very best advantage (if I could have listened to them at all) as executed by their author.

Among our most intimate friends, at this time, were my cousin Horace Twiss and his wife. I have been reminded of him in speaking of James Smith, because he had a good deal of the same kind of humor, not unmixed with a vein of sentiment, and I remember his songs, which he sang with great spirit and expression, with the more pleasure that he never required me to accompany them. One New Year's Eve that he spent with us, just before going away he sang charmingly some lines he had composed in the course of the evening, the graceful turn of which, as well as the feeling with which he sang them, were worthy of Moore. I remember only the burthen:—

"Oh, come! one genial hour improve,
And fill one measure duly;
▲ health to those we truly love,
And those who love us truly!"

And this stanza:—

"To-day has waved its parting wings,
To join the days before it,

And as for what the morning brings,
The morning's mist hangs o'er it."

It was delightful to hear him and my mother talk together, and their disputes, though frequent, seemed generally extremely amicable, and as diverting to themselves as to us. On one occasion he ended their discussion (as to whether some lady of their acquaintance had or had not gone somewhere) by a vehement declaration which passed into a proverb in our house: "Yes, yes, she did; for a woman will go anywhere, at any time, with anybody, to see anything,—especially in a gig." Those were days in which a gig was a vehicle the existence of which was not only recognized in civilized society, but supposed to confer a diploma of "gentility" upon its possessor; when a witness in a court of justice, called upon to define his notion of a respectable person, replied, "Well, my lord, I should say a person who keeps a gig."

Horace Twiss was one of the readiest and most amusing talkers in the world, and when he began to make his way in London society, which he eventually did very successfully, ill-natured persons considered his first step in the right direction to have been a repartee made in the crush-room of the opera, while standing close to Lady L——, who was waiting for her carriage. A man he was with saying, "Look at that fat Lady L——; is n't she like a great white cabbage?" "Yes," answered Horace, in a discreetly loud tone, "she is like one, all heart, I believe." The white-heart cabbage turned affably to the rising barrister, begged him to see to her carriage, and gave him the *entrée* of H—— house. Lord Clarendon subsequently put him in parliament for his borough of Wootton-Basset, and for a short time he formed part of the ministry, holding one of the under-secretaryships. He was clever, amiable, and good-tempered, and had every qualification for success in society.

He had married a Miss Searle, one of his mother's pupils at the fashionable Bath boarding-school, the living image of Scott's Fenella, the smallest woman that

I have ever seen, with fairy feet and tiny hands, the extraordinary power of which was like that of a steel talon. On one occasion, when Horace Twiss happened to mention that his bright little spark of a wife sat working in his library by him, while he was engaged with his law or business papers, my mother suggested that her conversation must disturb him. "Oh, she does n't talk," said he, "but I like to hear the scissors fall," a pretty conjugal reply, that left a pleasant image in my mind. His only child by her, a daughter, married first Mr. Bacon, then editor of the Times, and, after his death, John Deane, who succeeded him in that office and still holds it; so that her father said "she took the Times and Supplement." It was principally owing to the suggestion and assistance of Horace Twiss that the Times first adopted the excellent practice, which it has pursued ever since, of presenting the public with an abridged report or summary of the debates; so that those who have not time or inclination to read the parliamentary proceedings *in extenso* can have a sufficient knowledge of all the principal subjects of discussion, and the speakers who occupied the attention of the house, on easier terms.

About this time I began to be aware of the ominous distresses and disturbances connected with the affairs of the theatre, that were to continue and increase until the miserable subject became literally the sauce to our daily bread; embittering my father's life with incessant care and harassing vexation; and of the haunting apprehension of that ruin which threatened us for years, and which his most strenuous efforts only delayed, without averting it.

The proprietors were engaged in a lawsuit with each other, and finally one of them threw the whole concern into chancery; and for years that dreary chancery suit seemed to envelop us in an atmosphere of palpitating suspense or stagnant uncertainty, and to enter as an inevitable element into every hope, fear, expectation, resolution, event, or action of our lives.

How unutterably heart-sick I became of the very sound of its name, and how well I remember the expression on my father's careworn face, one day, as he turned back from the door, out of which he was going to his daily drudgery at the theatre, to say to my aunt, who had reproached him with the loss of a button from his rather shabby coat, "Ah, Dall, my dear, you see it is my chancery suit!"

Lord Eldon, Sir John Leach, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham were the successive chancellors before whom the case was heard; the latter was a friend of my family, and on one occasion my father took me to the House of Lords to hear the proceedings. We were shown into the chancellor's room, where he indeed was not, but where his huge official wig was perched upon a block; the temptation was irresistible, and for half a minute I had the awful and ponderous periwig on my pate. I do not know whether I hoped that brains were catching, but I recollect when I was seated in a sort of private box on the floor of the house, whence I beheld the august head of English jurisprudence throned on the woollack, that I was seized with an irresistibly ludicrous fancy that some property I had communicated to his wig might perhaps be the cause of the indescribably queer twitches and contortions of his ugly visage, the effect of which seemed to me calculated to confound the senses of the counsel arguing before him. (Lord Brougham had some species of nervous spasmodic affection, that every now and then twisted his features like a touch of St. Vitus's dance.) Lord Lyndhurst coming in at one time during the proceedings, I had an opportunity of contrasting the noble, lion-like massiveness of his face, and the stern dignity of its expression, with the grotesque outline and movements of his extraordinarily versatile, active, and powerful-minded rival's.

While we were still living in Soho Square our house was robbed; or rather, my father's writing-desk was broken open, and sixty sovereigns taken from it, — a sum that he could very hardly

spare. He had been at the theatre, acting, and my mother had spent the evening at some friend's house, and the next morning, great was the consternation of the family on finding what had happened. The dining-room sideboard and *cellarette* had been opened, and wine and glasses put on the table, as if our robbers had drank our good health for the success of their attempt.

A Bow Street officer was sent for; I remember his portly and imposing aspect very well; his name was Salmon, and he was a famous member of his fraternity. He questioned my mother as to the honesty of our servants; we had but three, a cook, house-maid, and footman, and for all of these my mother answered unhesitatingly; and yet the expert assured her that very few houses were robbed without connivance from within.

The servants were had up and questioned, and the cook related how, coming down first thing in the morning, she had found a certain back scullery window open, and, alarmed by that, had examined the lower rooms and found the dining-room table set out with the decanters and glasses. Having heard her story, the officer as soon as she left the room asked my mother if anything else besides the money had been taken, and if any quantity of the wine had been drank. She said, "No," and with regard to the last inquiry she supposed, as the cook had suggested when the decanters were examined, that the thieves had probably been disturbed by some alarm, and had not had time to drink much.

Mr. Salmon then requested to look at the kitchen premises; the cook officiously led the way to the scullery window, which was still open, "just as she found it," she said, and proceeded to explain how the robbers must have got over the wall of a court which ran at the back of the house. When she had ended her demonstrations and returned to the kitchen, Salmon, who had listened silently to her story of the case, detained my mother for an instant, and rapidly passed his hand over the outside window-

sill, bringing away a thick layer of undisturbed dust, which the passage of anybody through the window must infallibly have swept off. Satisfied at once of the total falsehood of the cook's hypothesis, he told my mother that he had no doubt at all that she was a party to the robbery, that the scullery window and dining-room drinking scene were alike mere blinds, and that in all probability she had let into the house whoever had broken open the desk, or else forced it herself, having acquired by some means a knowledge of the money it contained; adding that in the very few words of interrogatory which had passed between him and the servants, in my mother's presence, he had felt quite sure that the house-maid and man were innocent; but had immediately detected something in the cook's manner that seemed to him suspicious. What a fine tact of guilt these detectives acquire in their immense experience of it! The cook was not prosecuted, but dismissed, the money, of course, not being recoverable; it was fortunate that neither she nor her honest friends had any suspicion of the contents of three boxes lying in the drawing-room at this very time. They were large, black, leather cases, containing a silver helmet, shield, and sword, of antique Roman pattern and beautiful workmanship,—a public tribute bestowed upon my uncle and left by him to my father; they have since become an ornamental trophy in my sister's house. They were then about to be sent for safe keeping to Coutts's bank, and in the mean time lay close to the desk that had been rifled of a more portable but far less valuable booty.

Upon my uncle John's death, his widow had returned to England and fixed her residence at a charming place called Heath Farm, in Hertfordshire. Lord Essex had been an attached friend of my uncle's, and offered this home on his property to Mrs. Kemble when she came to England, after her long sojourn abroad with my uncle, who, as I have mentioned, spent the last years of his life, and died, at Lausanne. Mrs. Kemble invited my mother to come and see

her soon after she settled in Hertfordshire, and I accompanied her thither. Cashiobury Park thus became familiar ground to me, and remains endeared to my recollection for its own beauty, for the delightful days I passed rambling about it, and for the beginning of that love bestowed upon my whole life by H—— S——. Heath Farm was a pretty house, at once rural, comfortable, and elegant, with a fine farm-yard adjoining it, a sort of cross between a farm and a manor house; it was on the edge of the Cashiobury estate, within which it stood, looking on one side over its lawn and flower-garden to the grassy slopes and fine trees of the park, and on the other, across a road which divided the two properties, to Lord Clarendon's place, the Grove. It had been the residence of Lady Monson before her (second) marriage to Lord Warwick. Close to it was a pretty cottage, also in the park, where lived an old Miss M——, often visited by a young kinswoman of hers, who became another of my lifelong friends. T—— B——, Miss M——'s niece, was then a beautiful young woman, whose singularly fine face and sweet and spirited expression bore a strong resemblance to two eminently handsome people, my father and Mademoiselle Mars. She and I soon became intimate companions, though she was several years my senior. We used to take long rambles together, and vaguely among my indistinct recollections of her aunt's cottage and the pretty woodland round it, mix sundry flying visions of a light, youthful figure, that of Lord M——, then hardly more than a lad, who seemed to haunt the path of his cousin, my handsome friend, and one evening caused us both a sudden panic by springing out of a thicket on us, in the costume of a Harlequin. Some years after this, when I was about to leave England for America, I went to take leave of T—— B——. She was to be married the next day to Lord M——, and was sitting with his mother, Lady W——, and on a table near her lay a set of jewels, as peculiar as they were magnificent, consisting of splendid large opals set in diamonds,

black enamel, and gold. To return to our Cashiobury walks: T—— B—— and I used often to go together to visit ladies (Mrs. Grey and her sister, Miss Shireff) the garden round whose cottage overflowed in every direction with a particular kind of white and maroon pink, the powerful, spicy odor of which comes to me like a warm whiff of summer sweetness, across all these intervening fifty years. Another favorite haunt of ours was a cottage (not of gentility) inhabited by an old man of the name of Foster, who, hale and hearty and cheerful in extreme old age, was always delighted to see us, used to give us choice flowers and fruit out of his tiny garden, and make me sit and sing to him by the half-hour together in his honeysuckle-covered porch. After my first visit to Heath Farm, some time elapsed before we went thither again. On the occasion of our second visit, Mrs. Siddons and my cousin Cecilia were also Mrs. Kemble's guests, and a lady of the name of H—— S——. She had been intimate from her childhood in my uncle Kemble's house, and retained an enthusiastic love for his memory and an affectionate kindness for his widow, whom she was now visiting on her return to England. And so I here first knew the dearest friend I have ever known. The device of her family is "*Haut et Bon*:" it was her description. She was about thirty years old when I first met her at Heath Farm; tall and thin, her figure wanted roundness and grace, but it was straight as a dart, and the vigorous, elastic, active movements of her limbs and firm, fleet, springing step of her beautifully made feet and ankles gave to her whole person and deportment a character like that of the fabled Atalanta or the huntress Diana herself. Her forehead and eyes were beautiful. The broad, white, pure expanse surrounded with thick, short, clustering curls of chestnut hair, and the clear, limpid, bright, tender gray eyes that always looked radiant with light and seemed to reflect radiance wherever they turned, were the eyes and forehead of Aurora. The rest of her features were not hand-

some, though her mouth was full of sensibility and sweetness, and her teeth were the most perfect I ever saw. She was eccentric in many things, but in nothing more so than the fashion of her dress, especially the coverings she provided for her extremities, her hat and boots. The latter were not positively masculine articles, but were nevertheless made by a man's boot-maker, and there was only one place in London where they could be made sufficiently ugly to suit her; and infinite were the pains she took to procure the heavy, thick, cumbrous, misshapen things that as much as possible concealed and disfigured her finely turned ankles and high, arched, Norman instep. Indeed, her whole attire, peculiar—and very ugly, I thought it—as it was, was so by malice prepense on her part. And whereas the general result would have suggested a total disregard of the vanities of dress, no Quaker coquette was ever more jealous of the peculiar texture of the fabrics she wore, or of the fashion in which they were made. She wore no colors, black and gray being the only shades I ever saw her in; and her dress, bare and bald of every ornament, was literally only a covering for her body; but it was difficult to find cashmere fine enough for her scanty skirts, or cloth perfect enough for her short spencers, or lawn clear and exquisite enough for her curious collars and cuffs of immaculate freshness.

I remember a similar peculiarity of dress in a person in all other respects the very antipodes of my friend H—. My mother took me once to visit a certain Miss W—, daughter of a Stafford banker, her very dear friend, and the godmother from whom I took my second name of Anne.

This lady inhabited a quaint, picturesque house in the oldest part of the town of Stafford. Well do I remember its oak-wainscoted and oak-paneled chambers, and the fine old oak staircase that led from the hall to the upper rooms; also the extraordinary abundance and delicacy of our meals, particularly the old-fashioned nine o'clock supper, about

every item of which, it seemed to me, more was said and thought than about any food of which I ever before or since partook. It was in this homely palace of good cheer that a saying originated, which passed into a proverb with us, expressive of a rather *unnice* indulgence of appetite.

One of the ladies, going out one day, called back to the servant who was closing the door behind her, "Tell the cook not to forget the sally-lunns" (a species of muffin) "for tea, well-greased on both sides, and we'll put on our cotton gowns to eat them."

The appearance of the mistress of this mansion of rather obsolete luxurious comfort was strikingly singular. She was a woman about sixty years old, tall and large and fat, of what Balzac describes as "un embonpoint flottant," and was habitually dressed in a white linen cambric gown, long and tending to train, but as plain and tight as a bag over her portly middle person and prominent bust; it was finished at the throat with a school-boy's plaited frill, which stood up round her heavy falling cheeks by the help of a white muslin or black silk cravat. Her head was very nearly bald, and the thin, short gray hair lay in distant streaks upon her skull, white and shiny as an ostrich egg, which on the rare occasions of her going out, or into her garden, she covered with a man's straw or beaver hat.

It is curious how much minor eccentricity the stringent general spirit of formal conformity allows individuals in England: nowhere else, scarcely, in civilized Europe could such a costume be worn in profound, peaceful defiance of public usage and opinion, with perfect security from insult or even offensive comment, as that of my mother's old friend, Miss W—, or my dear H—S—. In this same Staffordshire family and its allies, eccentricity seemed to prevail alike in life and death; for I remember hearing frequent mention, while among them, of connections of theirs who, when they died, one and all desired to be buried in full dress and with their coffins *standing upright*.

To return to Heath Farm and my dear H——. Nobility, intelligence, and tenderness were her predominating qualities, and her person, manner, and countenance habitually expressed them.

This lady's intellect was of a very uncommon order; her habits of thought and reading were profoundly speculative; she delighted in metaphysical subjects of the greatest difficulty, and abstract questions of the most laborious solution. On such subjects she incessantly exercised her remarkably keen powers of analysis and investigation, and no doubt cultivated and strengthened her peculiar mental faculties and tendencies by the perpetual processes of metaphysical reasoning which she pursued. She had extraordinary argumentative acumen, and kept it sharp and bright by constant discussion and disquisition.

Between H—— S—— and myself, in spite of nearly twelve years' difference in our age, there sprang up a lively friendship, and our time at Heath Farm was spent in almost constant companionship. We walked and talked together the livelong day and a good part of the night, in spite of Mrs. Kemble's judicious precaution of sending us to bed with very moderate wax candle ends; a prudent provision which we contrived to defeat by getting from my cousin, Cecilia Sidons, clandestine alms of fine, long, *life-sized* candles, placed as mere supernumeraries on the toilet table of a dressing-room adjoining her mother's bedroom, which she never used. At this time I also made the acquaintance of my friend's brother, who came down to Heath Farm to visit Mrs. Kemble and his sister. He possessed a brilliant intellect, had studied for the bar, and at the same time made himself favorably known by a good deal of clever periodical writing; but he died too early to have fully developed his genius, and left as proofs of his undoubtedly superior talents only a few powerfully written works of fiction, indicating considerable abilities, to which time would have given maturity, and more experience a higher direction.

Among the principal interests of my London life at this time was the pro-

duction at our theatre of Weber's opera, *Der Freyschütz*. Few operas, I believe, have had a wider or more prolonged popularity; none certainly within my recollection ever had anything approaching it. Several causes conduced to this effect. The simple pathos of the love-story, and the supernatural element so well blended with it, which gave such unusual scope to the stage effects of scenery, etc., were two obvious reasons for its success.

The subject is eminently sympathetic to the majority of audiences, easily understood, romantic, pathetic, almost tragical, and at the same time startlingly terrible in some of its situations. The music combines every quality of exquisite melody and fine harmony, in the airs, choruses, and concerted pieces, with a masterly, full, effective, and yet not overloaded instrumentation. The orchestral portion of the composition is as rich and varied as the vocal is original and enchanting; and the beautiful accompaniments add a pathetic and spirited charm of their own to the tender solo airs and fine concerted pieces and choruses.

From the inimitably gay and dramatic laughing chorus and waltz of the first scene to the divine melody in which the heroine expresses her unshaken faith in Heaven, immediately before her lover's triumph closes the piece, the whole opera is a series of exquisite conceptions, hardly one of which does not contain some theme or passage calculated to catch the dullest and slowest ear and fix itself on the least retentive memory; and though the huntsman's and bridesmaid's choruses, of course, first attained and longest retained a street-organ popularity, there is not a single air, duet, concerted piece, or chorus, from which extracts were not seized on and carried away by the least musical memories. So that the advertisement of a German gentleman for a valet, who to other necessary qualifications was to add the indispensable one of not being able to whistle a note of *Der Freyschütz*, appeared a not unnatural result of the universal *furor* for this music.

We went to hear it until we literally knew it by heart, and such was my enthusiasm for it that I contrived to get up a romantic passion for the great composer, of whom I procured a hideous little engraving (very ugly he was, and very ugly was his "counterfeit pre-

sentment," with high cheek bones long hooked nose, and spectacles), which, folded up in a small square and sewed into a black silk case, I carried like an amulet round my neck until I completely wore it out, which was soon after poor Weber's death.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S WISH.

THOU strokest back my heavy hair
 With smothered praises in thy touch,
 Thy long, proud look doth call me fair
 Before thy lips have vowed me such.

And when between each long caress
 Thou gazest at me held apart,
 And with impulsive tenderness
 Refoldest closer to thy heart,

Over love's deep, within thine eyes,
 I see the artist's rapture brood;
 And sometimes will this thought arise
 (O Love, why must a fear intrude!):

What if some sudden thing, as dread
 As that which happened yesterday,
 Should write my name among the dead
 And steal all but my soul away;

Or, leaving still a feeble life,
 Should make me ugly, foul to see:
 Couldst thou then call my soul thy wife,
 Wouldst thou then love this very *me*?

Lest I miss aught of thy heart's whole,
 When changed by some dire mystery;
 Would that this dust that clothes my soul
 Immortal as itself might be!

Or else that some strange power were thine,
 To see my soul itself alway;
 And love this fragile form of mine,
 As but its likeness wrought in clay.

Charlotte F. Bates.

OF SOME RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

II.

THE record of railroad horrors in the most aggravated form began at Versailles on the 8th of May, 1842; and doubtless it is destined to an indefinite continuance. Since then it has sometimes seemed as though locomotives had run mad or were indulging in a very carnival of disasters, so rapidly has one catastrophe trodden upon the heels of another. At least twice in England their frequent occurrence has occasioned so much public uneasiness as to lead to circulars addressed to the corporations, in one case by the Queen herself, and in the other by the government through the President of the Board of Trade. As a rule, these accidents were of a strikingly similar description, and a dry chronological enumeration of them would be neither profitable nor instructive. There are, however, those of them which are very memorable; some because of dramatic features in their occurrence, others because of the results which they produced in a permanently increased safety of travel. These are not without a lasting interest, although it is almost startling to see how soon and how completely they are forgotten. For instance, who now remembers even the name of the Abergele disaster? And yet it occurred but seven years since, and it would not be easy to conceive anything more striking and terribly dramatic than those incidents connected with it which caused all England for a space to think and speak of nothing else.

THE ABERGELE ACCIDENT.

The Irish mail is a famous train in England. Leaving London at shortly after seven A. M. it was timed in 1868 to make the distance to Chester, one hundred and sixty-six miles, in four hours and eighteen minutes; from Chester to Holyhead is eighty-five miles, for run-

ning which the space of one hundred and twenty-five minutes was allowed. Abergele is a point on the sea-coast in the north of Wales, nearly midway between these two places. On the 20th of August, 1868, the Irish mail left Chester as usual. It was made up of thirteen carriages in all, which were occupied, as the carriages of that train usually were, by a large number of persons whose names at least were widely known. Among these, on this particular occasion, were the Duchess of Abercorn, wife of the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with five children. Under the running arrangements of the London & North-Western road a freight, or as it is there called a goods train, left Chester half an hour before the mail, and was placed upon the siding at Llanddulas, a station about a mile and a half beyond Abergele, to allow the mail to pass. From Abergele to Llanddulas the track ascended by a gradient of some sixty feet to the mile. On the day of the accident it chanced that certain wagons between the engine and the rear end of the goods train had to be taken out to be left at Llanddulas, and in doing this it became necessary to separate the train and to leave five or six of the last cars in it standing on the tracks of the main line, while those which were to be left were backed on to a siding. The employé whose duty it was to have done so neglected to set the brakes on the wagons thus left standing, and consequently when the engine and the rest of the train returned for them, the moment they were touched, and before a coupling could be effected, the jar set them in motion down the incline towards Abergele. They started so slowly that a brakeman of the train ran after them, fully expecting to catch and stop them, but as they went down the grade they soon outstripped him, and it became clear that there was nothing to check them until they should meet the Irish

mail, then almost due. It also chanced that the cars thus loosened were oil cars.

The track of the North-Western road between Abergele and Llanddulas runs along the sides of the picturesque Welsh hills, which rise up to the south, while to the north there stretches out a wide expanse of sea. The mail train was skirting the hills and laboring up the grade at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, when its engineer suddenly perceived the loose wagons coming down upon it around the curve, and then but a few yards off. Seeing that they were oil cars he almost instinctively sprang from his locomotive, and was thrown down by the impetus and rolled to the side of the road-bed. Picking himself up, bruised but not seriously hurt, he saw that the collision had already taken place, that the tender had ridden directly over the engine, that the colliding cars were demolished, and that the foremost carriages of the train were already on fire. Running quickly to the rear of the train he succeeded in uncoupling six carriages and a van, which were drawn away from the rest before the flames extended to them by an engine which most fortunately was following the train. All the other carriages were utterly destroyed, and every person in them perished.

The Abergele was probably a solitary instance, in the record of railroad accidents, in which but a single survivor sustained any injury. There was no maiming. It was death or entire escape. The collision was not a particularly severe one, and the engineer of the mail train especially stated that at the moment it occurred the loose cars were still moving so slowly that he would not have sprung from his engine had he not seen that they were loaded with oil. The very instant the collision took place, however, the fluid seemed to ignite and to flash along the train like lightning, so that it was impossible to approach a carriage when once it caught fire. The fact was that the oil in vast quantities was spilled upon the track and ignited by the fire of the locomotive, and then the impetus of the mail train forced all of

its leading carriages into the dense mass of smoke and flame. All those who were present concurred in positively stating that not a cry, nor a moan, nor a sound of any description was heard from the burning carriages, nor did any one in them apparently make an effort to escape.

The most graphic description of this extraordinary and terrible catastrophe was that given by the Marquis of Hamilton, the eldest son of the Duke of Abercorn, whose wife and family, fortunately for themselves, occupied one of those rear carriages which were unshackled and saved. In his account the Marquis of Hamilton said: "We were startled by a collision and a shock which, though not very severe, were sufficient to throw every one against his opposite neighbor. I immediately jumped out of the carriage, when a fearful sight met my view. Already the whole of the three passengers' carriages in front of ours, the vans, and the engine were enveloped in dense sheets of flame and smoke, rising fully twenty feet high, and spreading out in every direction. It was the work of an instant. No words can convey the instantaneous nature of the explosion and conflagration. I had actually got out almost before the shock of the collision was over, and this was the spectacle which already presented itself. Not a sound, not a scream, not a struggle to escape, not a movement of any sort was apparent in the doomed carriages. It was as though an electric flash had at once paralyzed and stricken every one of their occupants. So complete was the absence of any presence of living or struggling life in them that, as soon as the passengers from the other parts of the train were in some degree recovered from their first shock and consternation, it was imagined that the burning carriages were destitute of passengers; a hope soon changed into feelings of horror when their contents of charred and mutilated remains were discovered an hour afterward. From the extent, however, of the flames, the suddenness of the conflagration, and the absence of

any power to extricate themselves, no human aid would have been of any assistance to the sufferers, who, in all probability, were instantaneously suffocated by the black and fetid smoke peculiar to paraffine, which rose in volumes around the spreading flames."

Though the collision took place before one o'clock, in spite of the efforts of a large gang of men who were kept throwing water on the tracks, the perfect sea of flame which covered the line for a distance of some forty or fifty yards could not be extinguished until nearly eight o'clock in the evening; for the petroleum had flowed down into the ballasting of the road, and the rails themselves were red-hot. It was therefore small occasion for surprise that when the fire was at last gotten under, the remains of those who lost their lives were in some cases wholly undistinguishable, and in others almost so. Among the thirty-three victims of the disaster the body of no single one retained any traces of individuality; the faces of all were wholly destroyed, and in no case were there found feet or legs or anything at all approaching to a perfect head. Ten corpses were finally identified as those of males, and thirteen as those of females, while the sex of ten others could not be determined. The body of one passenger, Lord Farnham, was identified by the crest on his watch; and, indeed, no better evidence of the wealth and social position of the victims of this accident could have been asked for than the collection of articles found on its site. It included diamonds of great size and singular brilliancy; rubies, opals, emeralds, gold tops of smelling-bottles, twenty-four watches, of which but two or three were not gold, chains, clasps of bags, and very many bundles of keys. Of these the diamonds alone had successfully resisted the intense heat of the flame; the settings were nearly all destroyed.

Of the causes of this accident little need or can be said. No human appliances, no more ingenious brakes or increased strength of construction, could have averted it or warded off its con-

sequences once it was inevitable. It was occasioned primarily by two things, the most dangerous and the most difficult to reach of all the many sources of danger against which those managing railroads have unsleepingly to contend: a somewhat defective discipline, aggravated by a little not unnatural carelessness. The rule of the company was specific that all the wagons of every goods train should be out of the way and the track clear at least ten minutes before a passenger train was due; but in this case shunting was going actively on when the Irish mail was within a mile and a half. A careless brakeman then forgot for once that he was leaving his wagons standing close to the head of an incline; a blow in coupling, a little heavier perhaps than usual, sufficed to set them in motion; and they happened to be loaded with oil.

Behind all this, however, there was apparent a grave and radical defect in the construction of the road or the arrangement of its sidings, in that the station at Landdulas was placed upon an incline at all. As will hereafter be seen, this practice on the part of those laying out railroads has been the cause of frequent disaster, and must continue to be so as long as it exists. Every engineer knows perfectly well what the angle of equilibrium is, and to establish sidings or to habitually permit shunting where that angle is exceeded at the head of an incline is simply to insure soon or late a disaster.

THE NEW HAMBURG ACCIDENT.

A catastrophe strikingly similar to that at Abergele befell an express train on the Hudson River Railroad, upon the night of the 6th of February, 1871. The weather for a number of days preceding the accident had been unusually cold, and it is to the suffering of employes incident to exposure, and the consequent neglect of precautions on their part, that accidents are peculiarly due. On this night a freight train was going south, all those in charge of which were sheltering themselves during a

steadily run in the caboose car at its rear end. Suddenly, when near a bridge over Wappinger's Creek, not far from New Hamburg, they discovered that a car in the centre of the train was off the track. The train was finally stopped on the bridge, but in stopping it other cars were also derailed, and one of these, bearing on it two large oil tanks, finally rested obliquely across the bridge with one end projecting over the up track. Hardly had the disabled train been brought to a stand still, when, before signal lanterns could in the confusion incident to the disaster be sent out, the Pacific express from New York, which was a little behind its time, came rapidly along. As it approached the bridge, its engineer saw a red lantern swung, and instantly gave the signal to apply the brakes. It was too late to avoid the collision; but what ensued had in it, so far as the engineer was concerned, an element of the heroic, which his companion, the fireman of the engine, afterwards described on the witness stand with a directness and simplicity of language which exceeded all art. The engineer's name was Simmons, and he was familiarly known among his companions as "Doc." His fireman, Nicholas Tallon, also saw the red light swing on the bridge, and called out to him that the draw was open. In reply Simmons told him to spring the patent brake, which he did, and by this time they were alongside of the locomotive of the disabled train and running with a somewhat slackened speed. Tallon had now got out upon the step of the locomotive, preparatory to springing off, and turning asked his companion if he also proposed to do the same: "Doc looked around at me but made no reply, and then looked ahead again, watching his business; then I jumped and rolled down on the ice in the creek; the next I knew I heard the crash and saw the fire and smoke." The next seen of "Doc" Simmons, he was dragged up days afterwards from under his locomotive at the bottom of the river. But it was a good way to die. He went out of the world and of the sight of men with his hand on the lever,

making no reply to the suggestion that he should leave his post, but "looking ahead and watching his business."

Dante himself could not have imagined a greater complication of horrors than then ensued: liquid fire and solid frost combined to make the work of destruction perfect. The shock of the collision broke in pieces the oil car, igniting its contents and flinging them about in every direction. In an instant bridge, river, locomotive, cars, and the glittering surface of the ice were wrapped in a sheet of flame; at the same time the strain proved too severe for the trestle-work, which gave way, precipitating the locomotive, tender, baggage cars, and one passenger car on to the ice, through which they instantly crushed and sank deep out of sight beneath the water. Of the remaining seven cars of the passenger train, two, besides several of the freight train, were destroyed by fire, and shortly, as the supports of the remaining portions of the bridge burned away, the superstructure fell on the half-submerged train and buried it from view.

Twenty-one persons lost their lives in this disaster, and a large number of others were injured; but the loss of life, it will be noticed, was only two thirds of that at Abergele. The New Hamburg catastrophe also differed from that at Abergele in that, under its particular circumstances, it was far more preventable, and, indeed, with the appliances since brought into use it would surely have been avoided. The modern train-brake had, however, not then been perfected, so that even the hundred rods at which the signal was seen did not afford a sufficient space in which to stop the train. Under any circumstances, however, it is difficult to see how it is possible to guard against contingencies like those at either Abergele or New Hamburg. At the time, as is usual in such cases, the public indignation expended itself in vague denunciation of the Hudson River Railroad Company, because the disaster happened to take place upon a bridge in which there was a draw to admit the passage of vessels. There seemed to be a vague but very general

impression that draw-bridges were dangerous things, and, because other accidents due to different causes had happened upon them, that the occurrence of this accident, from whatever cause, was in itself sufficient evidence of gross carelessness. The fact was that not even the clumsy Connecticut rule, which compels the stopping of all trains before entering on any draw-bridge, would have sufficed to avert the New Hamburg disaster, for the river was then frozen and the draw was not in use, so that for the time being the bridge was an ordinary bridge; and not even in the frenzy of crude suggestions which invariably succeeds each new accident was any one ever found ignorant enough to suggest the stopping of all trains before entering upon every bridge, which, as railroads generally follow water-courses, would not infrequently necessitate an average of one stop to every thousand feet or so. Only incidentally did the bridge at New Hamburg have anything to do with the disaster there, the essence of which lay in the sudden derailment of an oil car in front of a passenger train running in the opposite direction and on the other track. Of course, if the derailment had occurred long enough before the passenger train came up to allow the proper signals to be given, and this precaution had been neglected, then the disaster would have been due, not to the original cause, but to the defective discipline of the employes. Such does not appear to have been the case at New Hamburg, nor was that disaster by any means the first due to derailment and the throwing of cars from one track in front of a train passing upon the other. Indeed, an accident hardly less destructive, arising from that very cause, had occurred only eight months previous in England, and resulted in eighteen deaths and more than fifty cases of injury.

THE CLAYBRIDGE LANE ACCIDENT.

A goods train made up of a locomotive and twenty-nine wagons was running at a speed of some twenty miles an hour on the Great Northern road, be-

tween Newark and Claypole, about one hundred miles from London, when the forward axle under one of the wagons broke. As a result of the derailment which ensued, the train became divided, and presently the disabled car was driven by the pressure behind it out of its course and over the interval, so that it finally rested partly across the other track. At just this moment an excursion train from London, made up of twenty-three carriages and containing some three hundred and forty passengers, came along at a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour. It was quite dark, and the engineer of the freight train in vain waved his arm as a signal of danger; one of the guards, also, showed a red light with his hand lantern, but his action either was not seen or was misunderstood, for, without any reduction of the speed being made, the engine of the excursion train plunged headlong into the disabled goods wagon. The collision was so violent as to turn the engine aside off the track and cause it to strike the stone pier of a bridge near by, by which it was flung completely around and then driven up the slope of the embankment, where it toppled over like a rearing horse and fell back into the roadway. The tender likewise was overturned, but not so the carriages; they rushed along holding to the track, and the side of each as it passed was ripped and torn by the projecting end of the freight car. Of the twenty-three carriages and vans in the train scarcely one escaped damage, while the more forward ones were in several cases lifted one on top of the other or forced partly up the embankment, whence they fell back again, crushing the passengers beneath them.

This accident occurred on the 21st of June, 1870; it was very thoroughly investigated by Captain Tyler on behalf of the Board of Trade, with the apparent conclusion that it was one which could hardly have been guarded against. The freight car whose broken axle occasioned the disaster did not belong to the Great Northern company, and the wheels of the train had been properly

examined by viewing and tapping at the several stopping-places; the flaw which led to the fracture was, however, of such a nature that it could have been detected only by the removal of the wheel. It did not appear that the employés of the company had been guilty of any negligence; but it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that the accident was due to one of those defects to which the results of even the most perfect human workmanship must ever remain liable, and this had revealed itself under exactly those conditions which must involve the most disastrous consequences.

The English accident did, however, establish one thing, if nothing else; it showed the immeasurable superiority of the system of investigation pursued in the case of railroad accidents in England over that pursued in this country. There a trained expert after the occurrence of each disaster visits the spot and sifts the affair to the very bottom, locating responsibility and pointing out distinctly the measures necessary to guard against its repetition. Here the case goes to a coroner's jury, whose findings as a rule admirably sustain the ancient reputation of that august tribunal. It is absolutely sad to follow the course of these investigations, they are conducted with such an entire disregard of method and lead to such inadequate conclusions. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? The same man never investigates two accidents, and for the one investigation he does make he is competent only in his own esteem.

Take the New Hamburg accident as an example. Rarely has any catastrophe merited a more careful investigation, and few indeed have ever called forth more ill-considered criticism or crude suggestions. Almost nothing of interest respecting it was elicited at the inquest, and now no reliable criticism can be ventured upon it. The question of responsibility in that case, and of prevention thereafter, involved careful inquiry into at least four subjects: First, the ownership and condition of the freight car the fractured axle of which occasioned the disaster, together with the precau-

tions taken by the company, usually and in this particular case, to test the wheels of freight cars moving over its road, especially during times of severe cold. Second, the conduct of those in charge of the freight train immediately preceding and at the time of the accident; was the fracture of the axle at once noticed and were measures taken to stop the train, or was the derailment aggravated into the form it finally took by neglect? Third, was there any neglect in signaling the accident on the part of those in charge of the disabled train, and how much time elapsed between the accident and the collision? Fourth, what, if any, improved appliances would have enabled those in charge of either train to have averted the accident, and what, if any, defects either in the rules or the equipment in use were revealed?

No satisfactory conclusion can now be arrived at upon any of these points, though the probabilities are that with the appliances since introduced the train might have been stopped in time. In this case, as in that at Claybridge, the coroner's jury returned a verdict exonerating every one concerned from responsibility, and very possibly they were justified in so doing; though it is extremely questionable whether Captain Tyler would have arrived at a similar conclusion. There is a strong probability that the investigation went off, so to speak, on a wholly false issue, — turned on the draw-bridge frenzy instead of upon the question of care. So far as the verdict declared that the disaster was due to a collision between a passenger train and a derailed oil car, and not to the existence of a draw in the bridge on which it happened to occur, it was, indeed, entitled to respect, and yet it was on this very point that it excited the most criticism. Loud commendation was heard through the press of the Connecticut law, which had been in force in that State for twenty years, and, indeed, still is in force there, under which all trains are compelled to come to a full stop before entering on any bridge which has a draw in it, — a law which may best be described as a useless nui-

sance. Yet the grand jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of New York city even went so far as to recommend, in a report made by it on the 23d of February, 1871, — sixteen days after the accident, — the passage by the legislature then in session at Albany of a similar legal absurdity. Fortunately better counsels prevailed, and as the public recovered its equilibrium the matter was allowed to drop.

The Connecticut law in question, however, originated in an accident which at the time had startled and shocked the community as much even as that at Versailles before or at Abergele has since done. It occurred on the New York & New Haven road at Norwalk, on the 6th of May, 1853.

THE NORWALK ACCIDENT.

The railroad at Norwalk crosses a small inlet of Long Island Sound by means of a draw-bridge, which is approached from the direction of New York around a sharp curve. A ball at the mast-head was in 1853 the signal that the draw was open and the bridge closed to the passage of trains. The express passenger train for Boston, consisting of a locomotive and two baggage and five passenger cars, containing about one hundred and fifty persons, left New York as usual at eight o'clock that morning. The locomotive was not in charge of its usual engineer, but of a substitute named Tucker, a man who some seven years before had been injured in a previous collision on the same road, for which he did not appear to have been in any way responsible; but who had then given up his position and gone to California, whence he had recently returned and was now again an applicant for an engineer's situation. This was his third trip over the road, as substitute. In approaching the bridge at Norwalk he apparently wholly neglected to look for the draw signal. He was running his train at about the usual rate of speed, and first became aware that the draw was open when within four hundred feet of it and after it had become wholly impossible to stop the train in time. He

immediately whistled for brakes and reversed his engine, and then, without setting the brakes on his tender, both he and the fireman sprang off and escaped with trifling injuries. The train at this time did not appear to be moving at a speed of over fifteen miles an hour. The draw was sixty feet in width; the water in the then state of the tide was about twelve feet deep, and the same distance below the level of the bridge. Although the speed of the train had been materially reduced, yet when it came to the opening it was still moving with sufficient impetus to send its locomotive clean across the sixty-foot interval and to cause it to strike the opposite abutment about eight feet below the track; it then fell heavily to the bottom. The tender lodged on top of it, bottom up and resting against the pier, while on top of this again was the first baggage car. The second baggage car, which contained also a compartment for smokers, followed, but in falling was canted over to the north side of the draw in such a way as not to be wholly submerged, so that most of those in it were saved. The first passenger car plunged into the opening next; its forward end crushed in, as it fell against the baggage car in front of it, while its rear end dropped into the deep water below; and on top of it came the second passenger car, burying the passengers in the first beneath the *débris*, and partially submerging itself. The succeeding or third passenger car, instead of following the others, broke in two in the middle, the forward part hanging down over the edge of the draw, while the rear of it rested on the track and stayed the course of the remainder of the train. Including those in the smoking compartment more than a hundred persons were plunged into the channel, of whom forty-six lost their lives, while some thirty others were more or less severely injured. The killed were mainly among the passengers in the first car; for in falling the roof of the second car was split open, and it finally rested in such a position that, as no succeeding car came on top of it, many of those in it were enabled to extricate themselves; indeed, more than one of

the passengers in falling were absolutely thrown through the aperture in the roof, and, without any volition on their part, were saved with unmoistened garments.

This terrible disaster was due, not alone to the carelessness of an engineer, but to the use of a crude and inadequate system of signals. It so happened, however, that the legislature of the State was unfortunately in session at the time, and consequently the public panic and indignation took shape in a law compelling every train on a Connecticut railroad to come to a dead stand-still before entering upon any bridge in which there was a draw. This law is still in force, and from time to time, as after the New Hamburg catastrophe, an unreasoning clamor is raised for its enactment in other States. In point of fact it imposes a most absurd, unnecessary, and annoying delay on traveling, and rests upon the Connecticut statute book a curious illustration of what usually happens when legislators undertake to incorporate running railroad regulations into the statutes-at-large. There is probably no source of danger to which travel by rail is subject which admits of such certain and infallible signaling as draws in bridges. The idea of stopping before approaching them is entitled to about the same respect as would be a proposal to recur to pioneer locomotives before all night trains.

ACCIDENTS AT DRAW-BRIDGES.

The machinery by which draws must be worked can be automatically connected with signals of almost any description at any desired distance. By one method in use a careless engineer is suddenly aroused to a proper performance of his duties and a consciousness of impending danger by the disappearance of the smoke-stack of his locomotive; by yet others his passing a given point in defiance of signals sends him crashing through a gate and causes the sounding of an alarm sufficient to arouse all but the dead. Either of these methods secures a much greater degree of safety than a mere stopping of trains, which in

more than one instance has proved a wholly insufficient protection.

This was curiously illustrated in the case of an accident which occurred upon the Boston & Maine Railroad on the morning of the 21st of November, 1862, when the early local passenger train was run into the open draw of the bridge almost at the entrance to the Boston station. It so happened that the train had stopped at the Charlestown station just before going on to the bridge, and at the time the accident occurred was moving at a speed scarcely faster than a man could walk; and yet the locomotive was entirely submerged, as the water at that point is deep, and the only thing which probably saved the train was that the draw was so narrow and the cars were so long that the foremost one lodged across the opening, and its forward end only was beneath the water. At the rate at which the train was moving, the resistance thus offered was sufficient to stop it, though, even as it was, no less than six persons lost their lives and a much larger number were more or less injured. Here all the precautions imposed by the Connecticut law were taken, and served only to reveal the weak point in it. The accident was due to the neglect of the corporation in not having the draw and its system of signals interlocked in such a way that the movement of the one should automatically cause a corresponding movement of the other; and this neglect in high quarters made it possible for a careless employé to open the draw on a particularly dark and foggy morning, while he forgot at the same time to shift his signals. A statute provision making compulsory the interlocking of all draws in railroad bridges with a proper and infallible system of signals might, therefore, have claims on the consideration of an intelligent legislature; not so an enactment which compels the stopping of trains at points where danger is small, and makes no provision as respects other points where it is great.

And yet bridge accidents always have been and will probably always remain among the worst to which travel by rail

is exposed. It would be impossible for corporations to take too great precautions against them, and that the precautions taken are very great is conclusively shown by the fact that with thousands of bridges many times each day subjected to the strain of the passage at speed of heavy trains, so very few disasters occur. Nevertheless there are many precautions which, in the face of terrible experience, corporations do not and will not take. For instance, every railroad bridge, not only throughout its length but throughout its approaches, should have its track protected against possible derailment. It is the exception and not the rule, however, that this is done. Long immunity from disaster breeds a species of recklessness even in the most cautious, and yet the single mishap in a thousand must surely fall to the lot of some one. Many years ago the terrible results which must soon or late be expected, wherever the consequences of a derailment on the approaches to a bridge are not surely guarded against, were illustrated by a disaster on the Great Western Railroad of Canada which combined many of the worst horrors of both the Norwalk and the New Hamburg tragedies; more recently the almost forgotten lesson was enforced again on the Vermont & Massachusetts road, upon the bridge over the Miller River, at Athol. The accident last referred to occurred on the 16th of June, 1870, but, though forcible enough as a reminder, it was tame indeed in comparison with the Des Jardines Canal disaster, which is still remembered though it happened as long ago as the 17th of March, 1857.

THE DES JARDINES CANAL ACCIDENT.

The Great Western Railroad of Canada crossed the canal by a bridge at an elevation of about sixty feet. At the time of the accident there were some eighteen feet of water in the canal, though, as is usual in Canada at that season, it was covered by ice some two feet in thickness. On the afternoon of the 17th of March, as the local accommodation train from Hamilton was nearing the

bridge, its locomotive, though it was then moving at a very slow rate of speed, was in some way thrown from the track and on to the timbers of the bridge. These it cut through, and then, falling heavily on the string-pieces, it parted them and instantly pitched headlong on to the frozen surface of the canal below, dragging after it the tender, baggage car, and two passenger cars, which composed the whole train. There was nothing whatever to break the fall of sixty feet; and even then two feet of ice only intervened between the ruins of the train and the bottom of the canal eighteen feet below. Two feet of solid ice will afford no contemptible resistance to a falling body; the locomotive and tender crushed heavily through it and instantly sank out of sight. In falling the baggage car struck a corner of the tender and was thus thrown some ten yards to one side, and was followed by the first passenger car, which, turning a somersault as it went down, fell on its roof and was crushed to fragments, but only partially broke through the ice. Upon which the next car fell endwise, and rested in that position. That every human being in the first car was either crushed or drowned seems most natural; the only cause for astonishment is found in the fact that any one should have survived such a catastrophe,—a tumble of sixty feet on ice as solid as a rock! Yet of four persons in the baggage car three went down with it, and not one of them was more than slightly injured. The engineer and fireman, and the occupants of the second passenger car, were less fortunate. The former were found crushed under the locomotive in the bottom of the canal; while of the latter ten were killed, and not one escaped severe injury. Very rarely indeed in the history of railroad accidents have so large a portion of those on the train lost their lives as in this case, for out of ninety persons sixty perished, and in the number was included every woman and child among the passengers, with a single exception.

There were two circumstances about this disaster worthy of especial notice. In the first place, as well as can now be

ascertained, in the absence of any trustworthy record of an investigation into causes, the accident was easily preventable, though by means of appliances which even yet have never been brought into general use. It appears to have been immediately caused by the derailment of a locomotive, however, occasioned, just as it was entering on a swing draw-bridge. Thrown from the tracks, there was nothing in the flooring to prevent the derailed locomotive from deflecting from its course until it toppled over the ends of the ties, nor were the ties and the flooring apparently sufficiently strong to sustain it even while it held to its course. Under such circumstances the derailment of a locomotive upon any bridge can mean only destruction; it meant it then, it means it now; and yet our country is to-day full of bridges constructed in an exactly similar way. A very simple and inexpensive appliance would make accidents from this cause, if not impossible, at least highly improbable. It is only necessary to make the ties and flooring of all bridges between the tracks and for three feet on either side of them sufficiently strong to sustain the whole weight of a train off the track and in motion, while a third rail, or strong truss of wood, securely fastened, should be laid down midway between the rails throughout the entire length of the bridge and its approaches. With this arrangement, as the flanges of the wheels are on the inside, it must follow that in case of derailment and a divergence to one side or the other of the bridge, the inner side of the flange will come against the central rail or truss just so soon as the divergence amounts to half the space between the rails, which in the ordinary gauge is two feet and ten inches. The wheels must then glide along this guard, holding the train from any further divergence from its course, until it can be checked. Meanwhile, as the ties and flooring extend for the space of three feet outside of the track, a sufficient support is furnished by them for the other wheels. A legislative enactment compelling the construction of all bridges in this way, coupled with additional provisions for the interlock-

ing of draws with their signals in the cases of bridges across navigable waters, would be open to the objection that laws against dangers of accident by rail have almost invariably proved ineffective when they were not absurd, but in itself, if enforced, it might not improbably render disasters like those at Norwalk and Des Jardines terrors of the past. The New Hamburg accident depended on other conditions.

There was, also, one rather noteworthy feature in the Des Jardines accident. The question as to what is the best method of coupling together the several individual vehicles which make up every railroad train has always been much discussed among railroad mechanics. The decided weight of opinion has been in favor of the strongest and closest couplings, so that under no circumstances should the train separate into parts. Taking all forms of railroad accident together, this conclusion is probably sound. It is, however, at best only a balancing of disadvantages, a mere question as to which practice involves the least amount of danger. Yet a very terrible demonstration that there are two sides to this as to most other questions was furnished at Des Jardines. It was the custom on the Great Western road not only to couple the cars together in the usual method then in use, but also, as is often done now, to connect them by heavy chains on each side of the bumpers. Accordingly when the locomotive broke through the Des Jardines bridge, it dragged the rest of the train hopelessly after it. This certainly would not have happened had the modern self-coupler been in use, and probably would not have happened had the cars been connected only by the ordinary link and pins; for the train was going very slowly and the signal for brakes was given in ample time to apply them vigorously before the last cars came to the opening, into which they were finally dragged by the dead weight before them and not hurried by their own impetus.

On the other hand, we have not far to go in search of scarcely less fatal disasters illustrating with equal force the

other side of the proposition, in the terrible consequences which have ensued from the separation of cars in cases of derailment. Take the memorable accident of the 17th of June, 1858, near Port Jervis, on the Erie Railway, for instance.

THE PORT JERVIS ACCIDENT.

As the express train from New York was running at a speed of about thirty miles an hour over a perfectly straight piece of track between Otisville and Port Jervis, shortly after dark on the evening of that day, it encountered a broken rail. The train was made up of a locomotive, two baggage cars, and five passenger cars, all of which except the last passed safely over the fractured rail. The last car was apparently derailed by this, and drew the car before it off the track. These two cars were then dragged along, swaying fearfully from side to side, for a distance of some four hundred feet, when the couplings at last snapped and they went over the embankment, which was there some thirty feet in height. As they rushed down the slope, the last car turned fairly over, resting finally on its roof, while one of its heavy iron trucks broke through and fell upon the passengers beneath, killing and maiming them. The other car, more fortunate, rested at last upon its side on a pile of stones at the foot of the embankment. Six persons were killed and fifty severely injured; all of the former in the last car.

In this case, had the couplings held, the derailed cars would not have gone over the embankment and but slight injuries would have been sustained. Modern improvements have, however, created safeguards sufficient to prevent the recurrence of other accidents under the same conditions as that at Port Jervis. The difficulty lay in the inability to stop a train, though moving at only moderate speed, within a reasonable time. The wretched inefficiency of the old hand-brake in a sudden emergency received one more illustration. The train seems to have run nearly half a mile, after the accident took place, before it could be

stopped, although the engineer had instant notice of it and reversed his locomotive. The couplings did not snap until a distance had been traversed in which the modern train-brake would have reduced the speed to a point at which they would have been subjected to no dangerous strain.

THE CAR'S ROCK ACCIDENT.

The accident ten years later at Car's Rock, on the same road, sixteen miles west of Port Jervis, was again very similar to the one just described; and yet in this case the parting of the couplings alone prevented the rear of the train from dragging its head to destruction. Both disasters were occasioned by broken rails; but, while the first occurred on a tangent, the last was on a curve at a point where the road, skirting along the hills, had on one side of it a bold elevation and on the other a steep declivity of some eighty feet, jagged with rock and boulders. The train was a long one, consisting of the locomotive, three baggage and express, and seven passenger cars, and it encountered the broken rail while rounding the curve at a high rate of speed. Again all the train passed over the fracture in safety, except the last car, which was snapped, as it were, off the track and over the embankment. At first it was dragged along, but only for a short distance; the intense strain then broke the coupling between the four rear cars and the head of the train, and the last of the four being already over the precipice the others almost instantly toppled over after it and plunged and rolled down the ravine. A passenger on this portion of the train, who went with it, described the car he was in "as going over and over, until the outer roof was torn off, the sides fell out, and the inner roof was crushed in." Twenty-four persons were killed and eighty injured; but in this instance, as in that at Des Jardines, the only subject for surprise was that there were any survivors.

Accidents arising from the parting of defective couplings have of course not been uncommon, and they constitute

one of the greatest dangers incident to heavy gradients; in surmounting inclines freight trains will, it is found, break in two, and their hinder parts come thundering down the grade, as was seen at Abergele. The American passenger trains, in which each car is provided with brakes, are much less liable than the English, the speed of which is regulated by brake vans, to accidents of this description. Indeed, it may be questioned whether in America any serious disaster has occurred from the fact that a portion of a passenger train on a road operated by steam got beyond control in descending an incline. There have been, however, terrible catastrophes from this cause in England, and that on the Lancashire & Yorkshire road near Helmsmere, a station some fourteen miles north of Manchester, deserves a prominent place in the record of railroad accidents.

THE HELMSHERE ACCIDENT.

It occurred in the early hours of the morning of the 4th of September, 1860. There had been a great *fête* at the Bellevue Gardens in Manchester on the 3d, upon the conclusion of which some twenty-five hundred persons crowded at once upon the return trains. Of these there were, on the Lancashire & Yorkshire road, three; the first consisting of fourteen, the second of thirty-one, and the last of twenty-four carriages; and they were started, with intervals of ten minutes between them, at about eleven o'clock at night. The first train finished its journey in safety. Not so the second and the third. The Helmsmere station is at the top of a steep incline. This the second train, drawn by two locomotives, surmounted, and then stopped for the delivery of passengers. While these were leaving the carriages, a snap as of fractured iron was heard, and the guards, looking back, saw the whole rear portion of the train, consisting of seventeen carriages and a brake-van, detached from the rest of it and quietly slipping down the incline. The detached portion was moving so slowly that one of

the guards succeeded in catching the van and applying the brakes; it was, however, already too late. The velocity was greater than the brake-power could overcome, and the seventeen carriages kept descending more and more rapidly. Meanwhile the third train had reached the foot of the incline and begun to ascend it, when its engineer, on rounding a curve, caught sight of the descending carriages. He immediately reversed his engine, but before he could bring his train to a stand they were upon him. Fortunately the van-brakes of the detached carriages, though insufficient to stop them, yet did reduce their speed; the collision nevertheless was terrific. The force of the blow, so far as the advancing train was concerned, expended itself on the locomotive, which was demolished, while the passengers escaped with a fright. Not so those in the descending carriages. With them there was nothing to break the blow, and the two foremost of them were crushed to fragments and their passengers scattered over the line. It was shortly after midnight, and the excursionists clambered out of the trains and rushed frantically about, impeding every effort to clear away the debris and rescue the injured, whose shrieks and cries were incessant. The bodies of ten persons, one of whom had died of suffocation, were ultimately extricated from the ruins, and twenty-two others sustained fractures of limbs.

At Des Jardines the couplings were too strong; at Port Jervis and at Helmsmere they were not strong enough; at Car's Rock they gave way not a moment too soon. "There are objections to a plenum and there are objections to a vacuum," as Dr. Johnson remarked, "but a plenum or a vacuum it must be;" but there are no arguments in favor of railroad stations or sidings upon an inclined plane. Abergele was one illustration of what soon or late must result from them, and Helmsmere was another. In railroad mechanics there are after all some points susceptible of demonstration. That they should still be ignored is hardly less singular than it is surprising.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE

THE ballad of *The Witch's Daughter*, which, with some change and very advantageous enlargement, is now published under a new title, *Mabel Martin*,¹ is one of Mr. Whittier's most tender and searching stories in verse. The conception of a pure and tender-hearted girl, bereft of her mother by the religious madness of the Salem witch-slayers, living haunted by the memory of that dreadful and bewildering loss and by the taunts of her neighbors, is in itself singularly pathetic; but the situation is treated with that honest sympathy tempered by a wise reticence which gives to some of Mr. Whittier's poems a fresh, firm grain, and a delicate and primitive perfume, like that of the pine. The poet has prefixed a short introduction, in the same measure with the original ballad, which sketches the scene of the legend. The description of this valley, that

"Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills
And glimmering water-line between,
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,"

is a substantial gain to the poem. Several new stanzas, also, have been inserted at different points, with the delicate touch of a hand that has lost none of its cunning and can greatly enrich its former work by a few masterly strokes. The lines which show us Mabel shrinking homeward in the dark, from the husking-party at Esek Harden's, are very lovely; as also these, on her reaching her empty home:—

"And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,
The tremulous shadow of a birch
Reached out and touched the door's low porch,
As if to lift its latch." . . .

Miss Hallock's illustration of this passage is a charming triumph of sympathetic skill. The young girl stands at the door, with one hand lifted toward the latch-string, leaning her head against the wood in an attitude of weary sadness, with which is blended a weird and touching suggestion of her listening for some ghostly sound from within, from the deserted hearthstone where her murdered mother had in life been wont to await her, perhaps. The dead birch-bough,

¹ *Mabel Martin*. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

silvered by moonlight, stretches across, and just behind it the fine tracery of its tangled shadow clings to the door. For technical merit and exquisite feeling, this drawing should, we think, be set highest among Miss Hallock's contributions to the book. The same division (Part V.) of the ballad contains drawings by Miss Hallock only; and each one is rich in sentiment, while several have great beauty of execution. The river-view, "She saw the rippled waters shine," is a soft vista of thoroughly poetic landscape. It is noticeable, we think, however, that the artist is not so successful in scenes including several figures as in those devoted to one or two. There is a certain inadequacy rather than absence of characterization in the two husking-scenes, and though this is improved in the representation of Goody Martin ascending the scaffold, we find in the latter case a want of depth in the artist's imagining, which fails to grasp the horror and dread of the occasion. This superior success with the single figures is owing, perhaps, to the concentration of interest upon Esek and Mabel, in the poem itself; the graceful groups in *The Hanging of the Crane* amply prove Miss Hallock's ability in arrangement. On the whole, she has here presented us with a beautiful series of drawings; and Mr. Moran's introductory and accompanying landscapes lend to the human story a deep undertone of sylvan emotion. Mr. Waud comes somewhat in the rear with his half-titles; though that which ushers in Part II. is apt and clever. All the decorative appointments of the volume are graceful, and we must especially praise the simple cover, with its loose stalks of golden wheat and its band of black wheat-ears above and below. For the excellent taste which prevails, as well as for the cutting of the blocks, we in common with other readers owe Mr. A. V. S. Anthony many thanks.

—Baron Davillier's book on Spain,² so pleasantly written, so abundantly and brilliantly illustrated, and so magnificently published, will not be surpassed, we fancy, by any other holiday book of its sort; it

² *Spain*. By the BARON CH. DAVILLIER. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Translated by J. Thompson, F. R. G. S. New York: Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong. 1876.

has not at least been equaled by anything hitherto, unless by Messrs. Holt & Co.'s American edition of M. Taine's *Tour through the Pyrenees*. In such a book one of course looks first at the pictures. In this case their variety seems well-nigh as inexhaustible as the picturesqueness of Spain, and they fairly represent the life of all parts of the Peninsula as observant travel sees it. As illustrations they also fairly represent the virtues and vices of Doré's method. There is always more of the artist's pleasure in making a picture than of sympathy with the subject in them; though, dealing with a spectacular land like Spain, the loss is perhaps less than it might otherwise be. There is not a very great range in the type of face portrayed. It is as if the artist, having settled upon a certain type, bestowed it upon all the figures in finishing up his hasty studies; and so the different provinces are not satisfactorily discriminated; in Andalusia, in Castile, in Catalonia, in Aragon, we have nearly always the same Greek or aquiline beauty for the young women, and the same Hibernian hideousness for the men. One is puzzled to understand how the women get all that regularity of feature and the men those brutish muzzles of the worst Irish character; and how the physiognomy of one sex fails to affect that of the other. But when the worst is said, it remains to add that the work is grandly done. Some pictures, like that of ladies at Granada listening to dwarf musicians, or that of the line of mounted picadores entering the *plaza de toros*, or that of the ladies of Vitoria on their balconies, are richly satisfying in their superb expression and their poetic suggestion; and the book is full of those amazing feats of execution for which Doré is famous. The letter-press is confessedly the author's response to the artist's desire to make a book about Spain, but it is as agreeable as French ease, lightness, and literary good manners can make it. M. Davillier takes Spain very calmly, as a man must who has been there twenty times. He falls into no poetic raptures; he has no philosophy of the nation to warp his information about it, and his information is of the sort that fares best in off-hand informal statement. His familiarity with Spain has not made him tired of it; his narrative abounds in pleasant details that seem as fresh and interesting to the author as to

the reader; and his modern observation is directed by just so much historical reading as is needed to place it in the proper light. It is a thoroughly agreeable book.

—It is easy to say that these new and old sketches¹ by Mr. Clemens are of varying merit; but which, honest reader, would you leave out of the book? There is none but saves itself either by its humor or by the sound sense which it is based on, so that if one came to reject the flimsiest trifle, one would find it on consideration rather too good to throw away. In reading the book, you go through a critical process imaginably very like the author's in editing it; about certain things there can be no question from the first, and you end by accepting all, while you feel that any one else may have his proper doubts about some of the sketches.

The characteristic traits of our friend—he is the friend of mankind—are all here; here is the fine, forecasting humor, starting so far back from its effect that one, knowing some joke must be coming, feels that nothing less than a prophetic instinct can sustain the humorist in its development; here is the burlesque, that seems such plain and simple fun at first, doubling and turning upon itself till you wonder why Mr. Clemens has ever been left out of the list of our *subtile* humorists; here is that peculiar extravagance of statement which we share with all sufficiently elbow-roomed, unneighbored people, but which our English cousins are so good as to consider the distinguishing mark of American humor; here is the incorruptible right-mindedness that always warms the heart to this wit; here is the “dryness,” the “breadth,”—all the things that so weary us in the praises of him and that so take us with delight in the reading of him. But there is another quality in this book which we fancy we shall hereafter associate more and more with our familiar impressions of him, and that is a growing seriousness of meaning in the apparently unmoralized drolling, which must result from the humorist's second thought of political and social absurdities. It came to Dickens, but the character of his genius was too intensely theatrical to let him make anything but rather poor melodrama of it; to Thackeray, whom our humorists at their best are all like, it came too, and would not suffer him to leave anything, however grotesque, Subscription. The American Publishing Company 1875.

¹ *Mark Twain's Sketches*. New and Old. Now first published in Complete Form. Sold only by

merely laughed at. We shall be disappointed if in Mr. Clemens's case it finds only some desultory expression, like *Lionizing Murderers* and *A New Crime*, though there could not be more effective irony than these sketches so far as they go. The first is a very characteristic bit of the humorist's art; and the reader is not so much troubled to find where the laugh comes in as to find where it goes out—for ten to one he is in a sober mind when he is done. The other is more direct satire, but is quite as subtle in its way of presenting those cases in which murderers have been found opportunely insane and acquitted, and gravely sandwiching amongst them instances in which obviously mad people have been hanged by the same admirable system.

Nothing more final has been thought of on the subject of a great public, statutory wrong, than Mark Twain's petition to Congress asking that all property shall be held during the period of forty-two years, or for just so long as an author is permitted to claim copyright in his book. The whole sense and justice applicable to the matter are enforced in this ironical prayer, and there is no argument that could stand against it. If property in houses or lands—which a man may get by dishonest trickery, or usury, or hard rapacity—were in danger of ceasing after forty-two years, the whole virtuous community would rouse itself to perpetuate the author's right to the product of his brain, and no griping bidder at tax-sales but would demand the protection of literature by indefinite copyright. The difficulty is, to condition the safety of real estate in this way; but Mark Twain's petition is a move in the right direction.

We should be sorry to give our readers the impression that they are unconsciously to imbibe political and social wisdom from every page of Mr. Clemens's new book, when we merely wished to point out one of his tendencies. Though there is nearly always sense in his nonsense, yet he is master of the art of pure drolling. The grotesque cannot go further than in that *Mediæval Romance* of his, where he is obliged to abandon his hero or heroine at the most critical moment, simply because he can see no way to get him or her out of the difficulty; and there is a delicious novelty in that *Ghost Story*, where the unhappy spectre of the Cardiff giant is mortified to find that he has been haunting a plaster cast of himself in New York, while his stone orig-

inal was lying in Albany. The *Experiences of the McWilliamses* with the *Membranous Croup* is a bit of *genre* romance, which must read like an abuse of confidence to every husband and father. These are amongst the new sketches, though none of them have staled by custom, and the old sketches are to be called so merely for contradistinction's sake. How I once edited an *Agricultural Paper*, *About Barbers*, *Cannibalism in the Cars*, *The Undertaker's Chat*, *The Scriptural Panoramist*, *To raise Poultry*, *A Visit to Niagara*, are all familiar favorites, which, when we have read them we wish merely to have the high privilege of immediately reading over again. We must not leave the famous *Jumping Frog* out of their honorable and pleasant company; it is here in a new effect, first as the *Jumping Frog* in Mark Twain's original English, then in the French of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and then in his literal version of the French, which he gives that the reader may see how his frog has been made to appear "to the distorted French eye."

But by far the most perfect piece of work in the book is *A True Story*, which resulted, we remember, in some confusion of the average critical mind, when it was first published in these pages a little more than one year ago. It is simply the story an old black cook tells of how her children were all sold away from her, and how after twenty years she found her youngest boy again. The shyness of an enlightened and independent press respecting this history was something extremely amusing to see, and we could fancy it a spectacle of delightful interest to the author, if it had not had such disheartening features. Mostly the story was described in the notices of the magazine as a humorous sketch by Mark Twain; sometimes it was mentioned as a paper apparently out of the author's usual line; again it was handled non-committally as one of Mark Twain's extravagances. Evidently the critical mind feared a lurking joke. Not above two or three notices out of hundreds recognized *A True Story* for what it was, namely, a study of character as true as life itself, strong, tender, and most movingly pathetic in its perfect fidelity to the tragic fact. We beg the reader to turn to it again in this book. We can assure him that he has a great surprise and a strong emotion in store for him. The rugged truth of the sketch leaves all other stories of slave life infinitely far behind,

and reveals a gift in the author for the simple dramatic report of reality which we have seen equaled in no other American writer.

— If it were the fashion to reward unusual qualities with proportionate praise and accurate appreciation, Mr. Nadal's essays¹ would secure him a very high position in the popular esteem; they are certain to secure it for him among the best readers, with whom in this case we are inclined Pharisaically to include ourselves. It is not too much to say that Mr. Nadal sounds a new and entirely distinct note in our literature. Here for the first time a man of society, a connoisseur of the clubs, yet a person distinctly American in sentiment and in the fine quality of his apprehension, and possessed of remarkable but wholly modest literary skill, undertakes to give his impressions of English life, with such reflections upon our own as his subject suggests. His method is entirely his own, and has about it a freshness and simplicity that are very strange after the singularly elaborate performances which we have grown accustomed to seeing hurled against England at regular intervals, from foreign presses. Mr. Nadal treats his subject with a directness and an absence of effort which recall the manner of old travelers nearer the dawn of modern literature, who accepted healthily whatever struck them, and offered it to their readers with complete confidence in its sufficiency as entertainment. "When I was in England," he says, "I noticed" so and so. One feels that it is a new and fascinating thing to have been in England and to recall what one noticed there. The author does not lay bare the whole English system, root and branch, as Mr. Emerson has done in his tremendous English Traits. Such searching and brilliant analysis, though invaluable, is like too bright a flame. It makes the eyes ache. Nor is Mr. Nadal a historical literary critic, like M. Taine, who sifts his subject with the industry and not much more than the delicacy of a laborer shoveling gravel. He does not play upon his theme from the high and visionary standpoint of Hawthorne, nor with so marvelous a reach of language as he. Mr. James's Transatlantic Sketches come much more readily into comparison with these papers than do the books of those more

eminent writers. But Mr. Nadal widely differs from Mr. James. With the former, the human interest is very important; the latter strangely slights it. Mr. Nadal feels the security, also, of a man who has lived in a society of foreigners without losing his own national standpoint. Mr. James is unable to get anything definitive out of the difference between Europe and America, and constantly measures one thing in Europe by another in some other part of Europe, generally to the disadvantage of what is before him at the time. Mr. Nadal offers us nothing like Mr. James's splendor of style, however; although he has an art of his own that will wear very well. Not least among the charms of his writing is his dry humor; there are bits of admirable description in it, too; and, besides, fragments of wisdom and of poetic perception like these: "Grace, I should say, was the expression of a beautiful past." "It is the way of the world to regard success and fortune as another sort of character."

The articles on English Tradition and the Future, Our Latest Notions of Republics, and English and American Newspaper-Writing are particularly commendable; and we should advise the chief steamship companies doing business between the New World and the Old to provide some of their passengers with free copies of the essay on Americans Abroad. Mr. Nadal's four pages on British presumption are simply masterly; and possibly, while making the arrangement just suggested, the steamship companies would do well to supply this essay at the other end of the route. It should be done before the influx of centennial visitors begins.

All the articles in this book are brief, and the volume is accordingly soon perused, though not exhausted. This brevity reminds one of the talk, heard at an evening party, of a thoroughly entertaining man, who never forces his wit, and leaves you always listening for the next thing. In the midst, your companion is called away to another group, and you look after him, wishing he might have stayed longer.

— In Dr. Hunt's volume of collected chemical and geological essays² we have a masterly presentation of a variety of related topics, a more familiar exposition of which, judging by the favorable reception of re-

¹ *Impressions of London Social Life. With other Papers suggested by an English Residence.* By E. S. NADAL, New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

² *Chemical and Geological Essays.* By T. STERRY HUNT, LL. D., F. R. S. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

cent popular science publications, would be interesting at this time to a large circle of amateurs and persons of general culture. From most readers unversed in scientific methods, however, a large part of these essays will claim such close attention and careful thought that they will probably be generally regarded as addressed by a specialist to scientific men engaged in the same pursuits with himself.

The essays have been selected from numerous writings published by the author during the last fifteen or twenty years, in many American and foreign periodicals. The author modestly remarks that it has been his fortune to enunciate in very many cases views for which his fellow-workers were not prepared, and after a lapse of years to find these views propounded by others as new discoveries or original conclusions; and being naturally desirous of vindicating his claims to priority, he republishes these enunciations, in their old form, as far as possible, on account of the historic interest which attaches to this in his mind. (Preface.)

Non-scientific men in general do not comprehend the importance that attaches in the minds of nature-investigators to the credit of first discovery. A truth once recognized seems to them to belong to the world, not to any particular advocate of a once disputed theory; and the frequently recurring scramble for priority, often embittered by repeated claims, denunciations, and recriminations, is offensive to them. But discovery is the ambition of the scientific worker and the object to which his toil is directed, and it must be remembered that he has not the poet's resource at his command, to dismiss the matter, when a question is once raised, relieving his mind at the same time, with a neat stanza: *Sic vos non vobis*.

Dr. Hunt is a leading authority on the subject which he treats. Geology has only too often been approached from a preparation limited to some one department of scientific knowledge, namely, chemistry, zoölogy, or physics; but he combines acquaintance with each of these branches, so attaining a many-sidedness of mind which gives weight to his opinions. The largeness of his views is best shown by his estimate of the comprehensive scope of the science with which he deals. In his own words, "While theoretical geology investigates the astronomical, physical, chemical, and biological laws which have presided over the development of our earth, and while practi-

cal geology or geognosy studies its natural history, as exhibited in its physical structure, its mineralogy, and its paleontology . . . this comprehensive science . . . sits like a sovereign, commanding in turn the services of all" these studies.

The original molten condition of the earth, as indicated by astronomical analogies and the form and character of the sphere itself at the present time, is a theory generally accepted by geologists; and the cooling globe is the author's starting-point. In many of his theories as to the early chemistry of the primeval earth, contained in Chapter IV., he touches on matters in regard to which his opinion is as good as that of any other, and upon which no one will venture to contradict him.

He advances a plausible theory (first adopted by him in 1863) of "cycles in sedimentation," resulting in the formation of two groups of strata, — aluminous silicates (the granites, gneisses, mica schists, and clay slates), and silicates of protoxid bases, lime, magnesia, and ferrous oxid (sienites, diorites, serpentines, etc.), — and claims that as a consequence of the natural tendency which produces this result, the minerals developed by metamorphism in each of these two groups, differing, of course, according to the composition of the mass from which they are derived, may be made a test of the age of the rocks in which they occur, when the better evidence of organic remains is wanting. In this, he probably lays too much stress on the value of these minerals for this purpose. The theory seems to fail in this, that the sedimentation of these rocks, if similar in its operation to that now at work (which Dr. Hunt claims to have been the fact), would produce, at the same time, strata of compositions so various (including both the classes named), in each formation, that subsequent division according to his lithological test would inevitably err stratigraphically. Thus in his scheme the presence of staurolite, cyanite, alusite, and garnet is made a sign of identity of age of the rocks in which they occur. From this, as well as other propositions, Professor Dana dissented in a paper in the American Journal of Science for February, 1872. In his reply here to this criticism of Professor Dana's, Dr. Hunt says (p. 327), "I answer that . . . it has not yet been proved that they belong to any later geological period than the one already indicated" (his Teranovan, a fanciful pre-Cambrian group including similar schists in many places, and

probably of many ages). This opinion Dr. Hunt will probably find his fellow-workers unprepared to accept, but he need have no fear that any of them will seek to deprive him of the credit of having made such an assertion after his attention had been particularly called to instances in which these minerals are found in many different formations, fossiliferous as well as azoic.

In his development of the subject of the obscure origin of rocks of purely hornblende, serpentinous, chloritic, or other similar character, he has done science a good service.

In many of his views as to the nature and operation of the influences which have brought crystalline rocks to their present condition by molecular rearrangement of the promiscuous particles of sedimental deposits, he differs from Gustaf Rose, Blum, Volger, Haidinger, Rammelsberg, Dana, Bischof, and others, "the now reigning school of chemical geologists," as he calls them. It may be remarked that in some particulars he mistakes the views of his opponents, attributing to them opinions which they disclaim.

The chapters on veinstones and minerals, and on chemistry, will be of interest principally to those with whose business these subjects are intimately connected.

The question of pseudomorphism is one much discussed of late by scientific writers.

To all who are interested in the origin of life, the chapters on the history of the Cambrian and Silurian rocks will be of the greatest service as a summary of the discoveries so far made of the remains of early life in the seas from which these strata were deposited. The great services of the English nobleman who made such a reputation for himself in the van of palæontological research, Sir Roderick Murchison, the author of Siluria, have been supplemented to a wonderful extent. Rocks which even at the time of the publication of his great work were regarded as unfossiliferous have been made to reveal new secrets, and these strata as grouped by Sedgwick have received the name of Cambrian, a term taken, of course, from the old name of Wales, the region where they are principally found. The Lower Cambrian rocks, represented in America, so far as is yet known, only in small areas in Newfoundland, at St. John, New Brunswick, and at Braintree, Massachusetts, are found in Sweden, Wales, Shropshire, and elsewhere in Great Britain and on the Continent. In

these foreign localities they are more prolific in fossils than with us, and an abundant fauna has been disclosed, particularly in South Wales.

There is an interesting discussion of Emmons's Taconic group of Western New England, familiar by name to many, but understood by few. In conclusion, it may be truly said that these essays will well repay careful study.

— If Mr. Russell had in mind any particular plan in putting together his *Library Notes*,¹ it must have been that of the older essayists, who pressed into the service of the topics they were treating almost any subject they could lay hold of; and Montaigne, in the copiousness of his extracts, seems to have been his model. Like that delightful gossip he does not refuse any sort of excursion that will bring him to a detachable fact or fable which he can throw into his essay, leaving the reader to place and connect it with the other matters as he likes, and construes his somewhat Emersonianly stated topics of Insufficiency, Extremes, Disguises, Standards, Rewards, Limits, Incongruity, Mutations, Paradoxes, with almost the Frenchman's liberal sense.

It is a pity, we think, that in this age of attractive labels his book could not have been less plainly named; yet the name describes it well enough. It is simply and really the notes of an experienced and observant man's reading, in which one may find a genuine love of books and a taste commonly as sound as it is cordial and unaffected. He has liked a vast variety of authors, and in his mental perspective, which we should fancy was arranged in the quiet of a study remote from the warring currents of contemporary criticism, there are hints and suggestions of the possible judgment of posterity upon many modern authors which are curiously interesting. The stories and anecdotes with which the essays are so generously enriched, and which are always significant if not always pertinent, show the same universal interest and liking. One is apt to find a thought from Goethe next a sentiment from the Rev. W. R. Alger; and a bit of John Brown's history following close upon some account of the Spanish Inquisition; Johnny Appleseed, of the Ohio backwoods, and the beggar-nobles who petitioned Margaret of Parma against the persecution of the Protestants are friendly guests of the same host.

¹ *Library Notes*. By A. P. RUSSELL. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1875.

pitiable page; and it is pretty, as Pepys says, to note how these authors and events and subjects give and take dignity from each other. At the same time that Mr. Russell shows his appreciation of modern thought and example, it is plain that his taste was formed in the good old school of English classical reading, and that his greatest fondness is for masters who are in some danger of becoming merely names to our generation. For this reason as well as others we commend his entertaining book. His part in making it has been greater than is at first apparent; he is himself so little obtrusive that one does not always realize that he has thought about matters of which he says nothing in presenting the sense of others. He is the ideal host at the board where he sits; he starts the conversation with some suggestion or query, and only drops in a word here and there, when the talk is likely to flag, or it is necessary to awaken an interest in some other phase of the subject.

— It seems a mockery to class among religious books, and a pity to class anywhere, a production like the Rev. Mr. Talmage's last.¹ It is feeble and flaunting; the literary vulgarity of it is astounding; it is illogical naturally, and it is also insincere. For while professing a strenuous reformatory aim, every page of it contains some flattery of ignorant prejudice, or palpable bid for coarse applause. Many of the objections which Mr. Talmage urges against the modern drama are, unhappily, well founded; as those who best love the noblest and most universal of the arts best know. But it may well be doubted whether the theatre, even in its present degenerate state, cherishes any vice of mind or of manners which is not equally and perhaps more fatally encouraged by the theatrical style of pulpit performance. It seems proper to justify these remarks by a fair specimen of this "popular" teacher's fol-de-rol: "I charge upon the average theatre that it is the enemy of domestic life. The children are handed over to irresponsible employees, while the father and mother are at the theatre. Wherever it offers its fascinations, children are a great nuisance. If the measles come to the little ones the week that Davenport plays, Davenport triumphs, and the measles go under. . . . What will that mother say when she goes up to God and God asks, 'Where are your children?'"

¹ *Sports that Kill*. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

She will say, 'One of them turned out to be a defrauder, and another went off from home and was never heard of again. I did all I could for them; that is, I gave three dollars a week to a good Irish nurse, and it was her business to take care of them.'"

— The observatory of Harvard College early became noted for the excellence of its researches in physical astronomy. In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for 1848 may be found two drawings accompanying two memoirs on the nebulae of Andromeda and of Orion respectively. The memoir on the Andromeda nebula and the accompanying drawing were by G. P. Bond, then assistant in the observatory, while the latter memoir was by W. C. Bond, then director.

To understand the nature of the work which was thus assumed by the Harvard College Observatory, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of what had been done up to that time. It is now certain that the nebula in Andromeda was known to the Persian astronomer Sûfi in the tenth century, and he speaks of it as an object "generally known." In Europe it was first discovered by Simon Marius in December, 1612, and from that day to this it has been usually visible to the naked eye, its appearance being, according to the expressive simile of Marius, that of a lantern shining through a disk of horn. We say it has *usually* been visible to the naked eye, but in the Philosophical Transactions we find a note by Bullialdus, in which it is declared that in the year 1677 this nebula was fainter than of old, and that during the months of February and March it was not visible at all. Again, Cassini speaks of its shape as triangular, while Mairan contends that it changed in shape as well as in brilliancy. Here, then, astronomy was already face to face with problems which are yet unsolved: Do the nebulae change in brightness? Do they change in shape? The ancient eye-observations of course could not settle either of these questions, which demand quantitative measures of a refined nature, but they could set them plainly forth. If the nebulae are bodies very far removed from us, as was formerly unhesitatingly assumed, a change of brightness would be far more likely to be noted than a change of shape, since a change of the visible boundary of a nebula by so much as one tenth of a second of arc would imply a movement of some kind of matter over millions of miles. But the proof of changes

of brightness requires refined photometers, which have only lately been constructed, and so far as we know have never yet been applied to the solution of this question. The detection of changes of shape is more easy: we have only to make an accurate map of the small stars which are usually found spread through a considerable nebula, and by means of these stars to draw in the line where the nebulous matter ends and the black background of the sky begins. Here again a difficulty is met with, since a large telescope will show more nebulous matter than a small one, and hence the boundary is more extended for the larger instrument.

Huyghens independently discovered the nebula of Orion in 1656 (it had been seen in 1618 by Cysat), and he has left us a drawing of it as he saw it. This drawing is the first evidence we have for the solution of the question, Does a nebula change in shape? Le Gentil, Picard, Messier, Le Fevre, Sir William Herschel, and others made figures of this nebula before 1800. Since that time we have two drawings by Sir John Herschel, two by Lassell (only one published), and more or less elaborate drawings by Secchi, Liaponoff, Rosse, W. C. Bond, G. P. Bond, Da Vico, Lamont, and others. The nebula in Andromeda has likewise been figured by Messier and by several since his time.

All the drawings up to 1800 have been declared by Sir John Herschel to be mere objects of curiosity, and to be of no practical value for the solution of this question. If his verdict be true, his own first drawing in 1826 is but little more valuable, and however this may be, it is certain that the first adequate representation of the figure of a nebula was made in America about 1840 by two undergraduates of Yale College, Smith and Mason, who not only constructed their own telescope, but while still undergraduates did work with it which remained, until the publication of the first work of the Bonds, decidedly the best extant.

It has been necessary to say so much on this subject in order to show what the position of science in regard to this problem has been, and in order to show the object toward which the observatory of Harvard College has been striving. Up to the time of Smith and Mason nothing claiming high accuracy had been done in the way of figuring nebulae, and a few years after them (1848) we have the drawings of the nebulae of Andromeda and of Orion by the

younger and elder Bond. The latter drawing was based upon measurements which were made with less care than the subject demanded, and was sharply criticised by the younger Struve. To the desire to have the work of the Harvard College Observatory equal to any in the world we owe the second engraving of the nebula Orionis, which was executed on steel after an exquisite drawing of the younger Bond's, but only published after his too early death. This engraving was and probably to-day is the very finest piece of astronomical engraving extant; and we praise the present series of drawings¹ highly when we say that they are worthy of it. As Harvard College Observatory had already taken a leading place in delineations of this kind, with no real rivals save the private observatories of Lord Rosse and Mr. Lassell, Professor Winlock, the late eminent director, determined on prosecuting a work in which the observatory had already done so much. This decision was peculiarly happy; for we have already pointed out that to make drawings strictly comparable they must be done by one instrument, and if changes are then fairly made out, they must be supposed to be true variations of the object itself. The eyes of different observers may be compared so as to show that such changes are not due alone to retinae of different sensitiveness.

We have among these drawings one of the nebula of Andromeda, on a larger scale than that made by the younger Bond, upon which too much praise cannot be bestowed. It was drawn, as indeed all of these have been, by Mr. L. Trouvelot, in whom the observatory of Harvard College found an artist and an astronomer combined. No text as yet accompanies these drawings; this was to have been supplied by Professor Winlock, but we suppose the process of making this drawing to have consisted, first in making an accurate map of the stars within and near the nebula, and then in drawing, with the aid of this map, the outlines of the nebula and the boundaries of its different lines of shade among the stars. From this description it is easy to understand how patience in such work would insure accuracy of detail, but it is by no means easy to convey to those who have not a vivid recollection of the nebula, and who have not this exquisite drawing before them, how artistic it is. Not only are the

¹ *Astronomical Engravings from the Observatory of Harvard College.* Thirty-five plates.

boundaries and the lights well given, but the *effect* of the nebula in the telescope is given in a marvelous way. A Woodbury-type of a trial drawing of the central portion of the nebula Orionis is also given. No satisfactory complete drawing of this was made, but this sketch is put forth for study and criticism. In it we certainly do find cause to suspect minute changes since Bond's time, in the portion delineated. To settle this question a careful examination is required, which is out of place here; but it is not too much to say that the evidence on this point which is obtainable from these drawings is more to be relied upon than that from any two others now before the world. The subject will undoubtedly receive full attention. Besides the drawings mentioned there are delineations of other nebulae and of two clusters, which are beautiful specimens of work. Several plates of drawings of Jupiter and Mars are likewise given. To the plates of Jupiter we can give almost unqualified praise; those of Mars may be equally faithful, but the printed figures give an aspect of relief which we have not remarked in other excellent drawings of Mars (those of Dawes, Kaiser, and Lockyer for example), nor indeed in the planet itself. We have especially to commend the color of the central bands of Jupiter and of the reddish portions of Mars, which seem very faithful. It is a curious fact that in the year 1874-75 at least, the color of the red belts of Jupiter is the same or very nearly the same as that of the general surface of Mars, although of course this tint is of less intensity on Jupiter.

Bond's beautiful engravings of Donati's comet and several good lithographs of Coglia's comet are also included. Careful studies of several moon-craters have been made, of the highest degree of excellence. We have ourselves compared one of these with the moon, and have found it exceedingly faithful. The sun has received its full share of attention, and figures of the solar corona and of the solar prominences and sun-spots are given, which appear to be of equal excellence with the rest. We note in passing that the red color of the solar prominences is very successfully reproduced.

Steel-engravings of the spectroscopes of the observatory show the details of the most ingenious device, which Professor Winlock was the first to invent, for registering the lines of a spectrum, without which spectroscopic work on sudden phenomena, like solar eclipses, lightning, or the aurora,

would be far behind its present state. Most of the drawings are lithographed by J. H. Bufford and Sons, whose work deserves high commendation. From the text, which we understand is in preparation, we shall know better what share the accomplished director of the observatory had in this most valuable contribution to science; we may be sure that the results of his foresight, his care, his skill, his patience, are everywhere seen.

This work is of the highest order, and we may safely say that no telescope has done more toward the accurate solution of the question of the variability of nebulae than the Harvard refractor. The present series of plates is the result not only of favorable opportunity but of great skill, patience, and devotion, and it will remain as a monument to its authors.

—In this volume of *Essays and Studies*¹ Mr. Swinburne goes over a good deal of ground and pays his respects to a number of more or less great men. Victor Hugo, Mr. William Morris, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and Mr. Matthew Arnold among the living, and Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Ford, the dramatist, among the dead, are the men treated of at length. For those he admires he finds no words of praise too warm, so long as they are alliterative, and when he has to blame any man or class of men his denunciations never leave his readers in doubt about his meaning. The following passage may serve as an example of some of his "tall" writing; speaking of Rossetti's sonnets he says: "Their golden affluence of images and jewel-colored words never once disguises the firm outline, the justice and chastity of form. No nakedness could be more harmonious, more consummate in its fleshly sculpture, than the imperial array and ornament of this august poetry. Mailed in gold as of the morning and girdled with gems of strange water, the beautiful body as of a carved goddess gleams through them tangible and taintless, without spot or default." Here is Mr. Swinburne when he has laid aside his paint-brush and begun to call things by their right names: "It [Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui rit*] is a book to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal, and therefore cannot be impaired by any

¹ *Essays and Studies*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Chatto and Windus. 1875.

want of realism. . . . This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as 'anonymuncules who go scribbling about;' there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and hoot inaudibly, behind his heel. It is not every demi-god who is vulnerable there." We do not however recall at this time any thing of chatter and chuckle who considered the heel as the weak spot in Victor Hugo, but this passage is as characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's facetiousness as the other is of his notorious good taste. Bits of eloquence like these are not rare in the book; indeed, some readers will find their heads buzzing after a few pages of it as if they had been reading in a noisy railway train, while others again, it is fair to suppose, will greatly admire this luxurious style. At times Mr. Swinburne hides what he has to say in a cloud of words; the chapters on Victor Hugo, for instance, are songs of admiration rather than models of intelligible praise.

These essays have been much praised for what is called their wide sympathy and generous breadth; we are called upon to admire Mr. Swinburne because he admires Mr. Matthew Arnold and his contemporary Mr. D. G. Rossetti, but it is not easy to see what claim this gives him upon our affection. That he should set great store by Mr. Rossetti is nothing remarkable; there is but little blame he could find with that poet's faults which would not tell more severely against his own, and it is easy to praise since the former has done what Mr. Swinburne has shown that he approves. That he should find something to admire in Mr. Arnold could only be remarkable if he had given evidence of a petulant desire to denounce qualities that were unlike his own, and even if he here made an exception and did like something that was good and of a merit not akin to his own, it is but a very negative virtue which we are summoned to admire. His essay on Mr. Arnold is perhaps the most valuable in the volume; it contains criticism, and not merely gushing praise; and some of the criticism is very good. It is fair to dispute Mr. Arnold's estimate of Maurice de Guérin, and his disproportionate praise of the French

Academy, and what Mr. Swinburne has to say of these matters is well worth listening to. When he admires Mr. Arnold's poetry he does it generously and intelligently. There is less verbiage here than in some of the essays; it would seem as if Mr. Arnold's refining influence had acted upon his critic. The few pages treating of Coleridge and Byron may also be commended to the reader's attention for their suggestiveness.

In brief foot-notes and in occasional side-references we are treated to bits of criticism which sometimes show the writer's power for indiscriminating admiration, and sometimes his lack of susceptibility to the best work. Not every one will agree with him in his passionate liking for "the great new-year hymn of Miss Rossetti,—

'Passing away, saith the world, passing away,'

so much the noblest of sacred poems in our language that there is none which comes near it enough to stand second; a hymn touched as with the fire and bathed as in the light of sunbeams, tuned as to chords and cadences of refulgent sea-music beyond reach of harp and organ, large echoes of the serene and sonorous tides of heaven!" Nor is it easy to join hands with Mr. Swinburne in his bravado of calling Mademoiselle de Maupin "the most perfect and exquisite book of modern times." But far more serious than these thoughtless assertions is his contemptuous treatment of Alfred de Musset. In one passage he calls him the "female page or attendant dwarf" of Charnfort, and speaks of his poems as "decoctions of watered Byronism." Elsewhere he speaks of his "monotonous desire and discontent" and his "fitful and febrile beauty." This brief summing up is more alliterative than just; Alfred de Musset's faults are indicated in this statement, but no sort of justice is done to his imagination and his great excellence as a poet. It need not be remarked how uncritical is the habit of calling Alfred de Musset or any one else by opprobrious names, as Mr. Swinburne does.

This volume of Essays and Studies contains some good criticism amid a great deal of idle praise; bits of really fine description, as on the opening page; many pages on the other hand given up to the indiscriminate heaping of adjectives; and remarks showing thought and study alternating with passages of boyish insolence. It is, in a word, a singular mixture of ripeness and crudity.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

With the third and fourth volumes of his history of our civil war,² the Comte de Paris brings his work no farther than to the end of the year 1862. He had hoped at first to complete his task within the compass he has already reached, but his work has grown under his hands, and now it seems probable that the author will require ten or twelve volumes before bringing his story down to the end of the war. No one will begrudge him this space, for it becomes continually clearer that this is destined to be the generally received history of the War of the Rebellion. It will be deservedly so, for the author, by virtue of being a foreigner, has an impartiality which it would be hard for one of us to acquire; he has a satisfactory knowledge of both the great principles and the *minutiae* of the great struggle, and he spares no pains in search of thoroughness and accuracy. More than this, he is so completely master of his subject that he makes clear the most complicated campaigns, and he tells his story in the most lucid way.

The third volume opens with an account of the operations of the army of the Potomac in the spring of 1862, the beginning of the period which many of our readers will not be able to recall without a shudder. McClellan landed his army of over a hundred thousand men before Yorktown, and Magruder with eleven thousand men kept our whole force at bay until it was too late to attack with any fair chance of success. Finally, when the attack was made, it would in all probability have been successful if it had been well managed, but too small a force was sent to the charge, it was not properly supported, senseless delays took the place of prompt action, and the consequence was that the attack of April 16th was a discouraging failure. What the reader notices in the account of these early days of the campaigns made by the army of the Potomac is the primeval way in which everything seems to have been managed, and especially in time of action. The condition of the battle-field was often the cause of the groping uncertainty with which generals sent their forces forward without

proper dependence on the supporting troops, but often again there seems to have been at headquarters a lamentable ignorance of what was to be done and of the way to do it. The question of McClellan's ability is always complicated in our minds with all sorts of political issues, which really have no bearing on his military skill. The author makes a good showing for his old chief, without, in our opinion, laying himself open to the charge of partiality, but he has cause to complain at times of inexplicable delay on the part of his general. The first book contains an account of what was done by the army of the Potomac until McClellan's withdrawal from Harrison's Landing; Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Glendale, and Malvern are the actions giving titles to the different chapters. It is hard not to blame the commanding general for the faulty disposition of the army which led to the unsatisfactory result at the battle of Fair Oaks, and to our subsequent disasters. But without opening this delicate question it will be sufficient to say that this history contains a very clear exposition of the events; all of our misfortunes in all their painful monotony are plainly narrated.

It is an agreeable relief to turn from these gloomy pages to the second book, which describes the deeds of our navy in the beginning of the war. The capture of New Orleans was one of the most important as well as one of the most honorable of our successes. Naturally Butler comes prominently forward in the account of subsequent events, and he is not mentioned in terms of enthusiastic praise. A few lines are devoted to the speculations by which he made himself notorious, while he receives the credit due him for the order preserved in the captured city and the excellence of his sanitary regulations, which kept off the yellow fever during the whole time of the war. The remaining chapters of this book describe the campaign leading to the evacuation of Corinth and the capture of Memphis, as well as the resulting attempt to open the whole Mississippi, which was prevented by the strength of the fortifications at Vicksburg. From this we are carried to what was done by the navy in front of Charleston and Savannah.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

² *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique.* Par

M. LE COMTE DE PARIS, ancien Aide de Camp du Général MacClellan. Tomes III. et IV. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1875.

The third book opens with Pope's assuming command of the army of Virginia, and an account of the battle of Cedar Mountain. This is another melancholy chapter in the recollection of us all. There was uncertainty everywhere; those in authority at Washington felt anxious about the safety of that city, and when the unfortunate battle of Manassas took place, and our defeated army took its sad way back to Washington, matters stood at about as low an ebb as at any time during the whole war. Then came the surrender of Harper's Ferry and the battle of Antietam. With this the third volume closes.

The fourth volume carries us out to the West again; Perryville, Corinth, Prairie Grove are the titles of the chapters of the first book; Chickasaw Bayou, the guerrillas, and Murfreesborough, of the second. The battle of Perryville, it will be remembered, put an end to Bragg's active campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee. At this fight and at Corinth the losses were large. At Perryville, out of twenty-five thousand of our men engaged, in four hours no less than four thousand were lost, and three thousand of these belonged to one corps, that of General McCook, which entered the field twelve thousand and five hundred strong. The opposing army lost more than a quarter of its strength. At Corinth what was most noticeable was Rosecrans's bravery. The other campaigns in the West are well described, much space being devoted to the history of the important battle of Murfreesborough, where Rosecrans again distinguished himself.

With the third book of this volume we come back again to Virginia, and to Burnside's appointment to the command of the army of the Potomac. This general's failure at Fredericksburg is told at great length. His plan of campaign is fully expounded, and with regard to the minutæ of carrying it out this excerpt may show the author's treatment better than anything else. He says: "The delay in the arrival of the pontoons, which had so unfortunate a result on the Federals for all the rest of the campaign, is one of those questions, so frequent after a reverse, which are still matters of debate in America. We have entered into the details of this matter in order to show one of the thousand difficulties which in this war managed to overthrow the wisest combinations. From what we have said every one will see at once that in this matter the blame is to be divided among all. Burn-

side was wrong, in the first place, in allowing the success of his campaign to depend on a coincidence hard to forecast; and, moreover, as he has himself acknowledged, in not sending an officer to Washington to oversee the transport of the pontoons, so as to make this coincidence possible; and, finally, in not having ascertained the presence at Belle Plain of the boats which he could have made use of before the others arrived. Halleck absolutely neglected to see to the execution of an order the importance of which he knew; he did not hasten those who were charged with carrying it out, nor did he give Burnside word of a delay of which he had himself been informed. General Woodbury committed a serious error in not sending by water the two complete equipments, and in sending Spaulding's convoy with a load which made its progress impossible in that season." The results of this melancholy defeat the author sets forth at great length; desertion became very common after the battle of Fredericksburg, the officers criticised freely the plans of their commander, and the only hope of the army seemed to be in the new chief, Hooker, who was appointed in January, 1863. His exploits are to be recounted in a succeeding volume. In the concluding book of this fourth volume, entitled *Politics*, after a brief account of the doings on the coast of Texas, Georgia, and the Carolinas, is to be found a full exposition of the financial policy then begun, and of the steps leading to the proclamation of emancipation, January 1, 1863.

— A volume better suited for the frivolous is Droz's last novel, *Les Étangs*.¹ Some of our readers will perhaps remember that notice was made in these pages a few months ago of what was then, and indeed still is, a recent novel of his, *Une Femme Gênante*. After a long silence he pained every one by that tasteless production, which was but a sorry reward for patient expectation, during three years, of some new work from his pen. Now, after about six months he gives us this new story, as if to destroy the bad impression its predecessor made. That it will have this effect is fortunately the case, and, considering that the course of the novelist is so much like that of any other sinner plunging violently headlong towards destruction, this exceptional case may be the cause of rejoicing as over a brand plucked from the burning.

¹ *Les Étangs*. Par GUSTAVE DROZ. Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1875.

The present story is of a very different kind, not only from that one, but from any he has ever written. That remorse could have inspired him to write it cannot, however, be affirmed. *Une Femme Gênante* had reached its seventeenth edition before this one appeared, only one less than his *Autour d'une Source* had reached after many years.

Les Étangs is not written in the usual formal manner; the narrator of the tale tells us how it happened that he began to take an interest in some old, barely habitable ruins he chanced to come across one day when hunting. In seeking shelter from a storm, he made his way into them and found their only occupants to be an old man, an American, and his servant. This American had the reputation of being a great hater of his kind; he lived here in almost entire seclusion, having no intercourse with his neighbors. The narrator found the old place charming; it had belonged in the last century to ancestors of his, and when the American died he bought it. He then set himself to work to unravel some obscurities in his family history, and he soon found some letters throwing more or less light on them, and these form the slight plot of this novel. As a story it is of the least solid sort, but in spite of this the little volume will be found entertaining reading. It would be unfair to extract the meagre plot from its surroundings; nine readers out of ten will scent the end before they have read

many pages, but they will not feel then as if they had exhausted the only charm of the book, which is the delightful style of the author. Droz always writes with that most truthful realism which is the height, or, at least, one of the heights of art, and an important one. He always seems to be writing, not an imaginary record, but a literal statement of facts. He wheedles his readers into believing the reality of his statements by the most ingenious devices; he seems not to care to make a vivid impression so much as an accurate one; he takes pains to mention insignificant trifles, which, while they appear trivial, are surest to carry conviction. But it is not only the air of truth which is agreeable; he shows frequently great humor and great pathos; some of his little sketches, which are buried in a great deal of worse than worthless material, bear witness of this. He generally gives the impression of being able to do better than he has yet done,—an impression which, be it said by the way, one is apt to have about a writer one likes for this gift or for that, who at the same time has some marked fault,—and the reader will be inclined to ask better use of his graceful talents. For they are graceful because they are combined by his tact, which saves him from ever being tiresome even when he most displeases. He is one of the younger French writers, from whom much is yet to be hoped, and he has left behind him much on which to base these hopes.

ART.

MR. GARDNER's second book on house-building,¹ which should have had an earlier notice, is lively and entertaining, like its predecessor, *Homes and How to Make Them*, and like it full of practical good sense. It contains a baker's dozen of plans and descriptions of houses of different kinds and sizes, which assume to have been built for proprietors whose characters and professional interviews with the architect are amusingly sketched. In the course of the reported discussions, most of the practical questions concerning convenience and com-

fort that are likely to arise in planning houses of the class Mr. Gardner describes—country houses ranging in cost from five hundred to twelve thousand dollars—are touched upon in one way or another. Questions of form or decoration are ignored or only incidentally alluded to.

The plans are on the whole well and often ingeniously arranged for their assumed purpose, without any chance of special skill or invention; just such houses in fact as an architect would be likely to have to build in practice, and such as lead one to

¹ *Illustrated Homes: a Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People.* By E. C. GARDNER, author of *Homes and How to Make Them*.

With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

believe that the author is serious in calling them real homes. One or two bear evidence of being taken from preliminary sketches rather than from plans worked out for execution. The exteriors, without any marked excellence of design or display of professional resource, are often comely and picturesque. Some would evidently be more attractive in execution than in the drawings, which are not always happy.

The slight sketches of character are clever and the dialogue lively to friskiness. Practicing architects will probably recognize some of their own clients in Mr. Gardner's people, who have mostly an air of being taken from living models, though their speech has a strong family likeness throughout. His Wandering Jew has at one time or other visited most architect's offices. Persons who wish to build houses, on the other hand, will find most of the practical exigencies they have to consider suggested to them. They will probably be willing to be reminded by Mr. Gardner that "there may be model lodging-rooms and model tenements, model barns, perhaps, but every man must be a law unto his own house;" and when it comes to building they will be glad to find an architect who will enter into his client's personal tastes and fancies as heartily as he of this book.

—The etchings of Old New York¹ are not etchings at all in the current sense of the word, but manifestly only pen-drawings reproduced by some photographic process. They are published from time to time for subscribers, in numbers of half a dozen plates each, with accompanying letter-press, and it was announced that the series of fifty plates would probably be issued during the present year. The effort to preserve a record of the interesting old buildings of New York is most praiseworthy; we wish it could be made with the same earnestness for other parts of the country. With the enthusiasm for rebuilding which now prevails, it will not take long to strip our country of almost every building that wears the fashion of its early days. There have been till very recently a great many buildings of the last century, and not a few of the seventeenth, scattered over the older parts of the States; but they are going fast,—many of them to make way for inferior work,—and we may be thankful for every careful attempt to re-

cord them. This one comes with considerable pretensions, with thick paper and wide margins, and a promise of extra issues on India paper and of special copies in large papers for collectors. We wish its artistic and literary success were in proportion to the liberality of the publishers and the evidently sincere effort of the author. The illustrations show a feeling for picturesqueness and an effort for artistic effect; but there is not much precision or force in the drawing, and the effects are amateurish. In truth they have hardly exactness enough of detail to make them valuable as a record, and are not artistically skillful enough to be very interesting as pictures.

The letter-press contains more or less entertaining gossip, padded out with abundance of what it has been a habit to call "moralizing." It will probably have a good deal of interest for those who know the scenes which it describes, but we should think it unsafe to pin much faith to, if we may judge by a curious collection of blunders which we noticed in the first paper that caught our eye in the first number. It is said that "in 1772 the Duke of Clarence, then a young midshipman, was a frequent guest, . . . and became so infatuated . . . that his guardian and superior, Admiral Digby, found the immediate departure of his ship would be necessary to prevent his young charge from laying his royal rank and 'great expectations' at the feet of this fair queen of New-World beauty, for the law of England forbade to a crowned head marriage with a subject." In 1772 the prince was seven years old; he entered the navy in 1779, the time of his visit to New York, and was not made Duke of Clarence, it appears, till ten years later. It goes without saying that he was not a "crowned head," and he had no apparent chance of ever becoming one, being then, and for forty years after, the third living son of George III. The notion that the marriage of a member of the royal family with a subject was forbidden had been exploded, we thought, by the discussions over the marriage of the Princess Louise, but it seems to linger.

—Very few of the mass of readers with whom Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes are names that stand close to that which is highest and happiest in their lives know how much the writings of these three men have drawn from the unobtrusive neighborhood of Old Cambridge; and Mr. Stillman, in editing a charming little volume of

¹ *Old New York, from the Battery to Bloomingdale. Etchings by Eliza Greatorrex. Text by M. DESPARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.*

extracts from their poems, with heliotype views of the scenes touched upon,¹ has conferred a signal benefaction upon a vast number of people. One sees in this book a connection between the authors and the place which has about it a moving and tender interest; for with Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes the tie has been one of birth as well as long association, and nearly all the fruitful years of Mr. Longfellow's career have been passed in Cambridge. At this season of the falling leaves, one reads with a new sense this line from Lowell's *Indian-Summer Reverie* of long ago:—

"How with my life knit up is every well-known scene!"

Much that is presented in these pictures will be familiar to Cambridge readers: the Washington elm, the old Holmes house, the church-yard, and the chestnut-tree that shaded the vanished smithy preserved in Longfellow's poems. Mr. Stillman's judgment and skill (the views, we believe, were taken by himself) give us these few scattered rays from the past concentrated in so happy a light that one may easily fall into a pleasant dreaming while under its spell. One or two of the heliotypes disappoint the Cambridge-cultured eye: Mr. Longfellow's peculiarly beautiful elms, for example, by no means have justice done them, and the Charles River marshes have a certain blurriness which, unfortunately, cannot be laid wholly to the Indian summer haze of the verses opposite the page which shows them to us. But the views of the Holmes house, the Waverley oaks, the college elms, and the sturdy chief of Mr. Lowell's "*willow Pleiades*" are admirable. All the heliotypes, we do not hesitate to say, are quite good enough for any extra-Cambridgean; and we call to mind no American book published for the present holiday season which should be more sought and more cherished than this one. Dearer, perchance, than the poets' works themselves, because containing something from each, and a subtle charm besides which other agency can alone supply, this slender volume will call up by many a Christmas

fireside fair memory-pictures of the scenes where different readers first knew the poems quoted from; and with those pictures a new pleasure will be blended by these glimpses of the actual birthplace of the verse.

—We are tempted to go somewhat out of our course, this month, in order to take what seems merited notice of a marked success in lithographic portraiture; we mean the portrait of Mr. Longfellow, which the publishers of *The Atlantic* have just issued, and which was drawn on stone by Mr. J. E. Baker. It is an extremely sturdy and at the same time most refined piece of graphic art. Amongst the various and ingenious processes for pictorial reduplication which have come into vogue of late years, it is somewhat curious and not a little startling to find the simple method of drawing on stone suddenly coming to the front again with so graceful and thorough an achievement as this. The picture gives about a third of the figure's length, and the pose is very simple, one arm being raised from the elbow, with the hand supporting the cheek and partially concealed in the poet's thick, white beard. A slight turning of the face, resulting from this supported posture of the head, throws the left cheek and temple into soft shadow; a disposition to which must be attributed something of the deeply thoughtful aspect of the head. This aspect gives to the portrait its great charm, which we think will prove a lasting one; and the whole appearance is most agreeably characteristic; we receive from the sight of this portraiture the same sort of impression which comes from reading Mr. Longfellow's poetry. The peculiar soft tones of lithography, so different from the metallic tinct of photographs, so much more delicate in its modelings (on a large scale) than even fine steel engraving, impart a strong yet yielding surface to the features, that is extremely pleasing. Here is by no means an average piece of lithography; a real sentiment has been contributed to the work by its draughtsman, and a picture has been produced which at a little distance has all the charm of a crayon-drawing. It is, in short, probably the best portrait of Mr. Longfellow which has yet been placed within the reach of the public.

¹ *Poetic Localities of Cambridge*. Edited by W. J. STILLMAN. Illustrated with heliotypes from nature. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

MUSIC.

Of course the great musical fact of the season is Dr. Hans von Bülow's playing. Indeed, while we have Von Bülow with us, it is hard to talk or think of anything else. At the time of our writing this the second concert of the series has not yet taken place, so we must be very general in our remarks for the present, leaving a more detailed account of his performances for a future number. Taken as a whole, we must call Von Bülow the most absolute *performer* that this country has yet heard. As the New York Tribune said of him, when he plays a composition he gives you the music of it, the whole music, and nothing but the music. After the first ten bars you completely forget that there is such a man as Hans von Bülow in existence, you become as much engrossed in the music itself as if the famous performer were merely an every-day affair about whom you have not the faintest curiosity. You go to hear him play, and you stay to listen to the music he is playing. Now for a man to produce this effect upon his listeners implies much; more, indeed, than appears at first sight. He must have such a knowledge of the composition he is playing, as to have made it completely his own; his technical, intellectual, and spiritual mastery of it must be absolute; he must know it as thoroughly as the composer himself. Let us consider for a moment by what means this consummate mastery over a composition is attainable. The old saw, that "It takes a genius to comprehend a genius," has doubtless some truth in it, but if followed out practically it will lead to utter confusion. For a man to comprehend a work of genius, he certainly must possess some power correlative to that power which created it; but no man, were he even the mightiest genius the world ever saw, can fully comprehend a great work at the first dash, any more than he can create a great work without working at it. Indeed, if we consider closely, all worth is exactly measured by the amount of labor it represents, that is, by the amount of intellectual and physical activity it has called into play. Do not mistake our meaning; we say physical and intellectual activity, not conscious exertion. Some hare-brained enthusiast may spend the better part of his life and the whole of his weak mind in writing a dole-

ful five-act tragedy, and be carried to the mad-house or even to the grave in consequence, and a Shakespeare will sit down and dash you off an immortal sonnet, the wonder of coming ages, in an hour. But the sonnet really represents more real work, as we rate work, than the tragedy; kind Nature stood at Shakespeare's elbow with her strong, helping arm, and did most of it for him, while our lunatic had to do the whole of his hard task himself. And we who read the sonnet must — with what help we can get — do as much work as went to the making, if we would fully comprehend it. Thus genius can forestall experience. Completely to understand Hamlet, for example, we must either have that same prophetic power that Shakespeare had, or else make up what we lack of it by experience or investigation.

It would be absurd to suppose that Dr. von Bülow has been gifted by nature to the same extent with Beethoven, Handel, Bach, and many more men, whose music he plays. The great pianist himself would be the last to claim such a thing. Now, what are the qualities which he can bring to bear upon the study of the works of these men? Natural musical talent and the most exhaustive special musical knowledge we will take for granted, as we safely may. Added to this the man is a very remarkable scholar even for a German, not in the branches of musical lore and æsthetics merely, but in the broader and broadest fields of philosophy, literature, and politics, — a man of the very largest culture; will correspond with you in Latin and read Æschylus in the original with the greatest ease, if we may believe what is told of him. He is also a man of the world, a man of many countries and languages, who has rubbed much against his fellow-men, at ease and consequently thoroughly himself everywhere, able to meet the whole human race from clown to courtier on an equal footing. Add to this the element of gentle birth, the early companionship of refined, and cultured people; a culture not of the study merely, but also of the drawing-room, making him sure, from the start, of his position in the world, and wholly without self-consciousness. Then last, but not least, let us think of his power of hard and protracted work, both intellectual and physical, and

the experience of life which the exercise of that power gives. All these qualities Von Bülow can bring to bear upon the study of a work in an almost unprecedented degree; his understanding of a composition is larger, broader, and deeper than any we have met with in other artists, and his conscientious veneration for the composer is such that he will not allow himself to stand as an interpreter between him and the public, until he has thoroughly mastered every detail of his composition. Every note and phrase is indelibly fixed in his prodigious memory; not the smallest detail is slighted. In preparing concerts with orchestral accompaniment, his loving care for the composer's honor leads him to take the greatest pains with his performers; not an orchestral phrase but must be rendered with the greatest perfection that the executive means at his command will allow; the *tutti* passages are to him as important as his own solo part. It is pleasant to see him at rehearsal get up from his seat at the piano-forte and go and hum over some phrase to a clarinet or oboe, so that it may be played exactly as he wishes it, then cross over and listen to the violas to see whether they are making the most of their part. If a phrase is to be taught to the whole orchestra, he will play it on the piano-forte with such convincing decision that after a few trials it seems impossible for the players to go amiss. Everything that can be known about what he is playing or directing, he knows; and all around him feel that he knows it.

But knowledge, even the most profound and diversified, is not enough to make an artist. Sentiment and passion have their share in the work to be done. Perhaps the greatest example of all-subduing passion in playing that this country has yet seen was Anton Rubinstein. His playing in strong passages was as of the whirlwind. His emotional fury was most intense, and, alas, too often uncontrolled. A most precious element in art, and in all that has to do with art, is this same passion; *passio*, suffering, the potential sorrow there is in a man. Nay, is it not, after all, the very prime quality in an artist, the integer without which all other qualities, either natural or

acquired, are but so many zeros, of no value whatever — this quality of sharing the sorrows, struggles, and privations of mankind, without which no true, vital sympathy with their joys, victories, and rewards is conceivable? Or take passion in its more restricted, physical sense, the mere intense hunger of the senses; that also is an invaluable quality in an artist, when confined to its proper limits. But these violent, elemental qualities in man are valuable only for the work they do, for whatever good the man can accomplish by their means. We do not value a steam-engine for its power of blowing off steam, much less do we esteem a man for the mastery his passions have gained over him. It is only confined steam that does work. In Von Bülow all the violent, elemental qualities are so beautifully latent, so really effective! Rubinstein would give himself up to the fierce tempest of feeling, and ride it Mazeppa-like through most wondrous regions, consuming, not his passion, but himself and all who heard him; Von Bülow has his fiery passion-steed well in hand. Our emotions while hearing him play may be less violent than when we hear Rubinstein, but they are more satisfying and enduring; were it not so cold a word, we should say more legitimate. We cannot imagine tiring of Von Bülow's playing, even if we should hear him every day. We had not expected to find this passionate element in his playing; but we do find it in a very high degree, and it is satisfactory to find it not merely animal, though strong and intense, but thoroughly held in check by the intellectual side of his nature. A more utterly commanding man we have never been under the influence of; everything he does carries conviction with it. It is not yet time for us to speak of his playing in detail, of his clear, resonant touch, his marvelous technique, marvelous in anybody but doubly so in a man with so small a hand; and his indefatigable strength; of all that we will speak when we have had time to maturely consider his playing in connection with the pieces performed. At present we wish merely to say that he is the most *complete* musician that this country has yet heard.